

N. 10



James H. Crowder, C. W. & J. L. 1800

N. 17



James H. Crowder, C. W. & J. L. 1817

P.P. 5250 ff

THE
GUARDIAN.

IN
THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME the THIRD.

L O N D O N :

Printed for S. CROWDER, C. WARE, and T. PAYNE.

M. DCC. LXXII.

GUARDIAN



THE
The British Museum, which was founded in 1753, is one of the most important institutions in the world. It contains a vast collection of objects of art and science, and is open to the public. The museum is situated in London, and is one of the most famous buildings in the city. It is a place where people can learn about the history of the world, and where they can see some of the most beautiful works of art. The museum is a great place to visit, and it is one of the most important institutions in the world.

THE GUARDIAN.

NO 116. FRIDAY, JULY 24.

"Ridiculum acri

"Fortius et melius"

Rev. Sat. to F. I. v. 14.

A jest in scorn points out, and hits the thing
More home, than the morosest Satire's sting.

THERE are many little enormities in the world which our preachers would be very glad to see removed; but at the same time dare not meddle with them, for fear of betraying the dignity of the Pulpit. Should they recommend the tucker in a pathetic discourse, their audiences would be apt to laugh out. I knew a parish, where the top-woman of it used always to appear with a patch upon some part of her forehead. The good man of the place preached at it with great zeal for almost a twelve-month; but instead of fetching out the spot which he perpetually aimed at, he only got the name of Parson Patch for his pains. Another is to this day called by the name of Doctor Top-knot, for reasons of the same nature. I remember the Clergy during the time of Cromwell's usurpation, were very much taken up in reforming the female world, and showing the vanity of those outward ornaments in which

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A

the sex so much delights. I have heard a whole sermon against a white-wash, and have known a coloured ribbon made the mark of the unconverted. The clergy of the present age are not transported with these indiscreet fervours, as knowing that it is hard for a reformer to avoid ridicule, when he is severe upon subjects which are rather apt to produce mirth than seriousness. For this reason I look upon myself to be of great use to these good men; while they are employed in extirpating mortal sins, and crimes of a higher nature, I should be glad to rally the world out of indecencies and venial transgressions. While the Doctor is curing distempers, that have the appearance of danger or death in them, the Merry-Andrew has his separate packet for the megrims and tooth-ach.

Thus much I thought fit to premise before I resume the subject which I have already handled; I mean the naked bosoms of our British Ladies. I hope they will not take it ill of me, if I still beg that they will be covered. I shall here present them with a letter on that particular, as it was yesterday conveyed to me through the lion's mouth. It comes from a quaker, and is as follows:

NESTOR IRONSIDE,

OUR friends like thee. We rejoice to find thou beginnest to have a glimmering of the light in thee; We shall pray for thee, that thou mayest be more and more enlightened. Thou givest good advice to the women of this world to clothe themselves like unto our friends, and not to expose their fleshly temptations, for it is against the record. Thy lion is a good lion; he roareth loud, and is heard a great way, even unto

the sick of Babylon; for the scarlet where it is governed by the voice of thy lion. Look on his order.

Rome, July 8, 1713. A placard is published here, forbidding women of whatsoever quality, to go with naked breasts; and the priests are ordered not to admit the transgressors of this law to confession, nor to communion, neither are they to enter the cathedrals, under severe penalties.

These lines are faithfully copied from the nightly paper, with this title written over it. "The Evening Post, from Saturday July the eighteenth, to Tuesday July the twenty-first."

Seeing thy lion is obeyed at this distance, we hope the foolish women in thy own country will listen to thy admonitions. Otherwise thou art desired to make him still roar till all the beasts of the forest shall tremble. I must again repeat unto thee, friend Nestor, the whole brotherhood have great hopes of thee, and expect to see thee so inspired with the light, as thou mayest speedily become a great preacher of the word. I wish it heartily.

Thine,

in every thing that is praise-worthy,

Tom's red-chamber, in Birchen-lane,
the 23d day of the month called
July.

TOM TREMBLE.

It happens very oddly that the Pope and I should have the same thoughts much about the same time. My enemies will be apt to say, that we hold a correspondence together, and act by concert in this matter. Let that be as it will, I shall not be ashamed to join with his Holiness in those particulars

which are indifferent between us, especially when it is for the reformation of the finer half of mankind. We are both of us about the same age, and consider this fashion in the same view. I hope that it will not be able to resist his bull and my lion. I am only afraid that our ladies will take occasion from hence to show their zeal for the protestant religion, and pretend to expose their naked bosoms only in opposition to popery.

No 117. SATURDAY, JULY 25.

"Cura pii diis sunt"

Ovid Met. l. 8. v. 724.

The good are heav'n's peculiar care.

LOOKING over the late edition of Monsieur Boileau's works, I was very much pleased with the article which he has added to his notes on the translation of Longinus. He there tells us, that the sublime in writing rises either from the nobleness of the thought, the magnificence of the words, or the harmonious and lively turn of the phrase, and that the perfect sublime arises from all these three in conjunction together. He produces an instance of this perfect sublime in four verses from the Athalia of Monsieur Racine. When Abner, one of the chief officers of the court, represents to Joab the high-priest, that the queen was incensed against him, the high-priest, not in the least terrified at the news, returns this answer.

*Celui qui met un frein à la fureur des flots,
Sçait aussi des méchans arreter les complots.*

*Domini tunc respectu voluntatis suae, et non
Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, & je t'en parle d'une
crainte.*

"He who ruleth the raging of the sea, knows
"also how to check the designs of the ungodly."
"submit myself with reverence to his holy will."
"O Abner, I fear my God, and I fear none but
"him." Such a thought gives no less a sublimi-
ty to human nature, than it does to good writing.
This religious fear, when it is produced by just
apprehensions of a divine power, naturally over-
looks all human greatness that stands in competi-
tion with it, and extinguishes every other terror that
can settle itself in the heart of man; it lessens and
contracts the figure of the most exalted person: it
disarms the tyrant and executioner, and represents
to our minds the most enraged and the most power-
ful as altogether harmless and impotent.

There is no true fortitude which is not founded
upon this fear, as there is no other principle of so
settled, and fixed a nature. Courage that grows
from constitution very often forsakes a man when
he has occasion for it; and when it is only a kind
of instinct in the soul, breaks out on all occasions
without judgment or discretion. That courage
which proceeds from the sense of our duty, and
from the fear of offending him that made us, acts
always in an uniform manner, and according to
the dictates of right reason.

What can the man fear, who takes care in all
his actions to please a Being that is omnipotent?
a Being who is able to crush all his adversaries? a
Being that can divert any misfortune from befall-
ing him, or turn any such misfortune to his advan-
tage? The person who lives with this constant and
habitual regard to the great Superintendant of the

world, is indeed sure, that no real evil can come into his lot. Blessings may appear under the shape of pains, losses and disappointments; but let him have patience, and he will see them in their proper figures. Dangers may threaten him, but he may rest satisfied that they will either not reach him; or that, if they do, they will be the instruments of good to him. In short, he may look upon all crosses and accidents, sufferings and afflictions, as means, which are made use of to bring him to happiness. This is even the worst of that man's condition whose mind is possessed with the habitual fear of which I am now speaking. But it very often happens, that those which appear evils in our own eyes, appear also as such to him who has human nature under his care; in which case they are certainly averted from the person who has made himself, by this virtue, an object of divine favour. Histories are full of instances of this nature, where men of virtue have had extraordinary escapes out of such dangers as have inclosed them, and which have seemed inevitable. There is no example of this kind in pagan history which more pleases me, than that which is recorded in the life of Timoleon. This extraordinary man was famous for referring all his successes to providence. Cornelius Nepos acquaints us that he had in his house a private chapel, in which he used to pay his devotions to the goddess who represented providence among the heathens. I think no man was ever more distinguished by the deity, whom he blindly worshipped, than the great person I am speaking of in several occurrences of his life, but particularly in the following one which I shall relate out of Plutarch.

Three persons had entered into a conspiracy to

assassinate Timoleon, as he was offering up his devotions in a certain temple. In order to it, they took their several stands in the most convenient places for their purpose. As they were waiting for an opportunity to put their design in execution, a stranger having observed one of the conspirators, fell upon him and slew him. Upon which the other two, thinking their plot had been discovered, threw themselves at Timoleon's feet, and confessed the whole matter. This stranger, upon examination, was found to have understood nothing of the intended assassination; but having several years before had a brother killed by the conspirator, whom he here put to death, and having until now sought in vain for an opportunity of revenge, he chanced to meet the murderer in the temple, who had planted himself there for the above-mentioned purpose. Pausanias cannot forbear, on this occasion, speaking with a kind of rapture on the schemes of providence, which, in this particular, had so contrived it, that the stranger should, for so great a space of time, be debarred the means of doing justice to his brother, until, by the same blow that revenged the death of one innocent man, he preserved the life of another.

For my own part, I cannot wonder that a man of Timoleon's religion, should have his intrepidity and firmness of mind; or that he should be distinguished by such a deliverance, as I have here related.

I have here related a story which is very famous in the history of Sicily, and which is very remarkable for the justice of providence, which, in this particular, had so contrived it, that the stranger should, for so great a space of time, be debarred the means of doing justice to his brother, until, by the same blow that revenged the death of one innocent man, he preserved the life of another.

THE GUARDIAN. No. 118.

No. 118. MONDAY, JULY 27.

"Largitor Ingeni

"Vener"

Witty want.

Perf. Pres. v. 101

Dryden.

I AM very well pleased to find that my lion has given such universal content to all that have seen him. He has had a greater number of visitants than any of his brotherhood in the Tower. I this morning examined his maw, where among much other food I found the following delicious morsels.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq;

MR GUARDIAN,

I AM a daily peruser of your papers. I have read over and over your discourse concerning the Tucker; as likewise your paper of Thursday the 16th instant, in which you say it is your intention to keep a watchful eye over every part of the female sex, and to regulate them from head to foot. Now, Sir, being by profession a mantua-maker, who am employed by the most fashionable ladies about town, I am admitted to them freely at all hours; and seeing them both dressed and undressed, I think there is no person better qualified than myself to serve you (if your honour pleases) in the nature of a Lioness. I am in the whole secret of their fashion, and if you think fit to entertain me in this character, I will have a constant

watch over them, and doubt not I shall send you from time to time such private intelligence, as you will find of use to you in your future papers.

SIR, this being a new proposal, I hope you will not let me lose the benefit of it; but that you will first hear me roar before you treat with any body else. As a sample of my intended services, I give you this timely notice of an improvement you will shortly see in the exposing of the female chest, which in defiance of your gravity is going to be uncovered yet more and more; so that, to tell you truly, MR LADY, I am in some fear lest my profession should in a little time become wholly unnecessary. I must here explain to you a small covering, if I may call it so, or rather an ornament for the neck, which you have not yet taken notice of. This consists of a narrow lace, or a small skirt of fine ruffled linen, which runs along the upper part of the stays before, and crosses the breasts, without rising to the shoulders; and being as it were a part of the tucker, yet kept in use, is therefore by a particular name called the modesty-piece. Now, SIR, what I have to communicate to you at present is, that at a late meeting of the stripping ladies, in which were present several eminent toasts and beauties, it was resolved for the future to lay the modesty-piece wholly aside. It is intended at the same time to lower the stays considerably before, and nothing but the unsettled weather has hindered this design from being already put in execution. Some few indeed objected to this last improvement, but were over-ruled by the rest, who alledged it was their intention, as they ingeniously expressed it, to level their breast-works.

intirely, and to trust to no defence but their own
virtue.

I am, Sir,

(if you please) your secret servant,

LEONILLA FIGLIAT.

Dear Sir,

AS by name, as duty bound, I yesterday brought
in a prey of paper for my patron's dinner;
but by the forwardness of his paws he seemed
ready to put it into his own mouth, which does
not enough resemble its prototypes, whose throats
are open sepulchers. I assure you, Sir, unless he
gapes wider he will sooner be felt than heard.
Witness my hand,

JACKALL.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq;

Sage NESTOR,

LIONS being esteemed by naturalists the
most generous of beasts, the noble and ma-
jestic appearance they make in poetry, wherein
they so often represent the hero himself, made
me always think that name very ill applied to a
profligate set of men, at present going about
seeking whom to devour. And though I cannot
but acquiesce in your account of the derivation
of that title to them, it is with great satisfaction
I hear you are about to restore them to their for-
mer dignity, by producing one of that species so
public-spirited, as to roar for reformation of man-
ners. "I will roar" (says the clown in Shake-

(spear) that it will do any man's heart good to
 "hear me; I will roar, that I will make the Duke
 "say, let him roar again, let him roar again."
 "Such success, and such applause I do not question
 "but your lion will meet with, whilst, like that of
 "Samson, his strength shall bring forth sweetness,
 "and his entrails abound with honey.

"At the same time that I congratulate with the
 "republic of beasts upon this honour done to their
 "king, I must condole with us poor mortals, who
 "by distance of place are rendered incapable of
 "paying our respects to him, with the same affi-
 "duty as those who are ushered into his presence
 "by the discreet Mr Button. Upon this account,
 "Mr Ironside, I am become a suitor to you, to
 "constitute an out-riding lion; or if you please, a
 "jackall or two, to receive and remit our homage
 "in a more particular manner than is hitherto pro-
 "vided. As it is, our tenders of duty every now
 "and then miscarry by the way; at least the na-
 "tural self-love that makes us unwilling to think
 "any thing that comes from us worthy of con-
 "tempt, inclines us to believe so. Methinks it were
 "likewise necessary to specify, by what means a
 "present from a fair hand may reach his brindled
 "majesty; the place of his residence being very un-
 "fit for a lady's personal appearance.

I am your most constant reader,

and admirer,

N. R.

Dear NESTOR,

"It is a well known proverb in a certain part of
 "this kingdom, 'Love me, love my dog;' and
 "I hope you will take it as a mark of my respect

for your percon that I here bring a bit for your

What follows being secret history, it will be printed in other papers; wherein the lion will publish his private intelligence.

No. 1196. TUESDAY, JULY 28.

poetium vesper maxime, nullis hunc
"Sic mihi"
Her. Sat. 1. 1. 1. c. 21.
 A band of poets to my aid I'll call.

THERE is nothing which more shows the want of taste and discernment in a writer than the decrying of any author in gross; especially of an author who has been the admiration of multitudes, and that too in several ages of the world. This, however, is the general practice of all illiterate and undistinguishing critics. Because Homer, and Virgil, and Sophocles have been commended by the learned of all times, every scribbler who has no relish of their beauties, gives himself an air of rapture when he speaks of them. But as he praises these he knows not why, there are others whom he depreciates with the same vehemence and upon the same account. We may see after what a different manner Strada proceeds in his judgment on the Latin poets; for I intend to publish, in this paper, a continuation of that Paopuon which was the subject of the last Thursday. I shall therefore give my reader a short account in prose of every poem which was produced in the learned af-

sembly there described; and if he is thoroughly conversant in the works of those ancient authors, he will see with how much judgment every subject is adapted to the poet who makes use of it, and with how much delicacy every particular poet's way of writing is characterised in the censure that is passed upon it. Lucan's representative was the first who recited before that august assembly. As Lucan was a Spaniard, his poem does honour to that nation, which at the same time makes the romantic bravery in the hero of it more probable.

Alphonso was the governor of a town invested by the Moors. During the blockade they made his only son their prisoner, whom they brought before their walls, and exposed to his father's sight, threatening to put him to death, if he did not immediately give up the town. The father tells them if he had an hundred sons he would rather see them all perish than do an ill action, or betray his country. But, says he, if you take a pleasure in destroying the innocent, you may do it if you please: behold a sword for your purpose. Upon which he threw his sword from the wall, returned to his palace, and was able, at such a juncture, to sit down to the repast, which was prepared for him. He was soon raised by the shouts of the enemy, and the cries of the besieged. Upon returning again to the walls he saw his son lying in the pangs of death; but, far from betraying any weakness at such a spectacle, he upbraids his friends for their sorrow, and returns to finish his repast.

Upon the recital of this story, which is exquisitely drawn up in Lucan's spirit and language, the whole assembly declared their opinion of Lucan in a confused murmur. The poem was praised or censured according to the prejudices which every one had

conceived in favour or disadvantage of the author. These were so very great, that some had placed him in their opinions above the highest, and others beneath the lowest of the Latin poets. Most of them however agreed, that Lucan's genius was wonderfully great, but at the same time too haughty and headstrong to be governed by art, and that his style was like his genius, learned, bold and lively, but withal too tragical and blustering. In a word, that he chose rather a great than a just reputation; to which they added, that he was the first of the Latin poets who deviated from the purity of the Roman language.

The representative of Lucretius told the assembly, that they should soon be sensible of the difference between a poet who was a native of Rome, and a stranger who had been adopted into it: after which he entered upon his subject, which I find exhibited to my hand in a speculation of one of my predecessors.

Strada, in the person of Lucretius, gives an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends, by the help of a certain loadstone, which had such a virtue in it, that if it touched two several needles, when one of the needles so touched began to move, the other though at never so great a distance, moved at the same time, and in the same manner. He tells us, that two friends, being each of them possessed of one of these needles, make a kind of dial-plate, inscribing it with the four and twenty letters, in the same manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate. Then they fixed one of the needles on each of these plates in such a manner that it could move round without impediment, so as to touch any of the four and twenty letters. Upon their separating from

one another into distant countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by means of this their invention. Accordingly, when they were some hundred miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed, and immediately cast his eyes upon his dial-plate. If he had a mind to write any thing to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words which he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence to avoid confusion. The friend, in the mean while, saw his own sympathetic needle moving of itself to every letter, which that of his correspondent pointed at: by this means they talked together across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant over cities or mountains, seas or deserts.

The whole audience were pleased with the artifice of the poet who represented Lucretius, observing very well how he had laid asleep their attention to the simplicity of his style in some verses, and to the want of harmony in others; by fixing their minds to the novelty of his subject, and to the experiment which he related. Without such an artifice they were of opinion that nothing would have sounded more harsh than Lucretius's diction and numbers. But it was plain that the more learned part of the assembly were quite of another mind. These allowed that it was peculiar to Lucretius above all other poets, to be always doing or teaching something, that no other style was so proper to teach in, or gave a greater pleasure to those who had a true relish for the Roman tongue. They added further, that if Lucretius had not been embarrassed with the difficulty of his matter, and

a little led away by an affectation of antiquity, there could not have been any thing more perfect than his poem.

Claudian succeeded Lucretius, having chosen for his subject the famous contest between the Nightingale and the Lutanist, which every one is acquainted with, especially since Mr Philips has so finely improved that hint in one of his pastorals.

He had no sooner finished but the assembly rung with acclamations made in his praise. His first beauty, which every one owned, was the great clearness and perspicuity which appeared in the plan of his poem. Others were wonderfully charmed with the smoothness of his verse, and the flowing of his numbers, in which there were none of those elisions and cuttings off so frequent in the works of other poets. There were several however of a more refined judgment, who ridiculed that infusion of foreign phrases with which he had corrupted the Latin tongue, and spoke with contempt of the equability of his numbers, that cloyed and satiated the ear for want of variety: to which they likewise added, a frequent and unseasonable affectation of appearing sonorous and sublime.

The sequel of this Proposition shall be the work of another day.

hypocrite to be satisfied as to the state of his affairs could have been any thing more perfect.

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NO. 150. WEDNESDAY, JULY 12.

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Nothing lovelier can be found

In woman than to study household good.

And good works in her husband to promote.

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A BR for the Lion.

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SIR,

AS soon as you have set up your Unicorn, there is no question but the ladies will make him push very furiously at the men; for which reason I think it is good to be beforehand with them, and make the Lion roar aloud at female irregularities. Among these, I wonder how their gaming has so long escaped your notice. You who converse with the sober family of the Lizards, are perhaps a stranger to these Virago's; but what would you say, should you see the Sparkler shaking her elbow for a whole night together, and thumping the table with a dice-box? Or how would you like to hear the good widow-lady herself returning to her house at midnight, and alarming the whole street with a most enormous rap, after having sat up until that time at Crimp or Ombre? Sir, I am the husband of one of these female gamesters, and a great loser by it both in my rest and my pocket. As my wife reads your papers, one upon this subject might be of use both to her, and

your humble servant.

I should ill deserve the name of GUARDIAN, did I not caution all my fair wards against a practice which when it runs to excess, is the most shameful; but one, that the female world can fall into. The ill consequences of it are more than can be contained in this paper. However, that I may proceed in method, I shall consider them. First, as they relate to the mind. Secondly, as they relate to the body.

Could we look into the mind of a female gamester, we should see it full of nothing but trumps and mattadores. Her slumbers are haunted with kings, queens, and knaves. The day lies heavy upon her until the play season returns, when for half a dozen hours together all her faculties are employed in shuffling, cutting, dealing, and sorting out a pack of cards, and no ideas to be discovered in a soul which calls itself rational, excepting little square figures of painted and spotted paper. Was the understanding, that divine part in our composition, given for such an use? Is it thus that we improve the greatest talent human nature is endowed with? What would a superior being think were he shown this intellectual faculty in a female gamester, and at the same time told, that it was by this she was distinguished from brutes, and allied to angels?

When our women thus fill their imaginations with pips and counters, I cannot wonder at the story I have lately heard of a new-born child that was marked with the five of clubs.

Their passions suffer no less by this practice than their understandings and imaginations. What hope and fear, joy and anger, sorrow and discontent break out all at once in a fair assembly upon so noble an occasion as that of turning up a card?

Who can consider without a secret indignation that all those affections of the mind which should be consecrated to their children, husbands and parents, are thus wildly prostituted and thrown away upon a hand at Loo? For my own part, I cannot but be grieved when I see a fine woman fretting and bleeding inwardly from such trivial motives: when I behold the face of an angel agitated and discomposed by the heart of a fury.

Our minds are of such a make, that they naturally give themselves up to every diversion which they are much accustomed to; and we always find that play, when followed with assiduity, engrosses the whole woman. She quickly grows uneasy in her own family, takes but little pleasure in all the domestic innocent endearments of life, and grows more fond of Pam, than of her husband. My friend Theophrastus, the best of husbands and of fathers, has often complained to me, with tears in his eyes, of the late hours he is forced to keep, if he would enjoy his wife's conversation. When she returns to me with joy in her face, he does not arise, says he, from the sight of her husband, but from the good luck she has had at cards. On the contrary, says he, if she has been a loser I am doubly a sufferer by it. She comes home out of humour, is angry with every body, displeased with all I can do or say, and in reality for no other reason, but because she has been throwing away my estate. What charming bed-fellows and companions for life are men likely to meet with that chuse their wives out of such women of vogue and fashion? What a race of worthies, what patriots, what heroes, must we expect from mothers of this make?

I come, in the next place, to consider the ill

consequences which gaming has on the bodies of our female adventurers. It is so ordered, that almost every thing which corrupts the soul decays the body. The beauties of the face and mind are generally destroyed by the same means. This consideration should have a particular weight with the female world, who were designed to please the eye and attract the regards of the other half of the species. Now, there is nothing that wears out a fine face like the vigils of the card-table, and those cutting passions which naturally attend them. Hollow eyes, haggard looks, and pale complexions, are the natural indications of a female gamester. Her morning sleeps are not able to repair her midnight watchings. I have known a woman carried off half dead from Bassette, and have many a time grieved to see a person of quality gliding by me in her chair at two o'clock in the morning, and looking like a spectre amidst a glare of flambeaux. In short, I never knew a thorough-paced female gamester hold her beauty two winters together.

But there is still another case in which the body is more endangered than in the former. All play-debts must be paid in specie, or by an equivalent. The man that plays beyond his income pawns his estate; the woman must find something else to mortgage, when her pin-money is gone: The husband has his lands to dispose of, the wife her person. Now when the female body is once dipped, if the creditor be very importunate, I leave my reader to consider the consequences.

When that eminent relation of yours, the Spectator, published his weekly papers, and gave us that remarkable account of his silence (for you must know, though we do not read, yet we inspect all such useful essays) we seemed unanimous to invite him to partake our secrecy, but it was unluckily objected, that he had just then published a discourse of his at his own club, and not arrived to that happy inactivity of the tongue, which we expected from a man of his understanding. You will wonder, perhaps, how we managed this debate; but it will be easily accounted for, when I tell you that our fingers are as nimble, and as infallible interpreters of our thoughts, as other mens tongues are; yet even this mechanic eloquence is only allowed upon the weightiest occasions. We admire the wise institutions of the Turks, and other eastern nations, where all commands are performed by officious mutes; and we wonder that the polite courts of Christendom should come so far short of the majesty of barbarians. Ben Johnson has gained an eternal reputation among us by his play called The Silent Woman. Every member here is another Morosé while the club is sitting, but at home, may talk as much, and as fast as his family-occasions require, without breach of statute. The advantages we find from this quaker-like assembly are many. We consider, that the understanding of man is liable to mistakes, and his will fond of contradictions: that disputes, which are of no weight of themselves, are often very considerable in their effects. The disuse of the tongue is the only effectual remedy against these. All party concerns, all private scandal, all insults over another man's weaker reasons,

* must there be lost, where no disputes arise. An-
 * other advantage which follows from the first
 * (and which is very rarely to be met with) is, that
 * we are all upon the same level in conversation. A
 * young man of my acquaintance used to add a third, viz.
 * that if ever we do debate, we are sure to have all
 * our arguments at our fingers ends. Of all Lorig-
 * ginus's remarks, we are most enamoured with
 * that excellent passage, where he mentions Ajax's
 * silence as one of the noblest instances of the su-
 * blime; and (if you will allow me to be free with
 * a namesake of yours) I should think that the ever-
 * lasting story-teller, Nestor, had he been likened
 * to the ass instead of our hero, he had suffered
 * less by the comparison.

* I have already described the practice and sen-
 * timents of this society, and shall but barely men-
 * tion the report of the neighbourhood, that we
 * are not only as mute as fishes, but that we drink
 * like fishes too; that we are like the Wellman's
 * owl, though we do not sing, we pay it off with
 * thinking. Others take us for an assembly of
 * disaffected persons; nay, their zeal to the govern-
 * ment has carried them so far as to send last week
 * a party of constables to surprize us. You may
 * easily imagine how exactly we represented the
 * Roman senators of old, sitting with majestic
 * silence, and undaunted at the approach of an
 * army of Gauls. If you approve of our under-
 * taking, you need not declare it to the world;
 * your silence shall be interpreted as consent given
 * to the honourable body of mutes, and in parti-
 * cular to

* your humble servant,

* N. M. M.

Mr P. S. We have had but one word spoken since the foundation, for which the member was expelled by the old Roman custom of bending back the thumb. He had just received the news of the battle of Hochster, and being too impatient to communicate his joy, was unfortunately betrayed into a *lappis lingua*. We acted on the principles of the Roman Maclius, and though we approved of the cause of his error as just, we condemned the effect as a manifest violation of his duty.

I never could have thought a dumb man would have roared so well out of my Lion's mouth. My next pretty correspondent, like Shakespeare's Lion in Pyramus and Thisbe, roars as it were any nightingale.

Mr IRONSIDE,

July 28. 1713.

I WAS afraid at first you were only in jest, and had a mind to expose our nakedness for the diversion of the town; but since I see that you are in good earnest, and have infallibility of your side, I cannot forbear returning my thanks to you for the care you take of us, having a friend who has promised me to give my letters to the Hon, until we can communicate our thoughts to you through our own proper vehicle. Now you must know, dear Sir, that if you do not take care to suppress this exorbitant growth of the female chest, all that is left of my waste must inevitably perish. It is at this time reduced to the depth of four inches, by what I have already made over to my neck. But if the stripping design mentioned by Mrs Fingleaf yesterday, should take effect, Sir, I dread to think what it will come to.

to let there be no help for it, my girdle and
walk must go. This is the naked truth of the
matter. Have pity on me then, my dear Libe-
rtine, and preserve me from being so indignantly
inquired, and do assure you that I follow your
precepts as much as a young woman can, who will
live in the world without being laughed at. I
have no hooped petticoat, and when I am a ma-
tron will wear broad tuckers whether you succeed
or not. If the flying project takes, I intend to be
the last in wings, being resolved in every thing to
behave myself as becomes

your most obedient ward
I never could have been so much as to let you know
that I have been so much as to let you know
that I have been so much as to let you know

NO. 122. FRIDAY, JULY 31.

has, as you saw, in the 24th W
The stage express value per shewer signa-
Her. 24. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 841. 842. 843. 844. 845. 846. 847. 848. 849. 850. 851. 852. 853. 854. 855. 856. 857. 858. 859. 860. 861. 862. 863. 864. 865. 866. 867. 868. 869. 870. 871. 872. 873. 874. 875. 876. 877. 878. 879. 880. 881. 882. 883. 884. 885. 886. 887. 888. 889. 890. 891. 892. 893. 894. 895. 896. 897. 898. 899. 900. 901. 902. 903. 904. 905. 906. 907. 908. 909. 910. 911. 912. 913. 914. 915. 916. 917. 918. 919. 920. 921. 922. 923. 924. 925. 926. 927. 928. 929. 930. 931. 932. 933. 934. 935. 936. 937. 938. 939. 940. 941. 942. 943. 944. 945. 946. 947. 948. 949. 950. 951. 952. 953. 954. 955. 956. 957. 958. 959. 960. 961. 962. 963. 964. 965. 966. 967. 968. 969. 970. 971. 972. 973. 974. 975. 976. 977. 978. 979. 980. 981. 982. 983. 984. 985. 986. 987. 988. 989. 990. 991. 992. 993. 994. 995. 996. 997. 998. 999. 1000.

THAT I may get out of debt with the pu-
blic as fast as I can, I shall here give them
the remaining part of Strada's criticism on the Latin
heroic poets. My readers may see the whole work
in the three papers numbered 119, 120, 121. Those
who are acquainted with the authors themselves
cannot but be pleased to see them so justly repre-
sented; and as for those who have never perused
the originals, they may form a judgment of them
VOL. III. C

from such accurate and entertaining copies. The whole piece will show at least how a man of genius (and none else should call himself a critic) can make the driest art a pleasing amusement.

The Sequel of STRADA's Prediction.

The poet who personated Ovid, gives an account of the chryso-magnet, or of the loadstone, which attracts gold, after the same manner as the common loadstone attracts iron. The author, that he might express Ovid's way of thinking, derives this virtue to the chryso-magnet from a poetical metamorphosis.

As I was sitting by a well (says he) when I was a boy, my ring dropped into it, when immediately my father fastening a certain stone to the end of a line, let it down into the well. It no sooner touched the surface of the water, but the ring leaped up from the bottom, and clung to it in such a manner, that he drew it out like a fish. My father seeing me wonder at the experiment, gave me the following account of it. When Deucalion and Pyrrha went about the world to repair mankind by throwing stones over their heads, the men who rose from them differed in their inclinations according to the places on which the stones fell. Those which fell in the fields became plowmen and shepherds. Those which fell into the water produced sailors and fishermen. Those that fell among the woods and forests gave birth to huntsmen. Among the rest there were several that fell upon mountains that had mines of gold and silver in them. This last race of men immediately betook themselves to the search of these precious metals; but nature being displeased to see herself ransacked, withdrew these her treasures towards the center of the earth. The

avarice of man, however persisted in its former pursuits, and ransacked her inmost bowels in quest of the riches which they contained. Nature seeing herself thus plundered by a swarm of miners, was so highly incensed, that she shook the whole place with an earthquake, and buried the men under their own works. The Stygian flames, which lay in the neighbourhood of these deep mines, broke out at the same time with great fury, burning up the whole mass of human limbs and earth, until they were hardened and baked into stone. The human bodies that were delving in iron mines were converted into those common loadstones which attract that metal. Those which were in search of gold became chryso-magnets, and still keep their former avarice in their present state of petrification. Ovid had no sooner given over speaking, but the assembly pronounced their opinion of him. Several were so taken with his easy way of writing, and had so formed their tastes upon it, that they had no relief for any composition which was not framed in the Ovidian manner. A great many, however, were of a contrary opinion; until at length it was determined by a plurality of voices, that Ovid highly deserved the name of a witty man; but that his language was vulgar and trivial, and of the nature of those things which cost no labour in the invention, but are ready found out to a man's hand. In the last place, they all agreed, that the greatest objection which lay against Ovid, both as to his life and writings, was his having too much wit, and that he would have succeeded better in both, had he rather checked than indulged it. Statius stood up next with a swelling and haughty air, and made the following story the subject of his poem. *On the death of A German and a Portuguese, when Vienna was*

besieged, having had frequent contests of rivalry, were preparing for a single duel, when on a sudden the walls were attacked by the enemy. Upon this both the German and Portuguese consented to sacrifice their private resentments to the public, and to see who could signalize himself most upon the common foe. Each of them did wonders in repelling the enemy from different parts of the wall. The German was at length engaged amidst a whole army of Turks until his left arm that held the shield was unfortunately lopped off, and he himself so stunned with a blow he had received, that he fell down as dead. The Portuguese seeing the condition of his rival, very generously flew to his succour, dispersed the multitude that were gathered about him, and fought over him as he lay upon the ground. In the mean while, the German recovered from his trance, and rose up to the assistance of the Portuguese, who a little after had his right arm, which held his sword, cut off by the blow of a sabre. He would have lost his life at the same time by a spear which was aimed at his back, had not the German slain the person who was aiming at him. These two competitors for fame having received such mutual obligations, now fought in conjunction, and as the one was only able to manage the sword, and the other a shield, made up but one warrior betwixt them. The Portuguese covered the German, while the German dealt destruction upon the enemy. At length, finding themselves faint with loss of blood, and resolving to perish nobly, they advanced to the most shattered part of the wall, and threw themselves down, with a huge fragment of it, upon the heads of the besiegers.

When Statius ceased, the old factions immediately broke out concerning his manner of writing.

Some gave him very loud acclamations, such as he had received in his life time, declaring him the only man who had written in a style which was truly heroic; and that he was above all others in his fame as well as in his diction. Others censured him as one who went beyond all bounds in his images and expressions, laughing at the cruelty of his conceptions, the tumbling of his numbers, and the dreadful pomp and bombast of his expressions. There were, however, a few select judges who moderated between both these extremes, and pronounced upon Statius, that there appeared in his style much poetical heat and fire, but without so much smoke as sullied the brightness of it. That there was a majesty in his verse, but that it was the majesty rather of a tyrant than of a king. That he was often towering among the clouds, but often met with the fate of Icarus. In a word, that Statius was among the poets, what Alexander the great is among heroes, a man of great virtues and of great faults.

Virgil was the last of the ancient poets, who produced himself upon this occasion. His subject was the story of Phœnix, which being so near that of Judith in all its circumstances, and at the same time translated by a very ingenious gentleman in one of Mr Dryden's miscellanies, I shall here give no further account of it. When he had done, the whole assembly declared the works of this great poet a subject rather for their admiration than for their applause, and that if any thing was wanting in Virgil's poetry it was to be ascribed to a deficiency in the art itself, and not in the genius of this great man. There were, however, some envious murmurs and detractions heard among the crowd, as if there were very frequently verses in him which flagged or wanted

spirit, and were rather to be looked upon as faultless than beautiful. But these injudicious censures were heard with a general indignation.

I need not observe to my learned reader, that the foregoing story of the German and Portuguese is almost the same in every particular with that of the two rival soldiers in *Cæsar's Commentaries*. This *Pasarello* now ends with the performance of an Italian poet, full of those little witticisms and conceits which have infected the greatest part of modern poetry. *Il signor Pasarello* is a circumlocution, and would be better checked by the most violent passion in a human breast, than by any other good nature.

No. 123. SATURDAY, AUGUST 11.

Hic murus aheneus edo.
Noli contemere sibi. *Hor. Ep. 1. l. 1. v. 602.*

IMITATED.

True, conscious honour, is to feel no sin;
He's arm'd without that's innocent within;
Be this thy screen, and this thy wall of brass.

THERE are a sort of knights-errant in the world, who, quite contrary to those in romance, are perpetually seeking adventures to bring virgins into distress, and to ruin innocence. When men of rank and figure pass away their lives in these criminal pursuits and practices, they ought to consider that they render themselves more vile and despicable than any innocent man can be; whatever low station his fortune or birth have placed him in. Title and ancestry render a good man more illustrious, but an ill one more contemptible.

Thy father's merit sets thee up to view;
And plants thee in the fairest point of light;
To make thy virtues, or thy faults, conspicuous.
I have often wondered, that these deflowers of
innocence, though dead to all the sentiments of
virtue and honour, are not restrained by compas-
sion and humanity. To bring sorrow, confusion,
and infamy into a family; to wound the heart of a
tender parent; and stain the life of a poor delud-
ed young woman with a dishonour that can never
be wiped off, are circumstances, one would think,
sufficient to check the most violent passion in a heart
which has the least tincture of pity and good-nature.
Would any one purchase the gratification of a mo-
ment at so dear a rate? and entail a lasting mis-
ery on others, for such a transient satisfaction to him-
self, nay for a satisfaction that is sure, at some time
or other, to be followed with remorse? I am led to
the subject by two letters which came lately to my
hands. The last of them is, it seems, the copy of one
sent by a mother to one who had abused her daugh-
ter; and though I cannot justify her sentiments at
the latter end of it, they are such as might arise in a
mind which had not yet recovered its temper after so
great a provocation. I present the reader with it as I
received it, because I think it gives a lively idea of the
affliction which a fond parent suffers on such an oc-
casion.

SIR,

Mire, July, 1773.

THE other day I went into the house of one
of my tenants, whose wife was formerly a
servant in our family, and (by my grandmother's
kindness) had her education with my mother from
her infancy; so that she is of a spirit and under-
standing greatly superior to those of her own rank.

I found the poor woman in the utmost disorder of mind and attire, drowned in tears, and reduced to a condition that looked rather like stupidity than grief. She leaned upon her arm over a table, on which lay a letter folded up and directed to a certain nobleman, very famous in our parts for low intrigue, or, in plainer words, for debauching country girls; in which number is the unfortunate daughter of my poor tenant, as I learn from the following letter written by her mother. I have sent you here a copy of it, which, made public in your paper, may perhaps furnish useful reflections to many men of figure and quality, who indulge themselves in a passion which they possess but in common with the vilest part of mankind.

MY LORD,

LAST night I discovered the injury you have done to my daughter. Heaven knows how long and piercing a torment that short-lived shameful pleasure of yours must bring upon me; upon me, from whom you never received any offence. This consideration alone should have deterred a noble mind from so base and ungenerous an act. But, alas! what is all the grief that must be my share, in comparison of that, with which you have requited her by whom you have been obliged? Loss of good name, anguish of heart, shame and infamy, are what must inevitably fall upon her, unless she gets over them by what is much worse, open impudence, professed lewdness, and abandoned prostitution. These are the returns you have made to her, for putting in your power all her livelihood and dependence, her virtue and reputation. O, my Lord,

"Should my son have practised the like on one of
 "your daughters? I know you swell with in-
 "dignation at the very mention of it, and would
 "think he deserved a thousand deaths, should he
 "make such an attempt upon the honour of your
 "family. It is well, my Lord. And is then the
 "honour of your daughter, whom still, though it
 "had been violated, you might have maintained
 "in plenty and even luxury, of greater moment to
 "her, than to my daughter here, whose only suffer-
 "ance it was? And must my son, void of all the
 "advantages of a generous education, must he, I
 "say, consider, and may your Lordship be excus-
 "ed from all reflection? Eternal contumely attend
 "that guilty title which claims exemption from
 "thought, and arrogates to its wearers the pre-
 "rogative of brutes. Ever cursed be its false lustre,
 "which could dazzle my poor daughter to her
 "undoing. Was it for this that the exalted me-
 "rits and godlike virtues of your great ancestor
 "were honoured with a coronet, that it might be
 "a pander to his posterity, and confer a privilege
 "of dishonouring the innocent and defenceless? At
 "this rate, the laws of rewards should be inverted,
 "and he who is generous and good should be made
 "a beggar and a slave; that industry and honest
 "diligence may keep his posterity unspotted, and
 "preserve them from ruining virgins, and making
 "whole families unhappy. Wretchedness is now
 "become my everlasting portion! Your crime,
 "my Lord, will draw perdition even upon my
 "head. I may not sue for forgiveness of my own
 "failings and misdeeds, for I never can forgive
 "yours; but shall curse you with my dying breath,
 "and at the last tremendous day shall hold forth
 "in my arms my much wronged child, and call

" aloud for vengeance on her defiler. Under these
 " present horrors of mind I could be content to be
 " your chief lamentor, ever paying you mock-
 " reverence, and sounding in your ears, to your
 " unutterable loathing, the empty title which in-
 " spired you with presumption to tempt, and over-
 " awed my daughter to comply.

" Thus have I given some vent to my sorrow,
 " nor fear I to awaken you to repentance, so that
 " your sin may be forgiven. The divine laws have
 " been broken, but much injury, irreparable in-
 " jury, has been also done to me, and the just
 " Judge will not pardon that until I do.

" My Lord,
 " your conscience will help you to my name."

No. 124. MONDAY, AUGUST 3.

" Quid fremat terris violentis?" — Jon. Ser. 8. v. 37.

What roar more dreadful in the world is heard?

More Roarings of the Lion.

* MR GUARDIAN,

BEFORE I proceed to make you my pro-
 posal, it will be necessary to inform you,
 that an uncommon ferocity in my countenance,
 together with the remarkable flatness of my nose,
 and extent of my mouth have long since procu-
 red me the name of Lion in this our university.

The vast emblements that, in all probability, will accrue to the public from the roarings of my new-erected likeness at Button's, hath made me desirous of being as like him in that part of his character as I am told I already am in all parts of my person. Wherefore I most humbly propose to you, that (as it is impossible for this one Lion to roar) either long enough or loud enough against all things that are roar-worthy in these realms) you would appoint him a Sub-lion, as *praefectus provinciae*, in every county in Great Britain; and it is my request, that I may be instituted his under-rearer in this university, town and county of Cambridge, as my resemblance does, in some measure, claim that I should.

I shall follow my metropolitan's example, in roaring only against those enormities that are too slight and trivial for the notice or censures of our magistrates; and shall communicate my roarings to him monthly, or oftener if occasion requires, to be inserted in your papers *cum privilegio*.

I shall not omit giving informations of the improvement or decay of punning, and may chance to touch upon the rise and fall of tuckers; but I will roar aloud and spare not, to the terror of, at present, a very flourishing society of people called Lowngers, gentlemen whose observations are mostly itinerant, and who think they have already too much good sense of their own, to be in need of staying at home to read other people's.

I have, Sir, a Raven that will serve by way of Jackall, to bring me in provisions, which I shall chew and prepare for the digestion of my principal; and I do hereby give notice, to all under my jurisdiction, that whoever are willing to con-

that in this good design if they will assist their
 labours with their labour, such of the aforesaid
 objects as they shall think fit to be taken up, shall be
 taken up by them (but more particularly of the said No. 114)

From my den at —
 College in Cambridge
 July 29.

your humble servant,

N. B. The Raven will not bite.

Mr IRONSIDE,

HEARING that your Unicorn is now in hand,
 and not questioning but his horn will prove
 a *Cornucopia* to you, I desire that, in order to in-
 troduce it, you will consider the following pro-
 posal.

My wife and I intend a dissertation upon Horns;
 the province she has chosen is the planting of
 them, and I am to treat of their growth, im-
 provement, &c. The work is like to swell so
 much upon our hands, that I am afraid we shall
 not be able to bear the charge of printing with-
 out a subscription; wherefore I hope you will in-
 vite the city into it, and desire those who have any
 thing by them relating to that part of natural
 history, to communicate it to

your humble servant,

HUMPHRY BLIND.

S I R,
 I HUMBLY beg leave to drop a song into
 your Lion's mouth, which will very truly
 make him roar like any Nightingale. It is

fallen into my hands by chance, and is a very fine imitation of the works of many of our English Lyicks. It cannot but be highly acceptable to all those who admire the translations of Italian Operas.

Oh the charming month of May!
Oh the charming month of May!
When the breezes fan the trees—
Full of blossoms fresh and gay—
Full, &c.

II.

Oh what joys our prospects yield!
Charming joys our prospects yield!
In a new livery when we see every
Bush and meadow, tree and field—
Bush, &c.

III.

Oh how fresh the morning air!
Charming fresh the morning air!
When the scaphyrs and the heifers
Their odoriferous breath compare—
Their, &c.

IV.

Oh how fine our evening walk!
Charming fine our evening walk!
When the nightingale delights
With her song, suspends our talk—
With her, &c.

V.

Oh how sweet at night to dream!
Charming sweet at night to dream!
On mossy pillows, by the triloes
Of a gentle parting dream—
Of a, &c.

VI.

Oh how kind the country lass!
Charming kind the country lass!
Who, her cow bliking, leaves her milking
For a green gown on the grass—
For a, &c.

VII. Oh how sweet it is to spy!

Charming sweet it is to spy!

At the conclusion, her confusion,

Blushing cheeks, and down-cast eye—

Blushing, &c.

VIII.

Oh the cooling curds and cream!

Charming cooling curds and cream!

When all is over, she gives her lover,

Who on her skimming-dish carves her name—

Who on, &c.

Mr IRONSIDE, July 30.

I HAVE always been very much pleased with the sight of those creatures, which being of a foreign growth, are brought into our island for show. I may say, there has not been a tyger, leopard, elephant or hyghgeen, for some years past, in this nation, but I have taken their particular dimensions, and am able to give a very good description of them. But I must own, I never had a greater curiosity to visit any of these strangers than your Lion. Accordingly I came yesterday to town, being able to wait no longer for fair weather, and made what haste I could to Mr Button's, who readily conducted me to his den of state. He is really a creature of as noble a presence as I have seen; he has grandeur and good-humour in his countenance, which command both our love and respect; his shaggy mane and whiskers are peculiar graces. In short, I do not question but he will prove a worthy supporter of the British honour and virtue, especially when assisted by the Unicorn. You must think I would not wait upon him without a morsel to gain his favour, and had provided what I hope would

I have pleased, but was unluckily prevented by the presence of a Bear, which, constantly, as I approached with my present, threw his eyes in my way, and saved me out of my resolution. I must not forget to tell you, my younger daughter and your ward is at hard work about her tucker, having never from her infancy laid aside the modesty-piece.

I am,
venerable Nephew,
your friend and servant,

P. N.

I was a little surprized, having read some of your Lion's Roarings, that a creature of such eloquence should want a tongue; but he has other qualifications which make good that deficiency.

No. 125. TUESDAY, AUGUST 4.

None formidabilior annis. Virg. Eccl. 3, p. 57.
Now the day was in all her charms in dress.

MEAN of my age received a greater pleasure from fine weather, than from any other sensual enjoyment of life. In spite of the auxiliary bottle, or any artificial heat, we are apt to droop under a gloomy sky; and taste no luxury like a blue firmament and fine skies. I have often, in a splendid festivity, amidst myself a dormouse, during the winter; and I never fed one of those snug animals

wrapt up close in his fur, and compassy happy in himself, but I contemplate him with envy beneath the dignity of a philosopher. If the art of flying were brought to perfection, the use that I should make of it would be to attend the sun round the world, and pursue the spring through every sign of the Zodiac. This love of warmth makes my heart glad at the return of the spring. How amazing is the change in the face of nature; when the earth from being bound with frost, or covered with snow, begins to put forth her plants and flowers, to be clothed with green, diversified with ten thousand various dyes; and to exhale such fresh and charming odours, as fill every living creature with delight.

Full of thoughts like these, I make it a rule to lose as little as I can of that blessed season; and accordingly rise with the sun, and wander through the fields, throw myself on the banks of little rivulets, or lose myself in the woods. I spent a day or two this spring at a country gentleman's seat, where I feasted my imagination every morning with the most luxuriant prospect I ever saw. I usually took my stand by the wall of an old castle built upon an high hill. A noble river ran at the foot of it, which after being broken by a heap of misshapen stones, glided away in a clear stream, and wandering through two woods on each side of it in many windings, shone here and there at a great distance through the trees. I could trace the meads for some miles, until my eye was led through two ridges of hills, and terminated by a vast mountain in another county.

I hope the reader will pardon me for taking his eye from our present subject of the spring, by this landscape, since it is at this time of the year only

THE GONDOLIER.

that preside over earth in heaven. But if the eye is delighted, the ear hath likewise its proper entertainment. The music of the birds is the greatest of the year; hath something in it so wildly sweet, as makes us less relish the most elaborate compositions of Italy. The vigour which the warmth of the sun pours afresh into their veins, prompts them to renew their species; and thereby puts the male upon wooing his mate, with more mellow warblings, and to swell his throat with more violent modulations. It is an amusement by no means below the dignity of a rational soul, to observe the pretty creatures flying in pairs; to mark the different passions in their intrigues; the curious texture of their nests; and their care and tenderness of their little offspring. I am particularly acquainted with a wingtail and his spouse, and made many remarks upon the several gallantries he hourly used, before the coy female would consent to make him happy. When I saw in how many airy rings he was forced to pursue her; how sometimes she tripped before him in a pretty pety-pet step, and scarce seemed to regard the cowering of his wings, and the many awkward and foppish contortions into which he put his body to do her homage, it made me reflect upon my own youth, and the caprices of the fair but fantastick Teraminta. Often have I wished that I understood the language of birds, when I have heard him exert an eager chuckle at her leaving him; and do not doubt, but that he muttered the same vows and reproaches which I often have vented against that unrelenting maid.

The sight that gave me the most satisfaction was a flight of young birds, under the conduct of the father, and indulgent directions and assistance of

the dam. I took particular notice of a beau goldfinch, who was picking his plumes, prancing his wings, and, with great diligence, adjusting all his gaudy garniture. When he had equipped himself with great trimness and nicety, he stretched his painted neck, which seemed to brighten with new glowings, and strained his throat into many wild notes and natural melody. He then flew about the nest in several circles and windings, and turned his wife and children into open air. It was very entertaining to see the trembling and the fluttering of the little strangers, at their first appearance in the world, and the different care of the male and female parent, so suitable to their several senses. I could not take my eye quickly from so entertaining an object: nor could I help wishing, that creatures of a superior rank, would so manifest their mutual affection, and so cheerfully consent in providing for their offsprings.

I shall conclude this rattle about the spring, which I usually call "the youth and health of the year," with some verses which I transcribe from a manuscript poem upon hunting. The author gives directions, that hounds should breed in the spring, whence he takes occasion, after the manner of the ancients, to make a digression in praise of that season. The verses here subjoined are not all upon that subject; but the transitions slide so easily into one another, that I knew not how to leave off, until I had writ out the whole digression.

"In spring let look thy maker, Then all things move;
"The stings of pleasure, and the pangs of love;
"Aethereal love then glads, with genial showers,
"Earth's mighty womb, and flows her lap with flowers;
"Hence juices mount, and buds, embolden'd, try
"More kindly breezes, and a softer sky;

NO. 17. THE GUARD PAIN.

85

"Blood-thirsty fiends, that lurk in every bush,
 "In killing strains, and scatter'd whirring woods
 "Fell tigers, solen in th' infectious flames,
 "And lions fawning, court their blinded dames:
 "Great love pervades the deep, to please his mate,
 "The whale, in gambols, moves his monstrous weight;
 "Heard by his wayward mirth, old Ocean roars;
 "And scatter'd navies bulge on distant shores.
 "All Nature under: Come now, nor fear, my love,
 "To taste the ecstasy of the woodbine grove,
 "To pass the evening gloom in harmless play,
 "And sweetly sweating, hushish life away.
 "An altar bound, with recent flowers, I rear,
 "To thee, best season of the various year.
 "All hail! such days in beautiful order run,
 "So soft, so sweet, when first the world began;
 "In Eden's bow'rs, when man's great sire, all-glorious,
 "The names and natures of the bruta kind,
 "Then lamb and lion friendly walk'd their rounds,
 "And hares, undisturb'd, lick'd the fountaining fountains;
 "Wondrous to tell! but when with tusk'd hands
 "Our daring mother broke the sole command,
 "Then Want and Envy brought their meagre train,
 "Then Wrath came down, and Death had leave to reign;
 "Hence foxes earth'd, and wolves ador'd the day,
 "And hungry thounds ensu'd the nightly prey;
 "Rude arts, at first, but witty want refin'd,
 "The huntsman's wiles, and Famine form'd the mind;
 "Bold Nimrod built the lion's trophies, rose,
 "The parther bound, and linc'd the bristling boar;
 "He taught to turn the hare, to bay the deer,
 "And wheel the courser in his mid career;
 "Ah! had he there restrain'd his tyrant hand,
 "Let me, ye powers, an humbler wreath demand;
 "No pomps I ask, which crowns and sceptres yield;
 "Nor dang'rous laurels in the dusty field;
 "Fell by the forest, and the limpid spring,
 "Give me the warfare of the woods to sing,
 "To breed my whelps, and healthful press the game;
 "A mean, ignominious, but a guiltless name.
 "

clubs, houses, restaurants, and all the other places
of society. As a matter of fact, the quantity is the
same, the difference being only in the quality.
For, if you have a fellow feeling of every thing belonging
to man.

IF we consider the whole scope of the creation that lies within our view, the moral and intellectual, as well as the natural and corporeal; we shall perceive throughout a certain correspondence of the parts, a similitude of operation and unity of design, which plainly demonstrate the universe to be the work of one infinitely good and wise Being: and that the system of thinking beings is actuated by laws derived from the same divine power, which ordained those by which the corporeal system is upheld.

From the contemplation of the order, motion and cohesion of natural bodies, philosophers are now agreed, that there is a mutual attraction between the most distant parts at least of this solar system. All those bodies that revolve round the sun are drawn towards each other, and toward the sun, by some secret, uniform and never ceasing principle. Hence it is, that the earth (as well as the other planets) without flying off in a tangent line, constantly rolls about the sun, and the moon about the earth, without deserting her companion in so many thousand years. And as the large systems of the universe are held together by this cause, so likewise the particular globes derive their cohesion and consilience from it.

Now if we carry our thoughts from the corporeal to the moral world, we may observe in the spirits or minds of men, a like principle of attraction, whereby they are drawn together in communities, clubs, families, friendships, and all the various species of society. As in bodies where the quantity is the same, the attraction is strongest between those which are placed nearest to each other; so it is likewise in the minds of men, *ceteris paribus*, between those which are most nearly related. Bodies that are placed at the distance of many millions of miles, may nevertheless attract and constantly operate on each other, although this action do not shew itself by an union or approach of those distant bodies so long as they are withheld by the contrary forces of other bodies, which, at the same time attract them different ways: but would, on the supposed removal of all other bodies, mutually approach and unite with each other. The like holds with regard to the human soul, whose affection towards the individuals of the same species, who are distantly related to it, is rendered inconspicuous by its more powerful attraction towards those who have a nearer relation to it. But as those are removed, the tendency which before lay concealed doth gradually disclose itself.

A man who has no family is more strongly attracted towards his friends and neighbours; and, if absent from these, he naturally falls into an acquaintance with those of his own city or country who chance to be in the same place. Two Englishmen meeting at Rome or Constantinople, soon run into a familiarity. And in China, or Japan, Europeans would think their being so, a good reason for their uniting in particular converse. Farther, in case we suppose ourselves translated into Jupiter or Saturn, and there to meet a Chinese, or other more distant,

native of our own planet; we should look on him as a near relation, and readily commence a friendship with him. There are natural reflections, and such as may convince us that we are linked by an imperceptible chain to every individual of the human race.

The several great bodies which compose the solar system are kept from joining together at the common center of gravity by the cyclical motions the author of nature has impressed on each of them; which, concurring with the attractive principles, form their respective orbits round the sun. Upon the ceasing of which motions, the general law of gravitation that is now thwarted, would show itself by drawing them all into one mass. After the same manner, in the parallel case of society, private passions and motions of the soul do often obstruct the operation of that benevolent uniting instinct implanted in human nature; which notwithstanding doth still exert, and will not fail to shew itself when those obstructions are taken away.

The mutual gravitation of bodies cannot be explained any other way than by resolving it into the immediate operation of God, who never ceases to dispose and aduate his creatures in a manner suitable to their respective beings. So neither can that reciprocal attraction in the minds of men be ascribed for by any other cause. It is not the result of education, law, or fashion; but is a principle originally ingrafted in the very first formation of the soul by the author of our nature.

And as the attractive power in bodies is the most universal principle which produceth innumerable effects; and is a key to explain the various phenomena of nature; so the corresponding social appetite in human souls is the great spring and source

of moral actions. This it is that inclines each individual to an intercourse with his species, and models every one to that behaviour which best suits with the common well-being. Hence that sympathy in our nature, whereby we feel the pains and joys of our fellow-creatures. Hence that prevalent love in parents towards their children, which is neither founded on the merit of the object, nor yet on self-interest. It is this that makes us inquisitive concerning the affairs of distant nations, which can have no influence on our own. It is this that extends our care to future generations, and excites us to acts of beneficence towards those who are not yet in being, and consequently from whom we can expect no recompence. In a word, hence arises that diffusive sense of humanity so unaccountable to the selfish man who is untouched with it, and is indeed a sort of monster or anomalous production.

These thoughts do naturally suggest the following particulars: first, that as social inclinations are absolutely necessary to the well-being of the world, it is the duty and interest of each individual to cherish and improve them to the benefit of mankind; the duty, because it is agreeable to the intention of the Author of our being, who aims at the common good of his creatures; and as an indication of his will, hath implanted the seeds of mutual benevolence in our souls; the interest, because the good of the whole is inseparable from that of the parts; in promoting therefore the common good, every one doth at the same time promote his own private interest. Another observation I shall draw from the premises, is, That it makes a signal proof of the divinity of the Christian Religion, that the main duty which it inculcates above all others is charity. Different maxims and precepts have distinguished the different

sects of philosophy and religion; our Lord's peculiar precept is, "Love thy neighbour as thyself."

"By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, if you love one another."

"I will not say, that what is a most shining proof of our religion, is not often a reproach to its professors: but this I think very plain, that, whether we regard the analogy of nature, as it appears in the mutual attraction or gravitations of the mundane system; in the general frame and constitution of the human body; or lastly, in the ends and purposes which are discoverable in all parts of the visible and intellectual world; we shall not doubt but the precept, which is the characteristic of our religion, came from the Author of nature. Some of our modern Free-thinkers would indeed insinuate the Christian morals to be defective, because (say they) there is no mention made in the gospel of the virtue of friendship. These sagacious men (if I may be allowed the use of that vulgar saying) cannot see the wood for the trees. That a religion, whereof the main drift is to inspire its professors with the most noble and disinterested spirit of love, charity, and benevolence to all mankind; or, in other words, with a friendship to every individual man; should be taxed with the want of that very virtue, is surely a glaring evidence of the blindness and prejudice of its adversaries.

be written on the little advances made towards a young lady of the strictest virtue, and all the circumstances alluded to in them, should have something that might please her mind in its purest innocence, as well as celebrate her person in its highest beauty. This work would instruct a woman to be a good wife, all the while it is a wooing her to be a bride. Imagination and reason should go hand in hand in a generous amour; for when it is otherwise, real discontent and aversion in marriage succeed the groundless and wild promise of imagination in courtship.

The *Copar of Virtus*, from Claudian, being part of the Epithalamium on Honorius and Maria.

" I N the fam'd Cyprian isle a mountain stands,
 " That casts a shadow into distant lands;
 " In vain access by human feet is try'd,
 " Its lofty brow looks down with noble pride.
 " On bounteous Nile, thro' seven wide channels spread
 " And sees old Proteus in his oozy bed
 " Along its sides no hoary frosts presume
 " To blast the myrtle shrubs, or nip the bloom.
 " The winds with caution sweep the rising snows,
 " While balmy dews descend, and vernal show'rs
 " The ruling orbs no wintry horrors bring,
 " Fix'd in th' indulgence of eternal spring.
 " Unfading sweets in purple scenes appear,
 " And genial breezes soften all the year.
 " The nice, luxurious soul, uncloy'd may rove;
 " From pleasures still to circling pleasures move;
 " For endless beauty kindles endless love.

" The mountain, when the summit once you gain,
 " Falls by degrees, and sinks into a plain;
 " Where the pleas'd eye may flow'ry meads behold,
 " Inclos'd with branching oar, and hedg'd with gold;
 " Or where large crops the generous glebe supplies,
 " And yellow harvests, unprovok'd, arise.

" For by mild zephyrs fan'd, the dawning soil
 " Yields ev'ry grain, nor ails the peasant's toil.
 " These were the brides, the price of heav'nly charms;
 " These Gyantes won to Vulcan's arms.
 " For such a bliss, he such a gift bestow'd
 " The rich, th' immortal labours of a god.

" A Sylvan scene, in solemn state display'd,
 " Flatters each feather'd warbler with a shade;
 " But here no bird its painted wings can move,
 " Unless elected by the queen of love,
 " Ere made a member of this tuneful throng.
 " She hears the songster, and approves the song;
 " The joyous victors leap from spray to spray;
 " The vanquish'd fly with mournful notes away.

" Branches in branches twin'd, compose the grove;
 " And shoot, and spread, and blossom into love.
 " The trembling poplars their mutual vows repeat;
 " And bending poplars bending poplars meet:
 " The distant plantages seem to press more high;
 " And to the fighting alders, alders fight.
 " Blue heav'ns above them sailer, and, all below,
 " Two murm'ring streams in wild meanders flow.
 " This mix'd with gall, and that, like honey, sweet;
 " But ah! too soon th' unfriendly waters meet.
 " Steep'd in these springs (if verse belief can gain)
 " The darts of love their double pow'r attain:
 " Hence all mankind a bitter sweet have found,
 " A painful pleasure, and a grateful wound.

" Along the grassy banks, in bright array,
 " Ten thousand little loves their wings display;
 " Quivers and bows their usual sports proclaim;
 " Their dress, their stature, and their looks the same;
 " Smiling in innocence, and ever young,
 " And tender, as the nymphs from whom they sprung.
 " For Venus, did but boast one only son,
 " And rosy Cupid was that boasted one;
 " He, uncontroll'd, thro' heav'n extends his sway,
 " And gods and goddesses by turns obey:
 " Or if he stoops on earth, great princes burn,
 " Sick'n on thrones, and wreath'd with laurels mourn.
 " Th' inferior pow'rs o'er hearts inferior reign,
 " And pierce the rural fair, or homely swain.

" Here love's imperial pomp is spread around,
 " Voluptuous liberty that knows no bound;
 " And sudden storms of wrath, which soon decline;
 " And midnight watchings on the fumes of wine;
 " Unartful tears and hectic looks that flow
 " With silent eloquence the lover's woe;
 " Boldness unfeign'd, and to stol'n raptures new,
 " Half trembling stands, and scarcely dares pursue;
 " Fears, that delight, and anxious doubts of joy,
 " Which check our swelling hopes, but not destroy;
 " And short-breath'd vows, forgot as soon as made,
 " On airy pinions flutter thro' the glade.
 " Youth with a haughty look, and gay attire,
 " And rolling eyes that glow with lost desire,
 " Shines forth exalted on a pompous seat;
 " While sullen cares, and wither'd age retreat.

" Now from afar the palace seems to blaze,
 " And hither would extend its golden rays;
 " But by reflection of the grove is seen
 " The gold still vary'd by a waving green.
 " For Melchior with secret pride beheld
 " How far his skill all human wit excell'd;
 " And, grown uxorious, did the work design
 " To speak the artist, and the art divine.
 " Proud columns, tow'ring high, support the frame,
 " That hewn from Hyacinthian quarries came.
 " The beams are em'alds, and yet scarce adorn
 " The ruby walls, on which themselves are born.
 " The pavement, rich with veins of agate lies;
 " And steps, with shining jasper slipp'ry, rise.

" Here spices in parterres promiscuous blow,
 " Not from Arabia's fields more odours flow;
 " The wanton winds thro' groves of Cassia play,
 " And steal the ripen'd fragrances away.
 " Here with its load the wild amomum bends;
 " There cinnamon, in rival sweets, contends;
 " A rich perfume the ravish'd senses fills,
 " While from the weeping tree the balm distils.

" At these delightful bow'rs arrives at last
 " The god of love a tedious journey past;
 " Then shapes his way to reach the fronting gate,
 " Doubles his majesty, and walks in state.

Here love's imperial pomp is loved around
It change'd upon a sudden thro' the room
Venus her golden tresses and unbound
Proud to be thus employ'd, on either hand
The Italian, French, and Spanish stand
Amfrosial essence one bellows in show
And lavishly whole streams of need not pour
With its ry comb another's dext'rous care
Or curls, or opeas the dishevel'd hair
A third, indulgent with a nices eye
Instructs the ringlets in what form to lie
Yet leaves some few, that, not so closely press'd
Sport in the wind, and wanton from the rest
Sweet negligence, by artful study wrought
A graceful error, and a lovely fault
The judgment of the glass is here unknown
Here mirrors are supply'd by ev'ry stone
Where'er the goddess turns, her image falls
And a new Venus dances on the walls
Now while she did her spotless form survey
Pleas'd with love's empire, and almighty sway
She spy'd her ion, and fir'd with eager joy
Sprang forwards, and embrac'd the far-site boy

No 128. FRIDAY, AUGUST 7.

"Delenda est Carthago"

Demolish Carthage

IT is usually thought, with great justice, a very impertinent thing in a private man to intermeddle in matters which regard the state. But the memorial which is mentioned in the following letter is so daring, and so apparently designed for the most traitorous purpose imaginable, that I do not care what misinterpretation it suffers, when I expose it to the resentment of all men who value

their country, or have any regard to the honour, safety, or glory of their Queen. It is certain, there is not much danger in delaying the demolition of Dunkirk during the life of his present most Christian Majesty, who is renowned for the most inviolable regard to treaties; but that pious prince is aged, and in case of his decease, now the power of France and Spain is in the same family, it is possible an ambitious successor, (or his ministry in a King's minority) might dispute his being bound by the act of his predecessor in so weighty a particular.

Mr. Ironside.
YOU employ your important moments, methinks, a little too frivolously, when you consider so often little circumstances of dress and behaviour, and never make mention of matters wherein you and all your fellow-subjects in general are concerned. I give you now an opportunity, not only of manifesting your loyalty to your Queen, but your affection to your country, if you treat an insolence done to them both with the disdain it deserves. The enclosed printed paper in French and English has been handed about the town, and given gratis to passengers in the streets at noon-day. You see the title of it is, 'A most humble address, or memorial, presented to her Majesty the Queen of Great-Britain, by the deputy of the magistrates of Dunkirk.' The nauseous memorialist, with the most fulsome flattery, tells the Queen of her thunder, and of wisdom, and clemency, adored by all the earth; at the same time that he attempts to undermine her power, and escape her wisdom, by beseeching her to do an act which will give a

well grounded jealousy to her people, that the
 of theophanes desires, is, That the moles and dykes of
 Dunkirk may be spared; and it seems the Sieur
 Tughe, who is the petitioner is called, was
 thunder-struck by the denunciation which he
 says the Lord Viscount Bolingbroke made to
 him, That her Majesty did not think to make
 any alteration in the dreadful sentence she had
 pronounced against the town of M. Dunkirk,
 but that you would do an act worthy your general
 humanity, if you would put the Sieur Tughe
 right in this matter; and let him know, That
 her Majesty has pronounced no sentence against
 the town, but his most Christian Majesty has
 agreed that the town and harbour shall be de-
 molished. That the British nation expect the immediate
 demolition of it. That the very common people know, that with-
 in three months after the signing of the peace, the
 works towards the sea were to be demolished;
 and within three months after it, the works
 towards the land. That the said peace was signed the last of March,
 1713. That the parliament has been told from the
 Queen, that the equivalent for it is in the hands
 of the French King. That the Sieur Tughe has the impudence to
 ask the Queen to remit the most material part of
 the articles of peace between her Majesty and his
 Majesty. That the British nation received more damage
 in their trade from the port of Dunkirk, than from
 almost all the ports of France, either in the ocean,
 or in the Mediterranean.

That fleets of above thirty sail have come together out of Dunkirk, during the late war, and taken ships of war as well as merchant-men.

That the Pretender sailed from thence to Scotland, and that it is the only port the French have until you come to Brast, for the whole length of St George's Channel, where any considerable naval armament can be made.

That destroying the fortifications of Dunkirk is an inconsiderable advantage to England, in comparison to the advantage of destroying the mole, dykes and harbour; it being the naval force from thence which only can hurt the British nation.

That the British nation expect the immediate demolition of Dunkirk.

That the Dutch, who suffered equally with us from those of Dunkirk, were probably induced to sign the treaty with France from this consideration, That the town and harbour of Dunkirk should be destroyed.

That the situation of Dunkirk is such, as that it may always keep runners to observe all ships sailing on the Thames and Medway.

That all the suggestions, which the Sieur Tugghe brings concerning the Dutch, are false and scandalous.

That whether it may be advantageous to the trade of Holland or not, that Dunkirk should be demolished; it is necessary for the safety, honour, and liberty of England, that it should be so.

That when Dunkirk is demolished, the power of France, on that side, should it ever be turned against us, will be removed several hundred miles further off of Great-Britain than it is at present.

That after the demolition, there can be no considerable preparation made at sea by the French on all the Channel, but at Brest; and that Great-Britain being an Island, which cannot be attacked but by a naval power, we may esteem France effectually removed, by the demolition, from Great-Britain, as far as the distance from Dunkirk to Brest.

Pray, Mr IRONSIDE, repeat this last particular, and put it in a different letter, *That the demolition of Dunkirk will remove France many hundred miles farther off from us*; and then repeat again, *that the British nation expects the demolition of Dunkirk*.

I demand of you, as you love and honour your Queen and country, that you insert this letter, or speak to this purpose, your own way; for in this all parties must agree, that however bound in friendship one nation is with another, it is but prudent that in case of a rupture, they should be, if possible, upon equal terms.

Be honest, Old NESTOR, and say all this; for whatever half-witted hot whigs may think, we all value our estates and liberties, and every true man of each party may think himself concerned that Dunkirk should be demolished.

It lies upon all who have the honour to be in the ministry to hasten this matter, and not let the credulity of an honest brave people be thus infamously abused in our open streets.

I cannot go on for indignation; but pray God that our mercy to France may not expose us to the mercy of France.

Your humble servant,

ENGLISH TORT.

No 129. SATURDAY, AUGUST 8.

*"Animasque in vulnere ponunt."**Virg. Georg. 4. v. 138.*

And part with life, only to wound their foe.

ANGER is so uneasy a guest in the heart, that he may be said to be born unhappy who is of a rough and choleric disposition. The moralists have defined it to be "a desire of revenge for some injury offered." Men of hot and heady tempers are eagerly desirous of vengeance, the very moment they apprehend themselves injured: whereas the cool and sedate watch proper opportunities to return grief for grief to their enemy. By this means, it often happens that the choleric inflict disproportioned punishments, upon slight, and sometimes imaginary offences: But the temperately revengeful have leisure to weigh the merits of the cause, and thereby either to smother their secret resentments, or to seek proper and adequate reparations for the damages they have sustained. Weak minds are apt to speak well of the man of fury; because, when the storm is over, he is full of sorrow and repentance: But the truth is, he is apt to commit such ravages during his madness, that when he comes to himself, he becomes tame then, for the same reason that he ran wild before, "only to give himself ease;" and is a friend only to himself in both extremities. Men of this unhappy make, more frequently than any others, expect that their

friends should bear with their infirmities. Their friends should in return desire them to correct their infirmities. The common excuses, that they cannot help it, that it was soon over, that they harbour no malice in their hearts, are arguments for pardoning a bull or a mastiff; but shall never reconcile me to an intellectual savage. Why, indeed, should any one imagine, that persons, independent upon him, should venture into his society, who hath not yet so far subdued his boiling blood, but that he is ready to do something the next minute, which he can never repair; and hath nothing to plead in his own behalf, but that he is apt to do mischief as fast as he can? Such a man may be feared, he may be pitied, he can never be loved.

I would not hereby be so understood, as if I meant to recommend slow and deliberate malice: I would only observe, that men of moderation are of a more amiable character than the rash and inconsiderate; but if they do not husband the talents that Heaven hath bestowed upon them, they are as much more odious than the choleric, as the devil is more horrible than a brute. It is hard to say which of the two, when injured, is more troubled: some to himself, or more hurtful to his enemy; the one is bolsterous and gentle by fits, dividing his life between guilt and repentance, now all tempest, again all sunshine: the other hath a smoother, but more lasting anguish, lying under a perpetual gloom: the latter is a cowardly man, the former a generous beast. If he may be held unfortunate who cannot be sure but that he may do something the next minute which he shall lament during his life; what shall we think of him, who hath a soul so infected, that he can never be happy until he hath made another miserable! what wars may we

imagine perpetually raging in his breast, how dark stratagems, and worthy designs, inhuman wishes, dreadful resolutions! A snake coiled in many intricate mazes, ready to sting a traveller, and to hiss him in the pangs of death, is no less an emblem of such an artful unsearchable projector. Were I to chuse an enemy, whether should I wish for one that would stab me suddenly, or one that would give me an Italian poison, subtle and lingering, yet as certainly fatal as the stroke of a filletto: let the reader determine the doubt in his own mind.

There is yet a third sort of revenge, if it may be called a third, which is compounded of the other two: I mean the mistaken honour which hath too often a place in generous breasts. Men of good education, though naturally choleric, restrain their wrath so far as to seek convenient times for vengeance. The single combat seems so generous a way of ending controversies, that until we have stricter laws, the number of widows and orphans, and I wish I could not say, of wretched spirits, will be increased. Of all the medals which have been struck in honour of a neighbouring monarch, there is not one which can give him so true renown as that upon the success of his edicts for abolishing the impious practice of duelling.

What inclined me at present to write upon this subject, was the sight of the following letters, which I can assure the reader to be genuine. They concern two noble names among us; but the crime of which the gentlemen are guilty, bears too prevalently the name of honour, to need an apology to their relations for reviving the mention of their duel. But the dignity of wrath, and the cool and deliberate preparation (by passing different climates, and waiting convenient seasons) for murdering

each other, when we consider them as moved by a sense of honour, must raise in the reader as much compassion as horror. And I thought I should not but believe a guilt of blood, even when it is hidden. A Monsieur Monsieur Sackville.

I THAT am in France hear how much you attribute to yourself in this time, that I have given the world leave to wring your praises. . . . If you call to memory, whereas I gave you my hand last, I told you I reserved the heart for a truer reconciliation. Now be that noble gentlemen, my love once spoke you, and come and do him right that could recite the trials you owe your birth and country, were I not confident your honour gives you the same courage to do me right, that it did to do me wrong. Be master of your own weapons and time; the place where I will wait on you. By doing this you shall shorten revenge, and clear the idle opinion the world hath of both our worths.

Ed. Bruce.

A Mr Monsieur le Baron de Kinjois.

AS it shall be always far from me to seek a quarrel, so will I always be ready to meet with any that desire to make trial of my valour by so fair a course as you require. A witness whereof yourself shall be, who within a month shall receive a strict account of time, place, and weapon, where you shall find me ready disposed to give you honourable satisfaction by him that shall conduct you thither. In the mean time, be as secret of the appointment as it seems you are desirous of it.

Ed. Sackville.

A Mr Monsieur le Baron de Kindosi, to give
 I am ready at Tergoso, a town in Zealand, to
 give you that satisfaction your sword can ren-
 der you, accompanied with a worthy gentleman
 my second, in degree a knight: and for your
 coming I will not limit you a peremptory day,
 but desire you to make a definite and speedy re-
 pair for your own honour, and fear of prevention
 until which time you shall find me there. Ter-
 goso, 10th of August, 1612.

Ed. Sackville.

A Mr Monsieur Sackville.
 I HAVE received your letter by your man,
 and acknowledge you have dealt nobly with
 me, and now I come with all possible haste to
 meet you.

Ed. Bacon.

No 130. Monday, August, 10.

Vacuum sine mente popellum.
 An empty, thoughtless tribe.

As the greatest part of mankind are more affec-
 ted by things which strike the senses, than
 by excellencies that are to be discerned by reason
 and thought, they form very erroneous judgments,
 when they compare the one with the other. An
 eminent instance of this is, that vulgar notion, that
 men addicted to contemplation are less useful mem-

bers of society, than those of a different course of life. The business therefore of my present paper shall be to compare the distant merits of the speculative and the active parts of mankind.

The advantages arising from the labours of generals and politicians are confined to narrow tracts of the earth; and while they promote the interest of their own country, they lessen or obstruct that of other nations. Whereas the light and knowledge that spring from speculation are not limited to any single spot, but equally diffused to the benefit of the whole globe. Besides, for the most part, the renown only of men of action is transmitted to distant posterity, their great exploits either dying with themselves, or soon after them; whereas speculative men continue to deserve well of the world thousands of years after they have left it. Their merits are propagated with their fame, which is due to them; but a free gift to those, to whom their beneficence has outlived their persons.

What benefit do we receive from the renowned deeds of Caesar or Alexander, that we should make them the constant themes of our praise! while the name of Pythagoras is more sparingly celebrated, though it be to him that we are indebted for our trade and riches. This may seem strange to a vulgar reader, but the following reflection will make it plain. That philosopher invented the forty-seventh proposition of the first book of Euclid, which is the foundation of trigonometry and consequently of navigation, upon which the commerce of Great Britain depends. The mathematics are so useful and ornamental to human life, that the ingenious Sir William Temple acknowledges in some part of his writings, all those advantages which distinguish polite nations from

barbarians to be derived from them. But as these sciences cultivate the exterior parts of life, there are others of a more excellent nature, that endue the heart with rudiments of virtue, and by opening our prospects, and awakening our hopes, produce generous emotions and sublime sentiments in the soul.

The divine sages of antiquity, who by transmitting down to us their speculations upon good and evil, upon Providence, and the dignity and duration of thinking beings, have imprinted an idea of moral excellence on the minds of men, are most eminent benefactors to human nature; and, however overlooked in the loud and thoughtless applause that are every day bestowed on the slaughterers and disturbers of mankind, yet they will never want the esteem and approbation of the wise and virtuous.

This apology in behalf of the speculative part of mankind, who make useful truth the end of their being, and its acquisition the business as well as entertainment of their lives, seems not improper, in order to rectify the mistake of those, who measure merit by noise and outward appearance, and are too apt to depreciate and ridicule men of thought and retirement. The raillery and reproaches which are thrown on that species by those who abound in the animal life, would incline one to think the world not sufficiently convinced, that whatsoever is good or excellent proceeds from reason and reflection.

Even those who only regard truth as such, without communicating their thoughts, or not applying them to practice, will seem worthy members of the commonwealth, if we compare the innocence and tranquillity with which they pass their lives, with

the fraud and impertinence of other men. But the numbers of those who by abstracted thoughts become useless, is inconsiderable in respect of them who are useful to mankind by an active and restless disposition. And no gains laws has effect on any

As in the distribution of other things, so in this the wisdom of Providence appears, that men addicted to intellectual pursuits, bear a small proportion to those who rejoice in exerting the force and activity of their corporeal organs; for operations of the latter sort are limited to a narrow extent of time and place, whereas those of the mind are permanent and universal. Plato and Euclid enjoy a sort of immortality upon earth, and at this day read lectures to the world.

But if to inform the understanding, and regulate the will, is the most useful and diffusive benefit, there will not be found so useful and excellent an institution as that of the Christian Priesthood, which is now become the scorn of fools. That a numerous order of men should be consecrated to the study of the most sublime and beneficial truths, with a design to propagate them by their discourses and writings, to inform their fellow-creatures of the being and attributes of the Deity, to possess their minds with a sense of a future state, and not only to explain the nature of every virtue and moral duty, but likewise to persuade mankind to the practice of them by the most powerful and engaging motives, is a thing so excellent and necessary to the well being of the world, that no body but a modern Free thinker could have the forehead so folly to turn it into ridicule.

The light in which these points should be exposed to the view of one who is prejudiced against the names, religion, church, priest, and the like, is to

consider the Clergy as to many Philosophers, the Churches as Schools, and their sermons as lectures, for the information and improvement of the audience. How would the heart of Socrates or Tully have rejoiced, had they lived in a nation, where the law had made provision for philosophers to read lectures of morality and theology every seventh day, in several thousands of schools erected at the public charge throughout the whole country, in which lectures all ranks and ages, without distinction, were obliged to be present for their general improvement? And what wicked wretch would they think those men who would endeavour to defeat the purpose of so divine an institution? It is indeed usual with that low tribe of writers, to pretend their design is only to reform the church, and expose the vices and not the order of the clergy. The author of a pamphlet printed the other day (which without my mentioning the title will on this occasion occur to the thoughts of those who have read it) hopes to insinuate by that artifice what he is afraid or ashamed openly to maintain. But there are two points which clearly shew what it is he aims at. The first is, that he constantly uses the word *priest* in such a manner, as that his reader cannot but observe he means to throw an odium on the clergy of the church of England, from their being called by a name which they enjoy in common with heathens and idolaters. The other is, his raking together and exaggerating, with great spleen and industry, all those actions of churchmen, which, either by their own illness, or the bad light in which he places them, tend to give men an ill impression of the dispensers of the gospel. All which he pathetically addresses to the consideration of his wife and honest countrymen of the laity. The se-

philosophy and discrediting of these proceedings, as to
 obvious to men who have any pretence to that cha-
 racter, that I need say no more either of them or
 their authors, so to read and know well.

The inhabitants of the earth may properly be
 ranged under the two general heads of Gentlemen
 and Mechanics. This distinction arises from the
 different occupations wherein they exert themselves.
 The former of these species is universally acknow-
 ledged to be more honorable than the other, who
 are looked upon as a base and inferior order of men.
 But if the world is in the right in this natural judg-
 ment, it is not generally so in the distribution of
 particular persons under their respective denomina-
 tions. It is a clear settled point, that the Gentle-
 man should be preferred to the Mechanic. But who
 is the Gentleman, and who the Mechanic, wants
 to be explained.

The Philosophers distinguish two parts in human
 nature, the rational and the animal. Now, if we
 attend to the reason of the things, we shall find it
 difficult to assign a more just and adequate idea of
 these distinct species, than by defining the Gentleman
 to be him whose occupation lies in the exertion of
 his rational faculties; and the Mechanic, him who is
 employed in the use of his animal parts, or the or-
 ganic parts of his body.

The concurring assent of the world, in preferring
 Gentlemen to Mechanics, seems founded in that
 preference which the rational part of our nature
 is intitled to above the animal; when we consider
 high itself, as it is the seat of wisdom and under-
 standing, as it is pure and immortal; and as it is
 that which, of all the known works of the creation,
 bears the brightest impress of the Deity.

It claims the same dignity and pre-eminence, if we consider it with respect to its object. Mechanical motions or operations are confined to a narrow circle of low and little things: It reaches to all inquires concerning the nature of intellectual beings; the great author of our existence; its end, and the proper methods of attaining it. Or, in case that noble faculty submit itself to nearer objects, it is not like the organic powers, confined to a slow and painful manner of action, but shifts the scene, and applies itself to the most distant objects with incredible ease and dispatch. Neither are the operations of the mind, like those of the hands, limited to one individual object, but at once extended to a whole species.

And as we have shewn the intellectual powers to be nobler than those of motion, both in their own nature, and in regard to their object, the same will still hold if we consider their office. It is the province of the former to provide and direct, of the latter to execute, and obey. Those who apply their hands to the materials, appear the immediate builders of an edifice; but the beauty and proportion of it is owing to the architect, who designed the plan in his closet. And in like manner, whatever there is either in art or nature, of use or regularity, will be found to proceed from the superior principle of reason and understanding. These reflections, how obvious soever, do nevertheless seem not sufficiently attended to by those who, being at great pains to improve the figure and motions of the body, neglect the culture of the mind. From the premises it follows, that a man may descend from an ancient family, wear fine clothes, and be master of what is commonly called good breeding, and yet not merit the name of gentleman.

All those whose principal accomplishments consist in the exertion of the mechanic powers, whether the organ made use of be the eye, the muscles of the face, the fingers, feet or any other part, are in the eye of reason to be esteemed mechanics.

I do therefore, by those presents, declare that all men and women, by what title soever distinguished, whose occupation it is either to ogle with the eyes, flirt with the fan, dress, cringe, adjust the muscles of the face, or other parts of the body, are degraded from the rank of Gentry; which is from this time forward appropriated to those who employ the talents of the mind in the pursuit of knowledge and practice of virtue, and are content to take their places as they are distinguished by moral and intellectual accomplishments.

The rest of the human species come under the appellation of Mechanics, with this difference, that the professed Mechanics, who, not pretending to be Gentlemen, contain themselves within their proper sphere, are necessary to the well-being of mankind; and consequently should be more respected in a well-regulated commonwealth, than those Mechanics who make a merit of being useless.

Having hitherto considered the human species as distinguished into Gentlemen and Mechanics, I come now to treat of the *machines*; a sort of beings that have the outside or appearance of men, without being really such. The Free-thinkers have often declared to the world, that they are not actuated by any incorporeal being or spirit; but that all the operations they exert proceed from the collision of certain corpuscles, endued with proper figures and motions. It is now a considerable time that I have been their proselyte in this point.

am even so far convinced that they are in the right, that I shall attempt proving it to others.

The mind being itself invisible, there is no other way to discern its existence, than by the effects which it produceth. Where design, order and symmetry are visible in the effects, we conclude the cause to be an intelligent being; but where nothing of these can be found, we ascribe the effect to hazard, necessity, or the like. Now I appeal to any one who is conversant in the modern productions of our Free-thinkers, if they do not look rather like effects of Chance, or at best of Mechanism, than of a thinking principle; and consequently whether the authors of those rhapsodies are not mere Machines.

The same point is likewise evident from their own assertion; it being plain that no one could mistake thought for motion, who knew what thought was. For these reasons I do hereby give it in charge to all Christians, that hereafter they speak of Free-thinkers in the neuter gender, using the term *it* for *him*. They are to be considered as Automata, made up of bones and muscles, nerves, arteries and animal spirits; not so innocent indeed, but as destitute of thought and reason, as those little machines which the excellent author from whom I take the motto of this paper has so elegantly described.

Mr Addison's words, which Mr Hobbs calls a striking paradox, and therefore confidently are more extensible for any errors committed during the duration or suspension of our reason, than in the possession of it. The irregular parts of various species are in time destroyed by the gradation of them; but a well-ordered life is then received daily strength from its continuance.

might still in one and the same person, and even to the same degree, be both a good and a bad man.

No 133. TUESDAY, AUGUST 11.

The way of the foolish man is as a path of thorns, and he that goes therein shall be weary.

The way of the foolish man is as a path of thorns, and he that goes therein shall be weary.

THERE are two sorts of persons within the consideration of my frontispiece: the first are the mighty body of lingers; persons who do not indeed employ their time criminally, but are such pretty innocents, who, as the poet says, *walk away in gentle inactivity the day.*

The others being something more vivacious, are such as do not only omit to spend their time well, but are in the constant pursuit of criminal satisfactions: Whatever the Divine may think, the case of the first seems to be the most deplorable, as the habit of sloth is more invincible than that of vice. The first is preferred even when the man is fully possessed of himself, and submitted to with constant deliberation and cool thought. The other we are driven into generally through the heat of wine, or youth, which, Mr Hobbs calls a natural drunkenness; and therefore, consequently are more excusable for any errors committed during the deprivation or suspension of our reason, than in the possession of it. The irregular start of vicious appetites are in time destroyed by the gratification of them; but a well-ordered life of sloth receives daily strength from its continuance. * I went (says So-

• lomon) by the field of the slothful, and the vine-
 yard of the man void of understanding; and (c.)
 • it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles
 • had covered the face thereof, and the stone-wall
 • thereof was broken down." To raise the image
 of this person, the same author adds, "The sloth-
 ful man hideth his hand in his bosom, and is
 • grieveth him to bring it again to his mouth." If
 there were no other account expected of spending
 our time, the immediate inconvenience that attends
 a life of idleness, should of itself be persuasion
 enough to the men of sense to avoid it. I say, to
 the men of sense, because there are of these that
 give into it, and for these chiefly is this paper de-
 signed. Arguments drawn from future rewards
 and punishments, are things too remote for the
 consideration of stubborn sanguine youth. They
 are affected by such only as propose immediate plea-
 sure or pain, as the strongest persuasive to the
 children of Israel was a land flowing with milk and
 honey. I believe I may say, there is more toil, fa-
 tigue, and uneasiness in sloth, than can be found in
 any employment a man will put himself upon.
 When a thoughtful man is once fixed this way,
 idleness is the necessary consequence. This directs
 him instantly to the contemplation of his health or
 circumstances, which must ever be found extreme-
 ly bad upon these melancholy inquiries. If he has
 any common business upon his hands, numberless
 objections arise, that make the dispatch of it impos-
 sible; and he cries out with Solomon, "There is a
 • lion in the way, a lion in the streets;" that is,
 there is some difficulty or other, which to his ima-
 gination is as invincible as a lion really would be.
 The man, on the contrary, that applies himself to
 books, or business, contracts a cheerful confidence

in all his undertakings, from the daily improvement of his knowledge of fortune, and instead of giving himself up to the idle and dissipated life of a young man of fortune, he has chosen to live in the most useful and active manner, which the illustrious man borrows sometimes from the business, sometimes, or an agreeable friend. A gentleman who has been attended with more bitter tears, than the most active debauchery can at any interval be mollified with. The truth, if he is a cautious manager, will allow himself very little time to examine his own conduct, and will bestow a few reflections upon himself, as the thing ever does upon any thing else, unless he has the misfortune to repent. I expect the misfortune to repent, because I have put the great day of account out of this present case, and am now inquiring not whose life is most innocent, but most successful. A gentleman that has formerly been a very eminent lawyer, and something of a poet, informs me, that in one winter he drank six hampers of Spaw-water, several gallons of Chalybeate, and two hogheads of bitter, at the rate of six pence an hoghead, and one hundred and fifty infallible schemes, in every one of which he was disappointed, received a thousand affronts during the north-easterly winds, and in short, run through more misery and expence, than the most meritorious bravo could boast of. Another tells me, that he fell in to this way at the university, where the youth are too apt to be lulled into a state of such tranquillity as prejudices them against the bustle of their worldly business, for which this part of their education should prepare them. At he could with the utmost secrecy be told in his own chamber, he says he was

for some years irrecoverably sunk and immersed in the luxury of an easy chair, though at the same time, in the general opinion, he passed for a hard student. During this termage he had some late sale of application to books, which rather aggravated than suspended the painful thoughts of a misspent life. Thus his supposed relief became his punishment, and like the damned in Milton, upon their conveyance to certain revolutions from fire to ice.

He felt by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce.
When he had a mind to go out, he was so scrupulous as to form some excuse or other which the idle are ever provided with, and could not satisfy himself without this ridiculous appearance of justice. Sometimes by his own contrivance and insinuation, the woman that looked after his chamber would convince him of the necessity of washing his room, or any other matter of the like joyous import, to which he always submitted, after having decently opposed it, and made his exit with much seeming reluctance, and inward delight. Thus did he pass the noon of his life in the solitude of a monk, and the guilt of a libertine. He is since awakened, by application, out of slumber; has no more sleep than a Dutchman, who, as Sir W. Temple observes, is not delicate or idle enough to suffer from this enemy, but is always well when he is not ill, always pleased when he is not angry.

There is a Gentleman I have seen at a coffee-house near the place of my abode, who having a pretty good estate, and a disinclination to books or business, to secure himself from some of the above-mentioned misfortunes, employs himself with much

clarity in the following method. Being vehemently disposed to loquacity, he has a person constantly with him, to whom he gives an annual pension for no other merit but being very attentive, and never interrupting him by question and answer, whatever he may utter, that may seemingly require it. To secure to himself disproof of his fundamental maxim seems to be, by no means to consider what he is going to say, and he delivers therefore every thought as it first intrudes itself upon him, and then, with all the freedom you could wish, will examine it, and rally the impertinence, or since the truth of it. In short, he took the same pleasure in confuting himself, as he could have done in discomfiting an opponent: and his discourse was as that of two persons attacking each other with exceeding warmth, incoherence, and good nature. There is another whom I have seen in the park, employing himself with the same industry, though not with the same innocence. He is very dextrous in taking flies, and fixing one at each end of a horse hair, which his perwig supplies him with. He hangs them over a little stick, which suspension inclines them immediately to war upon each other, there being no possibility of retreat. From the frequent attention of his eyes to these combats, he perceives the several turns and advantages of the battle, which are altogether invisible to a common spectator. In the other day found him in the enjoyment of a couple of gigantic blue-bottles, which were hung out and embattled in the aforesaid warlike appointments. That I might enter into the secret shocks of this conflict, he lent me a magnifying glass, which presented me with an engagement between two of the most useful monsters I have ever read of even in romance.

If we cannot bring ourselves to appoint and perform such tasks as would be of considerable advantage to us, let us resolve upon some other, however trifling, to be performed at appointed times. By this we may gain a victory over a wandering unsettled mind, and by this regulation of the impulse of our wills, may, in time, make them obedient to the dictates of our reason.

When I am disposed to treat of the irreligion of an idle life, it shall be under this head, *Agens & imputantur*; which is an inscription upon a sun-dial in one of the inns of court, and is with great propriety placed to public view in such a place, where the inhabitants being in an everlasting hurry of business or pleasure, the busy may receive an innocent admonition to keep their appointments, and the idle a dreadful one not to keep theirs. M

Mr. Ikonant, saw 72361 saw 72361
I AM obliged to you for inserting my letter concerning the demolition of Dunkirk in your paper of the seventh instant; but you will find upon perusal, that you have printed the word *Three* where you should have printed the word *Two*; which I desire you would amend by inserting the whole paragraph, and that which immediately follows it, in your very next paper. The paragraph runs thus:

The very common people know, that within two months after the signing of the peace, the works towards the sea were to be demolished, and within three months after it the works towards the land.

That the said peace was signed the 11th of March O. S.
I beg pardon for giving you so much trouble.

THE GUARDIAN.

which was only to avoid mistakes, having been very much abused by some who wish to sell false, that give out I am for the President.

Your most humble servant,
English Tory.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12.

Mr. James Watson.

THE following letter was really written by a young gentleman in a languishing illness, which both himself, and those who attended him, thought it impossible for him to outlive. If you think such an image of the state of a man's mind in that circumstance be worth publishing, it is at your service, and take it as follows:

DEAR SIR,

YOU formerly observed to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life, than the disparity we often find in him sick and well. Thus one of an unfortunate constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable example of the weakness of his mind, or of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to consider myself in these different views, and hope I have received some advantage by it. If what Mr Walter says be true, that

34. With the soul's dark stages, bitter'd and decay'd,
35. Laid in new light thro' chinks that time has made;
36. Then surely sickness, contributing no less than old
37. Age to the shaking down this scaffolding of the
38. Body, may discover the inclosed structure more
39. plainly. Sickness is a sort of early old age; it
40. teaches us a diffidence in our earthly state, and
41. inspires us with the thoughts of a future, better
42. than a thousand volumes of philosophers and di-
43. vines. It gives us warning, a concussion to those
44. props of our vanity, our strength and youth, that
45. we think of fortifying ourselves within, when
46. there is so little dependence on our outworks.
47. Youth, at the very best, is but a betrayer of hu-
48. man life in a gentler and smoother manner than
49. age. It is like a stream that nourishes a plant upon
50. its bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to
51. the sight, but at the same time is undermining it
52. at the root in secret. My youth has dealt more
53. fairly and openly with me. It has afforded several
54. prospects of my danger, and given me an advan-
55. tage not very common to young men, that the
56. attractions of the world have not dazzled me very
57. much; and I began where most people end, with
58. a full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of
59. ambition, and the unsatisfactory nature of all hu-
60. man pleasures.

61. When a smart fit of sickness tells me this scurvy
62. tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I
63. am even as unconcerned as was that honest Hi-
64. bernian, who (being in bed in the great storm
65. some years ago, and told the house would tumble
66. over his head) made answer, 'What care I for
67. the house? I am only a lodger.' I fancy it is the
68. best time to die when one is in the best humour;
69. and so excessively weak as I now am, I may say

with confidence; that I am not at all uneasy at the thought that many men, whom I never had thought to see, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little atom every single man is, with respect to the whole creation, methinks it is a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its old course, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast as they were used to do. The memory of man, as it is elegantly expressed in the Wisdom of Solomon, passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day. There are reasons enough, in the fourth chapter of the same book, to make any young man contented with the prospect of death. For honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, or is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the gray hair to men, and an unpotted life is old age. He was taken away speedily, lest that wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul. I am, yours.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq; Greeting.

I, Old Dan, am so happy as to be the husband of a woman that never is in the wrong, and yet is at continual war with every body, especially with all her servants, and myself. As to her maids, she never fails of having at least a dozen or fourteen in each year, yet never has above one at a time.

and the last that comes is always the worst that ever she had in her life; although they have given her very good content in better families than mine for several years together. Not that she has the pleasure of turning them away, but she does so ferreth them about, *Forsooth* and *Misfrise* them up, and so find fault with every thing they do; and talks to them so loud and so long, that they either give her immediate warning, or march off without any wages at all. So that through her great zeal and care to make them better servants than any in the world; and their obstinacy in being no better than they can, our house is a sort of *Bedlam*; and nothing in order; for by that time a maid comes to know these things stand, whip, she is gone; and so we have not another in four or five days; and this all the year round. As to myself, all the world believes me to be one of the best of husbands. I am of the world's mind, until my dear patient *Grizzle* comes to give her opinion about me, and then you would believe I am as bad as her maids. Oh, Mr *Ironside*, never was a woman used as she is! The world does not think how unhappy she is! I am a wolf in sheep's clothing. And then her neighbours are so ill-natur'd, that they refuse to suffer her to say what she pleases of their families, without either returning her compliments, or withdrawing from her oratory; so that the poor woman has scarcely any society abroad, nor any comfort at home; and all through the sauciness of servants, and the unkindness of a husband that is so cruel to her, as to desire her to be quiet. But she is coming. I am, in haste.

S I R, your humble servant; and

'NICHOLAS EARRING.'

ing was heard in the mountains. Friend, friend, let the moral of this sink deep into thy mind: the more thou ponderest thereon, the sifter thou wilt become for the fellowship of the faithful: we have every day more and more hopes of thee; but between thee and me, when thou art converted, thou must take to thee a scripture name: One of thy writing brethren bore a very good name, he was entitled ISAAC, but now sleepeth. JACOB suiteth thy bookseller well. Verily NABTOR soundeth Babylonish in the ears of thy well-wisher and constant reader.

The third day of the week, prophaneely called Tuesday. RUTH PRIN.

SIR,

NOTWITHSTANDING your grave advice to the fair sex not to lay the beauties of their necks so open, I find they mind you so little that we young men are in as much danger as ever. Yesterday, about seven in the evening, I took a turn with a gentleman just come to town, in a public walk. We had not walked above two rounds, when the spark on a sudden pretended weariness, and as I importuned him to stay longer, he turned short, and pointing to a celebrated beauty, What, (said he) do you think I am made of, that I should bear the sight of such snowy breasts? Oh! she is intolerably handsome! Upon this we parted, and I resolved to take a little more air in the garden, yet avoid the danger by casting my eyes downwards; but to my unspeakable surprise, I discovered, in the same fair creature, the sweetest ankle and prettiest foot that ever fancy imagined. If the petticoats

as well as the rays, thus diminish, what shall we do, dear Nestor? If it is neither safe to look at the head nor the feet of the charmer, whither shall we direct our eyes? I need not trouble you with any further description of her, but I beg you would consider that your wards are frail and mortal.

Your most obedient servant,
 Emma. *Verily Nae.*
 For towards Babylon in the east of thy well-
 whet and constant reader.

№ 133 THURSDAY, AUGUST 22.

Oh! fatal love of fame! Oh glorious heat!
 Only defective to the heart and brain.

THE letters which I published in the Guardian of Saturday last, are written with such spirit and greatness of mind, that they had excited a great curiosity in my Lady Lizard's family, to know what occasioned a quarrel betwixt the two brave men who wrote them, and what was the event of their combat. I found the family the other day listening in a circle to Mr William the Templar, who was informing the ladies of the ceremonies used in the single combat, when the kings of England permitted such trials to be performed in their presence. He took occasion from the chance of such judicial proceedings, to relate a custom used in a certain part of India, to determine law suits, which he produced as a parallel to the single combat. The custom is, That the plaintiff and defendant are thrown into a river,

"where each endeavoured to keep under water as long as he was able; and he who comes up first joins the cause." The author adds, "that if they had no other way of deciding controversies in Europe, the lawyers might as well throw themselves in after them."

The mirth occasioned by this Indian law, did not hinder the ladies from reflecting full more upon the above-named letters. I found they had agreed that it must be a mistress which caused the duel; and Mrs. Cornelia had already settled in her mind the fashion of their arms, their colours and devices. My Lady only asked with a sigh, if either of the combatants had a wife and children.

In order to give them what satisfaction I could, I looked over my papers; and though I could not find the occasion of the difference, I shall present the world with an authentic account of the fight written by the survivor to a courier. The gallant behaviour of the combatants may serve to raise in our minds a yet higher detestation of that false honour, which robs our country of men so fitted to support and adorn it.

Sr. Edward Sackville's relation of the fight between him and the Lord Bruce.

Worthy Sir,

A S I am not ignorant, so ought I to be sensible of the false assertions some authorless tongues have laid upon me, in the report of the unfortunate passage lately happened between the Lord Bruce and myself, which as they are spread here, so I may justly fear they reign also where you are. There are but two ways to resolve doubts of this nature; by oath, or by sword. The first

in due to magistrates, and communicable to friends, the other to such as maliciously slander, and impudently defend their assertion. Your love, not my merit, assure me, you hold me your friend, which esteem I am much desirous to retain. Do me therefore the right to understand the truth of that; and in my behalf inform others, who either are, or may be infected with sinister rumours, much prejudicial to that fair opinion I desire to hold amongst all worthy persons. And on the faith of a Gentleman, the relation I shall give is neither more nor less than the bare truth. The inclosed contains the first citation, sent me from Paris by a Scotch gentleman, who delivered it to me in Derbyshire at my father-in-law's house: After it follows my then answer, returned him by the same bearer. The next is my accomplishment of my first promise, being a particular assignation of place and weapons, which I sent by a servant of mine, by post from Rotterdam, as soon as I landed there. The receipt of which, joined with an acknowledgment of my too fair carriage to the deceased Lord, is testified by the last, which periods the business until we met at Tergosa in Zealand, it being the place allotted for rendezvous; where he, accompanied with one Mr Crawford, an English gentleman, for his second, a surgeon, and a man, arrived with all the speed he could. And there having rendered himself, I addressed my second, Sir John Heidon, to let him understand, that now all following should be done by consent, as concerning the terms whereon we should fight, as also the place. To our seconds we gave power for their appointments, who agreed we should go to Antwerp, from thence to Bergen-op-Zoom, where

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in the mid-way but a village divides the States territories from the Arch Duke's. And there was the destined stage, to the end, that being ended, he that could, might presently exempt himself from the justice of the country, by retiring into the dominion not offended. It was farther concluded, that in case any should fall or slip, that then the combat should cease, and he whose ill-fortune had so subjected him, was to acknowledge his life to have been in the other's hands. But in case one party's sword should break, because that could only chance by hazard; it was agreed that the other should take no advantage, but either then be made friends, or else upon even terms go to it again. Thus these conclusions being each of them related to his party, was by us both approved, and assented to. Accordingly, we embarked for Antwerp. And by reason, my Lord, as I conceive, because he could not handsomely, without danger or discovery, had not paired the sword I sent him to Paris; bringing one of the same length, but twice as broad; my second excepted against it, and advised me to match my own, and send him the choice, which I obeyed; it being, you know, the challenger's privilege to elect his weapon. At the delivery of the sword, which was performed by Sir John Heidop, it pleased the Lord Bruce to chuse my own, and then, past expectation, he told him, that he found himself so far behind hand, as a little of my blood would not serve his turn; and therefore he was now resolved to have me alone, because he knew (for I will use his own words) that so worthy a gentleman, and my friend, could not endure to stand by and see him do that which he must, to

"I justify myself and his honour." Hereupon Sir John Hiden replied, that such intentions were bloody and butcherly, fit only for a noble and personage, who should desire to bleed for reputation, not for life; withall adding, he thought himself injured, being come thus far, not to be prohibited from receiving those honourable offices he came for. The Lord, for answer, only reiterated his former resolutions; whereupon Sir John, leaving him the sword he had desired, delivered me the other, with his determinations. The which not for matter, but manner, so moved me, as though to my remembrance, I had not of a long while eaten more liberally than at dinner, and therefore unfit for such an action (seeing the surgeons held a wound upon a full stomach much more dangerous than otherwise) I requested my second to verify him. I would presently decide the difference, and therefore he should presently meet me on horseback, only waited on by our surgeons, they being unarmed. Together we rode, but one before the other some twelvemile, about two English miles; and then passion having so weak an enemy to assist, as my direction, easily became victor, and using his power, made me obedient to his commands. I being sorely mad with anger, the Lord Bruce should thrust after my life with a kind of assuredness, seeing I had come so far, and needlessly, to give him leave to regain his lost reputation; I bade him alight, which with all willingness he quickly granted, and there in a meadow uncle deep in water at the least, bidding farewell to our doublets, in our shirts began to charge each other; having afore commanded our surgeons to withdraw themselves a pretty distance from us, conjuring them besides

as they respected our favours, or their own desires, not to stir, but suffer us to execute our pleasures; we being fully resolved (God forgive us!) to dispatch each other by what means we could; I made a thrust at my enemy, but was short; and in drawing back my arm I received a great wound thereon, which I interpreted as a reward for my short shooting; but in revenge I pressed into him, though I then missed him also, and then received a wound in my right leg, which pass level through my body, and almost to my back. And there we wrestled for the two greatest and dearest prizes we could ever expect trial for, honour and life. In which struggling, my hand, having but an ordinary glove on it, lost one of her servants though the meanest; which hung by a hair, and to fight yet remaineth as before, and I am but in hope one day to recover the use of it again. But at last, breathless, yet keeping our holds, there passed on both sides propositions of quitting each other's sword. But when amity was dead, confidence could not live; and who should quit first was the question; which, on neither part, either would perform, and striving again afresh, with a kick and a wrench together, I freed my long captivated weapon. Which incontinently levying at his throat, being master kill of me, I demanded, if he would ask his life, or yield his sword; both which, though in that imminent danger, he bravely denied to do. Myself being wounded, and feeling loss of blood, having three conduits running on me, which began to make me faint; and he courageously persisting not to accord to either of my propositions; through remembrance of his former bloody desire, and feeling of my present estate, I struck at his heart,

but with his avoiding, missed my aim, yet passed through the body, and drawing out my sword, rebated it again, although another place, when he cried, "Oh, I am slain!" according to his speech with all the force he had to call me. But being too weak, after I had defended his assault, I easily became master of him, laying him on his back; when being upon him, I redemanded if he would request his life, but it seemed he prized it not at so dear a rate to be beholden for it: bravely replying, "he scorned it." Which answer of his was so noble and worthy, as I protest I could not find in my heart to offer him any more violence, only keeping him down until at length the surgeon, afar off, cried out, "he would immediately die if his wounds were not stopped." Whereupon I asked if he desired his surgeon should come, which he accepted of, and so being drawn away, I never offered to take his sword, accounting it inhuman to rob a dead man, for so I held him to be. This thus ended, I retired to my surgeon, in whose arms after I had remained a while for want of blood, I lost my sight, and withal, as I then thought, my life also. But strong water and his diligence quickly recovered me, when I escaped a great danger. For my Lord's surgeon, when no body dreamed of it, came full at me with his Lord's sword; and had not mine, with my sword, interposed himself, I had been slain by those base hands, although my Lord Bruce, weltering in his blood, and past all expectation of life, conformable to all his former carriage, which was undoubtedly noble, cried out, "Rascal! hold thy hand." So may I prosper as I have dealt sincerely with you in this relation; which I pray you, with the enclosed

but could not ~~with~~ common honour and decency. Notwithstanding the admonitions I have given my correspondents, many of them have crammed great quantities of scandal down his throat; others have choked him with lewdness and ribaldry. Some of them have gorged him with so much nonsense that they have made a very ass of him. On Monday last, upon examining, I found him an ardent French Tory; and the day after, a virulent Whig. Some have been so mischievous as to make him fall upon his keeper, and give me very reproachful language; but as I have promised to restrain him from hurting any man's reputation, so my reader may be assured that I myself shall be the last man whom I will suffer him to abuse. However, that I may give general satisfaction, I have a design of converting a room in Mr Burton's house to the Lion's library, in which I intend to deposite the several packets of letters and private intelligence which I do not communicate to the public. These manuscripts will in time be very valuable, and may afford good lights to future historians who shall give an account of the present age. In the mean while, as the Lion is an animal which has a particular regard for chastity, it has been observed that mine has taken delight in roaring very vehemently against the unbuttoned neck, and, as far as I can find by him, is still determined to roar louder and louder, until that irregularity be thoroughly reformed.

Good Mr TROUSERS, I have heard that the world is full of a kind of bull-beggar, and I must acquaint you, for your comfort, that your Lion has grown a kind of bull-beggar among the women where I live. When my wife comes home late from cards, or commits any other enormity, I whisper in her ear, partly be-

between jest and earnest, that I will tell the Lion
 that there is no Sir, do not let them alone until
 Jackon have made them out of their rackets again.
 When can be a greater fault, that they themselves
 have sensible they have the good for less than their
 pretending to call a bit of lace which will
 hardly cover a filter great, their modesty piece.
 As it is observed that this modesty piece will sink
 to down and lower, and who knows where it will
 sit at last. It is a pity to see how the
 You must know, Sir, I am a Turkey merchant
 and lived several years in a country where the
 women show nothing but their eyes. Upon my
 return to England I was almost out of counte-
 nance to see my pretty country women laying
 open their charms with so much liberty, though
 that at that time many of them were concealed under
 the modest shade of the tucker. I soon after
 married a very fine woman, who always goes
 to the extremity of the fashion. I was pleased to
 think, as every married man must be, that I
 should make daily discoveries in the dear creature,
 which were unknown to the rest of the world.
 But since this new airy fashion is come up, every
 woman's eye is as familiar with her as mine, for I
 can positively affirm, that her neck is grown
 eight inches within these three years. And what
 makes me tremble when I think of it, that pretty
 foot and ankle are now exposed to the sight of
 the whole world, which made my very heart
 dance within me, when I first found myself their
 proprietor. As in all appearance the curtain is
 still rising, I find a parcel of rascally young fel-
 lows in the neighbourhood are in hopes to be
 presented with some new scene every day.
 In short, Sir, the tables are now quite turned
 upon me. Instead of being acquainted with her

person more than other men; I have now the least share of it. When she is at home she is usually masked up, and concealed in masks, morning gowns, and handkerchiefs; but every afternoon to appear in public. For ought I can find, when she has thrown aside half her clothes, she begins to think herself half-dressed. Now, Sir, if I may presume to say so, you have been in the wrong to think of reforming this fashion, by showing the immodesty of it. If you expect to make female profelytes, you must convince them, that if they would get husbands, they must not shew all before marriage. I am sure, had my wife been dressed before I married her as she is at present, she would have satisfied a good half of my curiosity. Many a man has been hindered from laying out his money on a show, by seeing the principal figure of it hung out before the door. I have often observed a curious passenger so attentive to these objects which he could see for nothing, that he took no notice of the master of the show, who was continually crying out, Pray gentlemen walk in.

I have told you at the beginning of this letter, how Mahomet's disciples are obliged to cover themselves; you have lately informed us from the foreign newspapers of the regulations which the Pope is now making among the Roman ladies in this particular; and I hope our British dames, notwithstanding they have the finest skins in the world, will be content to shew no more of them than what belongs to the face and to the neck properly speaking. Their being fair is no excuse for their being naked.

You know, Sir, that in the beginning of last century, there was a sect of men amongst us, who called themselves Adamites, and appeared in pu-

public without clothes. This heresy may spring up in the other sex if you do not put a timely stop to it, there being so many in all public places, who show so great an inclination to be Eve's.

I am, Sir, &c.

NO. 135. SATURDAY, AUGUST 15.

Now the weather is so hot, that it is almost impossible to see the sun.

and the heat is so great, that it is almost impossible to see the sun.

Virtue, tho' in rage, will keep me warm. Dryden.

Virtue, tho' in rage, will keep me warm. Dryden.

A GOOD conscience is to the soul what health is to the body: it preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than counterbalances all the calamities and afflictions which can possibly befall us. I know nothing so hard for a generous mind to get over as calumny and reproach, and cannot find any method of quieting the soul under them, besides this single one, of our being conscious to ourselves that we do not deserve them.

I have been always mightily pleased with that passage in Don Quixote, where the fantastical knight is represented as loading a gentleman of good sense with praises and eulogiums. Upon which the gentleman makes this reflexion to himself: How grateful is praise to human nature! I cannot forbear being secretly pleased with the commendations I receive, though I am sensible it is a madman that bestows them on me. In the same manner, though we are often sure that the censures which are passed upon us are uttered by those

who know nothing of art and have neither skill nor abilities to form a right judgment of any, and cannot follow being persuaded that they say so.

In order to heal this infirmity, which is so natural to the best and wisest of men, I have taken a particular pleasure in observing the conduct of the old philosophers; how they bore themselves up against the malice and detraction of their enemies.

The way to silence calumny, says Rian, is to be always exalted in such things as are praise-worthy. Socrates, after having received sentence, told his friends, that he had always accustomed himself to regard truth and not censure; and that he was not troubled at his condemnation, because he knew himself free from guilt. It was in the same spirit that he heard the accusations of his two great adversaries, who had entered against him the most virulent reproaches. Anytus and Melitus, says he, may pronounce sentence against me, but they cannot hurt me. This divine philosopher was so well fortified in his own innocence, that he neglected all the impotence of evil tongues which were engaged in his destruction. This was properly the support of a good conscience, that contradicted the reports which had been raised against him, and cleared him to himself.

Others of the philosophers rather chuse to return the injury by a smart reply, than thus to disarm it with respect to themselves. They show that it stung them, though at the same time they had the address to make their aggressors suffer with them. Of this kind was Aristotle's reply to one who pursued him with long and bitter invectives. You, says he, who are used to suffer reproaches, utter them with delight; I who have not been used to utter them take no pleasure in hearing them. Diogenes was

All men are not so much as to speak ill of him. No body will follow you when you speak ill of men: nor will they believe me should I speak well of you.

For many other instances I could produce, the bitterness of the answer sufficiently testifies the baseness of mind this person was under, who made it all would rather abuse my readers, if he has not in this case the secret consolation, that he deserves not such reproaches as are directed upon him: to follow the advice of Epictetus, if any one speaks ill of thee, consider whether he has truth on his side; and if so, reform thyself, that his censure may not affect thee. When Anaximander was told that the boys were laughing at his singing, Anaximander bid them, I made learn to sing better. But of all the sayings of philosophers which I have gathered together for my own use on this occasion, there are none which carry in them more caution and good sense than the following, opinion of Plato: Being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him, he is no matter, said he, I will live so that none shall believe them. Nothing at another time, that an intimate friend of his had spoken detestingly of him, I am sure he would not do it, says he, if he had not some reason for it. This is the surest as well as the noblest way of drawing the sting out of a reproach, and a true method of preparing a man for that great and only relief against the pains of calumny, "a good conscience."

I designed in this essay, to show that there is no happiness wanting to him who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, and that no person can be miserable who is in the enjoyment of it: but I find this subject so well treated in one of Dr South's

sermons; that I shall all this Saturday, pass with a village of the which cannot but make the world here but to follow him, who can give us the best instruction.

It is a sad situation, having seen the state of a good conscience in supposing a man, who has been a while in the difficulties of his conscience, with respect to his force and efficacy in the state of death, notwithstanding the great and innumerable sins which he has committed, and the third and last instance, in which about all others still confidence towards God, does most eminently show and exert itself, in the time of death, which surely gives me, great opportunity of trying both the strength and worth of every principle. When a man shall be just about to quit the stage of this world, to put off his mortality, and to deliver up his last accounts to God, at which finishing his memory will serve him for little else, but to testify his own unworthiness of his past life, and his former extravagance in respect of all their pleasures, but retaining their guilt, which is to them that can procure him a fair passage into the other world, as a comfortable appearance before his dreadful Judge when he is there. Not all the friends and interests, all the riches and honours under heaven can speak so much as a word for him, or one word of comfort to him in that condition; they may possibly reproach, but they cannot relieve him.

"No, at this disconsolate time, when the busy tempter shall be more than usually apt to vex and trouble him, and the pains of a dying body to hinder and discompose him, and the tumult of worldly affairs to disturb and confound him, and in a word, all things conspire to make his

" sick bed grievous and uneasy; nothing can then
 " stand up against all these ruins, and speak life in
 " the midst of death, but a clear conscience.

" And the testimony of that shall make the com-
 " forts of Heaven descend upon his weary head,
 " like a refreshing dew, or shower upon a parched
 " ground. It shall give him some lively earnest
 " and secret anticipations of his approaching joy.
 " It shall bid his soul go out of the body undaunt-
 " edly, and lift up his head with confidence before
 " saints and angels. Surely the comfort, which
 " it conveys at this season, is something bigger
 " than the capacities of mortality, mighty and un-
 " speakable, and not to be understood until it
 " comes to be felt.

" And now, who would not quit all the plea-
 " sures, and trials, and tribulations, which are apt to cap-
 " tivate the heart of man, and pursue the greatest
 " rigours of piety, and austerities of a good life,
 " to purchase to himself such a conscience, as at
 " the hour of death, when all the friendship in the
 " world shall bid him adieu, and the whole crea-
 " tion turns its back upon him, shall commit the
 " soul and close his eyes with that blessed sentence,
 " Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter
 " thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Spaniard's design by this allegory, was to show the
 " many hardships to which the life of man is exposed,
 " and to let his reader see that there was scarce any
 " thing in nature so very mean and insupportable,
 " but that it was able to overcome him, and lay his
 " head in the dust. I remember Monsieur Pichal,
 " in his reflections on Providence, has this observa-
 " tion upon Cromwell's death. That usurper, says
 " he, who had destroyed the royal family in his own

No. 126, Monday, August 1774

SOME of our quaint moralists have pleased themselves with an observation, that there is but one way of coming into the world, but a thousand to go out of it. I have seen a fanciful dream written by a Spaniard in which he introduces the person of death metamorphosing himself like an object into innumerable shapes and figures, to represent the fatality of fevers and agues, with many other distempers and accidents that destroy the life of man. death enters first of all in a body of fire: a little after he appears like a man of iron, then rolls about the room like a cannon ball, then lies on the table like a glued pill; after this he transforms himself all of a sudden, into a sword, then dwindles successively to a dagger, to a bodkin, to a crooked pin, to a needle, to a hair. The Spaniard's design by this allegory, was to shew the many assaults to which the life of man is exposed, and to let his reader see that there was scarce any thing in nature so very mean and inconsiderable, but that it was able to overcome him, and lay his head in the dust. I remember Monsieur Paschal, in his reflections on Providence, has this observation upon Cromwell's death. That usurper, says he, who had destroyed the royal family in his own

nation, who had made all the princes of Europe tremble, and struck a terror into Rome itself, was at last taken out of the world by a fit of the gravel. In a grain of sand, I say, that would have been of no significance in any other part of the universe, being lodged in such a particular place, was an instrument of Providence to bring about the most happy revolutions, and to remove from the face of the earth this troubler of mankind. In short, swarms of distempers are every where hovering over us; casualties, whether at home or abroad, whether we wake or sleep, sit or walk, are planted about us in ambuscade: every element, every climate, every season, all nature is full of death.

There are more casualties incident to men than women, as battles, sea-voyages, with several dangerous trades and professions that often prove fatal to the practitioners. I have seen a treatise written by a learned physician on the distempers peculiar to those who work in stone or marble. It has been therefore observed by curious men, that upon a strict examination there are more males brought into the world than females. Providence, to supply this waste in the species, has made allowances for it by a suitable redundancy in the male sex. Those who have made the nicest calculations have found, I think, that taking one year with another, there are about twenty boys produced to nineteen girls. This observation is so well grounded, that I will at any time lay five to four, that there appear more male than female infants in every weekly bill of mortality. And what can be a more demonstrative argument for the superintendency of Providence?

There are casualties incident to every particular

station and way of life. A friend of mine was once saying, that he fancied there would be something new and diverting in a country bill of mortality. Upon communicating this hint to a gentleman who was then going down to his seat, which lies at a considerable distance from London, he told me he would make a collection, as well as he could, of the several deaths that had happened in his country for the space of a whole year, and send them up to me in the form of such a bill as I mentioned. The reader will here see that he has been so good as his promise. To make it the more entertaining he has set down, among the real deaths, some imaginary ones, to which the country people ascribe the deaths of some of their neighbours. I shall extract out of them such only as seem almost peculiar to the country, laying aside fevers, apoplexies, small pox, and the like, which they have in common with towns and cities.

Of a six-bar gate, for hunters.

Of a quick-set hedge.

Two duels, viz.

First, between a roving par and a pitch fork.

Second, between a joint-stool and a brown jug.

Bewitched.

Of an evil tongue.

Croft in love.

Broke his neck in robbing a hen-roost.

Cut finger turned to a gangreen by an old gentlewoman of the parish.

Surfeit of curds and cream.

Took cold sleeping at church.

Of a sprain in his shoulder by saving his dog at a bull-baiting.

Lady B.—'s cordial water.

THE GUARDIAN No. 111

Knocked down by a quart bottle
 Bright out of his wit by a handless dog with
 A hundred eyes
 Of October
 Broke a vein in harling for a knight of the shire
 Old women drowned upon trial of witchcraft
 Climbing a crow's nest
 Chalk and green apples
 Led into a horse pond by a Will of the Wisp
 Died of a fright in an cascade of the Farnes
 Bands
 Over-ent himself at a house warming
 By the parson's will
 Vagrant beggars worried by the spain's house
 Shot by mistake
 Of a mountain bank doctine
 Of the Merry Andrew
 Caught her death in a wet ditch
 Old age
 Soul dissembler

No. 1371 Tuesday, August 1801

and therefore I must however take notice of those
 who arrogate to themselves more honours than are
 due to them on this account
 "Justitiaeque arces, sed et diffusi membra"
 "Agnosco procerum"
 Convince the world, that you're devout and true
 Be just in all you say, in all you do;
 Whatever be your birth, you're sure to be
 A peer of the first quality to me.

HORACE, Juvenal, Boileau, and indeed the
 greatest writers in almost every age, have ex-
 posed with all the strength of wit and good sense,

the vanity of a man's valuing himself upon his birth, and that his glory should be in his virtue, not in his birth. With this reflection, however, to so many great authorities, I think they have pushed this matter a little too far. We ought in gratitude to honour the posterity of those who have raised either the interest or reputation of their country, and by whose labours we ourselves are more happy, wise, or virtuous than we should have been without them. Besides, naturally speaking, a man bids fairer for greatness of soul, who is the descendant of worthy ancestors, and has good blood in his veins, than one who is come of an ignominious and obscure parentage. For these reasons, I think a man of merit, who is derived from an illustrious line, is very justly to be regarded more than a man of equal merit, who has no claim to hereditary honours. Nay, I think those who are indifferent in themselves, and have nothing else to distinguish them but the virtues of their forefathers, are to be looked upon with a degree of veneration even upon that account, and to be more respected than the common run of men who are of low and vulgar extraction.

After having thus ascribed due honours to birth and parentage, I must however take notice of those who arrogate to themselves more honours than are due to them on this account. The first are such who are not enough sensible that vice and ignorance taint the blood, and that an unworthy behaviour degrades and dishonours a man in the eye of the world as much as birth and family aggrandize and exalt him.

The second are those who believe a new man of an elevated merit is not more to be honoured than an insignificant and worthless man who is descended from a noble and illustrious family.

not from a long line of patrimonial heroes; nor, in other words, behold with contempt a person who is such a man as the first founder of their family was, upon whose reputation they value themselves. But I shall chiefly apply myself to those whose quality first appears in all their discourses and behaviour. An empty man of a great family is a creature that is scarce conceivably. You read his ancestry in his smile, in his air, in his eye-brow. He has hidden nothing but his nobility to give employment to his thoughts. Rank and precedence are the important thoughts which he is always discussing within himself. A gentleman of this sort began a speech in one of King Charles's parliaments. "Sir, I had the honour to be born at a time" — upon which a rough honest gentleman took him up short. "I would fain know what that gentleman means; is there any one in the house that has not had the honour to be born as well as himself?" The good sense which reigned in our nation has pretty well destroyed this starchy behaviour among men who have seen the world, and know that every gentleman will be treated upon a foot of equality. But there are many who have had their education among women, dependents on flatterers, that lose all the respect which would otherwise be paid them, by being too assiduous in procuring it. My Lord Froth has been so educated in punctilio that he governs himself by a ceremonial in all the ordinary occurrences of life. He measures out his bow to the degree of the person he converses with; I have seen him in every inclination of the body, from a familiar nod to the low stoop in the salutatory sign. I remember five of us, who were acquainted with one another, met together one

morning at his lodgings when a bag of letters
 came saying it would be worth while to see
 how he would distinguish us as his first and
 second. Accordingly he has done some into the
 room, but taking his eye about him, my Lord said
 this was very fine, the year, the humble for that
 Sir Richard, your humble servant, I am sorry
 to trouble. Mr. Decker how do you do? he
 Frank are you there? I am not at all in
 of there is nothing more easy than to be discom-
 mune whole hearted full of his family. We are much
 that have imbibed a strong opinion of the necessity
 younger brothers that have been brought up as
 thing, superannuated, quarrels in a great house
 have generally their thoughts taken up with idle
 effeminate notions, and a head of a body, not
 at that time years ago and what his own, the
 name Mr. Martha Ironside, who would ever after
 beneath herself, and is supposed to have died a maid
 in the first year of her age. She was the
 chronicle of our family, and half way the greatest
 part of the last forty years of her life in recording
 the antiquity, marriages, exploits, and alliances of
 the family. Mrs. Martha conversed generally
 with a knot of old virgins, who were themselves of
 good families, and had been very cruel all the be-
 ginning of the last century. They were every one
 of them as proud as Lucifer, but said their prayers
 twice a day, and in all other respects were the best
 women in the world. If they saw a fair petticoat
 at church, they immediately took to pieces the pe-
 degree of her that wore it, and would lift up their
 eyes to heaven at the confidence of the fancy mind
 when they found she was an honest undesigning
 daughter. It is impossible to describe the plain indig-
 nation that would rise in them at the sight of a man

who lived plentifully on an estate of his own getting. They were transported with zeal beyond measure, if they heard of a young woman's matching into a great family upon account only of her beauty, her wit, or her money. In short, there was not a female within ten miles of them that was in possession of a gold watch, a pearl necklace, or piece of Macklin lace, but they examined her title to it. My aunt Martha used to chide me very frequently for not sufficiently valuing myself. She would not eat a bit all dinner-time, if at an invitation she found she had been seated below herself, and would frown upon me for an hour together, if she saw me give place to any man under a Baronet. As I was once talking to her of a wealthy citizen whom she had refused in her youth, she declared to me with great warmth, that she preferred a man of quality in his spirit to the richest man upon the change in a coach and six. She pretended that our family was nearly related by the mother's side to half a dozen Peers, but as none of them knew any thing of the matter, we always kept it as a secret among ourselves. A little before her death she was willing to me the history of my forefathers; her dwelling is little longer than ordinary upon the actions of Sir Gilbert Denbigh, who had a horse shot under him at Edgehill fight, I gave an unfortunate pill, and asked, "what was all this to me?" upon which she retired to her closet, and fell a scribbling for three hours together, in which time, as I afterwards found, she struck out one of her will, and left all she had to my sister Margaret, a wheedling haggard, that used to be asking questions about her great grandfather from morning to night. She now lies buried among the family of the Denbighs, with a stone over her, acquainting the reader that she died

After which follows the genealogy drawn up by her own hand.

of a Goldsmith - good and honest piece of work.

No. 138. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1903.

had been less than a hundred years ago. The house was built in 1840, and the land on which it stood was then a part of the estate of the late John D. Rockefeller. The house was built by the late John D. Rockefeller, and it was then a part of the estate of the late John D. Rockefeller. The house was built by the late John D. Rockefeller, and it was then a part of the estate of the late John D. Rockefeller.

And fires his mind with love of future flame.

THERE is nothing which I study so much in
 the course of these my daily dissertations as
 variety. By this means every one of my readers is
 sure some time or other to find a subject that pleases
 him, and almost every paper has some particular
 set of men for its advocates. Instead of fixing the
 number of my papers every day increasing, they
 would quickly lie as a drug upon my hands, did
 not I take care to keep up the appetite of my guests,
 and quicken it from time to time by something new
 and unexpected. In short, I endeavour to treat my
 reader in the same manner as Eve does the angel
 in that beautiful description of Milton.

retired to his estate and died in 1893.

Rough or smoothed, as bearded back, or flake
 of the authors, whose large, and on the heart, small
 heap with an aspiring hand —

If by this method I can furnish with a *Splendid*
Living, according to the compliment freely paid
 me in a fine poem published among the exercises
 of the last Oxford set, I have gained the end which
 I propose to myself, and I am satisfied.

In my yesterday's paper, I showed how the ac-
 tions of our ancestors and forefathers should excite
 us to every thing that is great and virtuous. I shall
 here observe, that a regard to our posterity, and
 those who are to descend from us, ought to have
 the same kind of influence on a generous mind. A
 noble soul would rather die than commit an action
 that should make his children blush when he is in
 his grave, and be looked upon as a reproach to those
 who shall live a hundred years after him. On the
 contrary, nothing can be a more pleasing thought
 to a man of eminence, than to consider that his
 posterity, who he may remove from him, shall
 make their boasts of his virtues, and be honoured
 for his sake.

Virgil represents this consideration as an incen-
 tive of glory to *Aeneas*, when after having shown
 him the race of heroes who were to descend from
 him, Anchises adds with a noble warmth,

Et dubitamus adhuc virtutem extendere factis?

And doubt we yet thro' dangers to pursue

The paths of honour! —

Dryden.

Since I have mentioned this passage in Virgil,
 where *Aeneas* was entertained with the view of his
 great descendants, I cannot forbear observing a
 particular beauty, which I do not know that any

one has taken notice of. The list which he has there drawn up was in general to do honour to the Roman name, but more particularly to compliment Augustus. For this reason Livy, who shows himself most of the sect of his dependants in the same order that they were to make their appearance in the world, breaks his method for the sake of Augustus, whom he singles out immediately after having mentioned Romulus as the most illustrious person who was a rise in that empire which the ecclies had founded. He was impatient to describe his posterity raised to the utmost pitch of glory, and therefore passes over all the rest to come at this great man; when by this means he implicitly represents as making the most conspicuous figure among them. By this artifice the poet did not only give his Emperor the greatest praise he could bestow upon him, but hindered his reader from drawing a parallel, which would have been disadvantageous to him, had he been celebrated in his proper place, that is, after Pompey and Cæsar, who each of them eclipsed the other in military glory.

Though there have been finer things spoken of Augustus than of any other man, all the wits of his age having tried to outwail one another on that subject; he never received a compliment, which in my opinion, can be compared, for sublimity of thought, to that which the poet here makes him. The English reader may see a faint shadow of it in Mr. Dryden's translation, for the original is inimitable.

His art, his art, O! that I might see
Not yet behind the youth of Rome divine,
Cæsar himself, called in his line,
Who, all his life, was but a name,
And yet, to see the face of the great man.

"Angulus, promit'st off, and long forewent,
 "Seat to the realm that Saturn rul'd of old,
 "Born to refine a better age of gold,
 "Africa, and India, shall his pow'r obey;
 "He shall extend his propagated way
 "Beyond the solar year, without the fiery way,
 "Where Atlas carries the rolling heav'n on his back;
 "And his broad shoulders with their lights are crown'd;
 "At his foreseen approach, already quake
 "The Carpathian Kingdoms, and the Thracian land;
 "Then fees behind his reins, and howls away;
 "And threatening oracles denounce the war;
 "Nile hears him, kneeling at his sevenfold gates,
 "And seeks his hidden spring, and fears his nephew's fate;
 "Nor Hercules more lands or labours knew,
 "Not though the Hydra-footed hind he slew;
 "Freed Erymanthus from the foaming boar;
 "And dipp'd his arrows in Lernaean gore;
 "Nor Bacchus turning from his Indian war,
 "By Tygers drawn triumphant in his car;
 "From Nisus' top descending on the plains,
 "With curling vines around his pander's hair;
 "And doubt we yet, though dangers to pursue
 "The paths of honour?

I could shew out of other poets the same kind of vision as this in Virgil, wherein the chief persons of the poem have been entertained with the sight of those who were to descend from them. But instead of that, I shall conclude with a rabbinical story which has in it the oriental way of thinking, and is therefore very amusing.

Adam, say the Rabbins, a little after his creation, was presented with a view of all those souls who were to be united to human bodies, and take their turn after him upon the earth. Among others, the vision set before him the soul of David. Our great ancestor was transported at the sight of so beautiful an apparition; but to his unspeakable grief was informed, that it was not to be conversant among men the space of one year.

" Offendent terris hunc tantum satis, neque ultra
" Esti facies"

This youth (the Rabbi) said, "I am a Jew,
" Shall just be shown on earth, and shall be shown
" Shall just be shown on earth, and shall be shown
" Shall just be shown on earth, and shall be shown

Adam to procure a longer life for himself a piece
of human nature, begged that threescore and ten
years (which he heard would be the age of man in
David's time) might be taken out of his own life,
and added to that of David. Accordingly say
the Rabbins Adam falls short of a thousand years,
which was to have been the complete term of his
life, by just so many years as make up the life of
David. Adam having lived 930 years, and Da-
vid 70.

This story was invented to show the high opi-
nion which the Rabbins entertained of this man
after God's own heart, whom the prophet, who was
his own contemporary, could not mention without
rapture, where he records the last poetical com-
position of David, "Of David the son of Jesse, of
the man who was raised up on high, of the an-
ointed of the God of Jacob, of the sweet Psalmist
of Israel."

Of this who were to descend from their fathers
head of that I shall conclude with a rational story
which has in it the winning way of thinking, and is
therefore very amusing. Adam, the first of his
creation, was created with a view of all those things
to be named to human bodies and the other things
after him upon the earth. Among others, the first
thing he before him the son of David. On great
anxiety was transported at the sight of so beautiful
an apparition; but to his unexpressed grief was
informed, that it was not of the order of things
men the face of one year.

authority I shall build upon very little in this case. They are of men and not of beasts.

NO. 1191. Thursday, August 20.

quarrel than they do quarrel where ever they quarrel.

of the lion's head. There is not one of the lion's head.

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romance-writers are likewise a set of men whose authority I shall build upon very little in this case. They all of them are born with a particular antipathy to lions; and give them no more quarter than they do giants, where ever they chance to meet them. There is not one of the seven champions, but when he has nothing else to do, encounters with a lion, and you may be sure always gets the better of him. In short, a knight-errant lives in a perpetual state of enmity with this noble creature, and hates him more than all things upon the earth, except a dragon. Had the stories recorded of them by these writers been true, the whole species would have been destroyed before now. After having thus mentioned all fabulous authorities, I shall begin my memoirs of the Lion with a story related of him by P. Anton Gallus, and extracted by him out of Dion Cassius, an historian of undoubted veracity. It is the famous story of Androcles the Roman slave, which I premise for the sake of my learned reader, who needs go no further in it, if he has read it already.

Androcles was the slave of a noble Roman who was provincial of Africa. He had been guilty of a fault, for which his master would have put him to death; but not he found an opportunity to escape out of his hands, and fled into the deserts of Numidia. As he was wandering among the barren sands, and almost dead with heat and hunger, he saw a cave in the side of a rock. He went into it, and finding at the farther end of it a place to sit down upon, rested there for some time. At length, to his great surprise, a huge overgrown lion entered at the mouth of the cave, and seeing a man at the upper end of it, limbe-

immediately made towards him. Androcles gave him-
 self for gone; but the lion instead of treating
 him as he expected, laid his paw upon his lap,
 and with a complaining kind of voice fell to lick-
 ing his hand. Androcles, after having recovered
 himself a little from the fright he was in, obser-
 ved the lion's paw to be exceedingly swelled by a
 large thorn that stuck in it. He immediately
 pulled it out, and by squeezing the paw very
 gently made a great deal of corrupt matter run
 out of it, which probably freed the lion from the
 great anguish he had felt some time before. The
 lion left him upon receiving this good office from
 him, and soon after returned with a fawn which
 he had just killed. This he laid down at the
 feet of his benefactor, and went off again in pur-
 suit of his prey. Androcles, after having solden
 the flesh of it by the sun, subsisted upon it until
 the lion had supplied him with another. He li-
 ved many days in this frightful solitude, the lion
 catering for him with great assiduity. Being ti-
 red at length with this savage society, he was
 resolved to deliver himself up into his master's
 hands, and suffer the worst effects of his displea-
 sure, rather than be thus driven out from man-
 kind. His master, as was customary for the pro-
 consul of Afric, was at that time getting together
 a present of all the largest lions that could be
 found in the country, in order to send them to
 Rome, that they might furnish out a show to the
 Roman people. Upon his poor slave's surren-
 dering himself into his hands, he ordered him to
 be carried away to Rome as soon as the lions
 were in readiness to be sent, and that for his
 crime he should be exposed to fight with one of
 the lions in the amphitheatre, as usual, for the

diversion of the people. This was all performed
 accordingly. And after such a strange
 turn of fortune, was now in the arms of the
 wife. His wife, who was of a very
 every moment when his antagonist would gain
 out upon him. At length a huge antelope
 lion leaped out from the place where he had been
 kept hungry for the show. He advanced with
 great rage towards the man, but on a sudden,
 after having regarded him a little with folly, fell
 to the ground, and crept towards his feet with
 all the signs of supplication and care. Andro-
 bolus, after a short pause, discovered that it was
 his old Numidian friend, and immediately re-
 newed his acquaintance with him. Their mutual
 congratulations were very touching, to the be-
 nefactors, who, upon hearing an account of the
 whole matter from Androbolus, ordered him to be
 pardoned, and the lion to be given up to his
 possession. Androbolus remained at Rome the ci-
 vilities which he had received from him in the
 deserts of Africa. Dion Cassius says, that he him-
 self saw the man leading the lion about the streets
 of Rome, the people every where gathering
 about them, and repeating to one another
Hic est, hic est, hic est, hic est, hic est, hic est
leopardus. This is the lion who was the man's
 this is the man who was the lion's physician.

and that both the Government and the people are united in their determination to see that the Government is not only a Government of the people, but a Government for the people.

I HAVE lately received a letter from an astrologer in Moorfields, which I have read with great satisfaction. He observes to me, that my lion at Boston's coffee-house was very luckily erected in the very month when the sun was in Leo. He further adds, that upon conversing with the above-mentioned Mr. Button, whose other name he observes is Daniel, (a good name, still with regard to the lion his cohabitant) he had discovered the very hour in which the said lion was set up; and that by the help of other lights, which he had received from the said Mr. Button, he had been enabled to calculate the nativity of the lion. This mysterious philosopher acquaints me, that the sign of Leo in the heavens immediately precedes that of Virgo, by which, says he, is signified the natural love and friendship the lion bears to virginity; and not only to virginity, but to such matrons likewise as are pure and unspotted: from whence he foretells the good influence which the roarings of my lion are likely to have over the female world, for the purifying of their behaviour, and bettering of their manners. He then proceeds to inform me, that in the most exact astrological schemes, the lion

is observed to affect, in a more particular manner, the legs and the neck, as well as to allay the power of the scorpion in those parts which are allotted to that fiery constellation. I therefore hereby naturally prognosticates that my lion will meet with great success in the attacks he has made on the untuckered stays and short petticoats; and that, in a few months, there will not be a female bosom or ankle uncovered in Great-Britain. He concludes, that by the rules of his art he foresaw, five years ago, that both the Pope and myself should about this time unite our endeavours in this particular; and that such perturbations and revolutions would happen in the female dress, as should not yet be. I will have another letter by me from a person of a more volatile and airy genius, who finding this great propensity in the fair sex to go uncovered, and thinking it impossible to contain them entirely submit, is for compounding the matter with them, and finding out a middle expedient between nakedness and clothing. He proposes, therefore, that they should imitate their great-grandmothers, the Brutes or Picts, and paint the parts of their bodies which are uncovered with such figures as shall be most to their fancy. The bosom of the coquette, says he, may bear the figure of a Cupid, with a bow in his hand, and his arrow upon the string. The proud might have a Pallas, with a shield and Gorgon's head. In short, by this method, he thinks every woman might make very agreeable discoveries of herself, and at the same time shew us what she would be at. But by my correspondent's good leave, I can by no means consent to spoil the skin of my pretty country women. They could find no colours half so charming as those which are natural to them; and though, like the old Picts,

they painted the sun itself upon their bodies, they would still change for the worse, and conceal something more beautiful than what they exhibited. I shall therefore persist in my first design, and endeavour to bring about the reformation in neck and legs, which I have so long aimed at. Let them but raise their flays and let down their petticoats, and I have done. However, as I will give them space to consider of it, I design this for the last time that my lion shall roar upon the subject during this season, which I give public notice of for the sake of my correspondents, that they may not be at an unnecessary trouble or expence in furnishing me with any information relating to the matter before the beginning of next winter, when I may again resume that point, if I find occasion for it. I shall not, however, let it drop without acquainting my readers, that I have written a letter to the Pope upon it, in order to encourage him in his present good intentions, and that we may act by concert in this matter. Here follows the copy of my letter.

To Pope CLEMENT the Eighth, Nuncio
in London, greeting.

Dear Brother,

I HAVE heard, with great satisfaction, that you have forbidden your priests to console any woman who appears before them without a tucker, in which you please me well. I do agree with you, that it is impossible for the good man to discharge his office, as he ought, who gives an ear to those alluring penitents that discover their hearts and necks to him at the same time. I am labouring as much as in me lies to stir up

the same spirit of modesty among the women of
this island, and should be glad we might see
one another in so good a work. In order to be
instructed what you would send me over the length
of a Roman lady's neck, as it stood before your
late prohibition. We have some here who have
necks of one, two, and three foot in length, some
that have necks which reach down to their
middles, and, indeed, some who may be said to
be all neck and no body. I hope, at the same
time you observe the stays of your female sub-
jects, that you have also an eye to their petti-
coats, which rise in this island daily. When the
petticoat reaches but to the knee, and the stays
fall to the fifth rib, which I hear is to be the
standard of each, as it has been lately settled in a
junty of the sex, I will take care to send you one
of either sort, which I advertise you of before-
hand, that you may not compute the stature of
our English women from the length of their gar-
ments. In the mean time, I have desired the
master of a vessel, who tells me that he shall
touch at Civita Vecchia, to present you with a
certain female machine, which I believe will puzzle
your infallibility to discover the use of it. Not
to keep you in suspense, it is what we call in this
country a hooped petticoat. I shall only beg of
you to let me know, whether you find any gar-
ment of this nature among all the relics of your
female slaves, and in particular, whether it was
ever worn by any of your twenty thousand virgin
mariners.

Yours, as ever,
NATHAN THORNTON.

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I shall not disguise this last sentence declaring myself a good Protestant, as I like in the following part of it. This I think necessary to be noticed of, lest I should be accused by an author of unexampled stupidity, for corresponding with the head of the Romish Church, and thereby to be considered as a traitor to the Protestant cause.

No. 1460 SATURDAY, AUGUST 12.

to some trial: but now when we have all the
 "Franks, miles, calamus, vigilante prius de"
 "qui facti in parva sustinuit curam, et in magna"
 "non in dignis venis, sed in magna"
 "in hoc non solum, sed in magna"
 "in hoc non solum, sed in magna"
 "Or move thro' written pages at their way,
 "Your wars, your loves, your praises be forgot,
 "And make of all an universal throng—
 "The veil is empty praise, an ivy crown,
 "Or the less statue of a mean renown."

"WIT," said the Bishop of Rochester in his
 "elegant sermon against the scorn," as
 "it implies a certain uncommon reach and vivaci-
 "ty of thought, is an excellent talent, very fit to
 "be employed in the search of truth, and very ca-
 "pable of assisting us to discern and embrace it."
 I shall take leave to carry this observation further
 into common life, and remark that it is a faculty,
 when properly directed, very fit to recommend
 young persons to the favour of such persons as are
 generously anxious to promote the interest of po-
 liteness, and the honour of their country. I am
 therefore much grieved to hear the frequent com-
 plaints of some rising authors whom I have taken

Under my guardianship. Since my circumstances will not allow me to give them due encouragement, I must take upon me the peril of a philosopher, and hate them & profess of my intellect. I would not have any poet whatsoever, who is but, says the poet, a hundred a-year, deliver himself up to wit, but as it is subservient to the improvement of his fortune. This talent is useful in all professions, and should be considered not as a wife, but as an attendant. Let them take in old man's words; the desire of fame grows languid in a few years, and thoughts of ease and convenience erase the fairy images of glory and honour. Even those who have succeeded both in fame and fortune, look back on the petty trifles of their youth with some regret, when their minds are turned to more exalted and useful speculations. This is admirably expressed in the following lines, by an author, whom I have formerly done justice to on the account of his pastoral poems.

" In search of wisdom far from wit I fly;
 " Wit is a harlot, beauteous to the eye,
 " In whose bewitching arms our early time
 " We waste, and regard our youthful prime.
 " But when reflection comes with ripen years,
 " And manhood with a thoughtful brow appears,
 " We call the mistress off to take a wife,
 " And, wed to wisdom, lead a happy life."

A passage which happened to me some years ago confirmed several maxims of frugality in my mind. A woollen-draper of my acquaintance, remarkable for his learning and good nature, pulled out his pocket-book, wherein he shewed me at the one end several well-chosen mottoes, and several patterns of cloth at the other. I, like a well-bred man, praised both sorts of goods; whereupon he

tore out the mottoes, and generously gave them to me; but, with great prudence, put up the pattern in his pocket again. I am sensible that any memento of my own secret history can have but little weight with young men of sanguine expectations; and I shall therefore take this opportunity to present my wards with the history of an ancient Greek poet, which was sent me from the library of Fes, and is to be found there in the end of a very ancient manuscript of Homer's works which was brought by the Barbarians from Constantinople. The name of the poet is torn out, nor have the critics yet determined it. I have faithfully translated part of it, and desire that it may be diligently perused by all men who design to live by their wits.

I was born at the foot of a certain mountain in Greece called Parnassus, where the country is remarkably delicious. My mother, while she was with child of me, longed for laurel leaves; and as I lay in my cradle, a swarm of bees settled about my mouth, without doing me any injury. These were looked upon as presages of my being a great man; and the early promises I gave of a quick wit and lively fancy, confirmed the high opinion my friends had conceived of me. It would be an idle tale to relate the trifling adventures of my youth, until I arrived at my twentieth year. It was then that the love I bore to a beautiful young virgin, with whom I had innocently and familiarly conversed from my childhood, became the public talk of our village. I was so taken up with my passion, that I entirely neglected all other affairs. And though the daughter of Machaon the physician, and a rich heiress, the daughter of a famous Grecian orator, were offered me in

marriage, I peremptorily refused both the matches, and rashly vowed to live and die with the lovely Polyhymnia. In vain did my parents reason with me, that the tradition of her being descended from the Gods was too poor a portion for one of my narrow fortunes; that except her fine green house and garden, she had not one foot of land; and though she should gain the law-suit about the fumant of Parnassus, (which yet had many pretenders to it) that the air was so bleak there, and the ground so barren, that it would certainly starve the possessor. I fear my obduracy in this particular broke my mother's heart, who died a short time after, and was soon followed by my father. I now found myself at liberty, and, notwithstanding the opposition of a great many rivals, I won and enjoyed Polyhymnia. Our amour was known to the whole country, and all who saw, extolled the beauty of my mistress, and pronounced me happy in the possession of so many charms. We lived in great splendor and gaiety; I being persuaded that high living was necessary to keep up my reputation and the beauty of my mistress; from whom I had daily expectations given me of a post in the government, or some lavish present from the great men of our commonwealth. I was so proud of my partner, that I was perpetually bringing company to see her, and was a little tiresome to my acquaintance, by talking continually of her several beauties. She herself had a most exalted conceit of her charms, and often invited the Ladies to ask their opinions of her dress; which if they disapproved in any particular, she called them a pack of envious insipid things, and ridiculed them in all companies. She had a

delicate set of teeth, which appeared most to advantage when she was angry; and therefore she was very often in a passion. By this imprudent behaviour, when we had run out of our money, we had no living soul to betriend us; and every body cried out, it was a judgment upon me for being a slave to such a proud mind, such a conceited hussy.

I loved her passionately, and exclaimed against a blind and injudicious world. Besides, I had several children by her, and was likely still to have more; for I always thought the youngest the most beautiful. I must not forget that a certain great Lord offered me a considerable sum in my necessity, to have the reputation of fathering one of them; but I rejected his offer with disdain. In order to support her family and vanities, she carried me to Athens; where she put me upon a hundred pranks to get money. Sometimes she dressed me in an antic robe and placed a diadem on my head, and made me gather a mob about me by talking in a blustering tone, and unintelligible language. Sometimes she made me foam at the mouth, roll my eyes, invoke the gods, and act a sort of madness which the Athenians call the Pindarism. At another time she put a shepherhook into my hand, and drove me round my garret, calling it the plains of Arcadia. When these projects failed, she gave out, with good success, that I was an old astrologer; after that a dumb man; and last of all she made me pass for a lion. It may seem strange, that after so tedious a slavery, I should ever get my freedom. But so it happened, that during the three last transformations, I grew acquainted with the Lady Sophia, whose superior charms cooled my passion for

Polyhymnia; inasmuch that some envious dull fellows gave it out, my mistresses had jilted and left me. But the slanders of my enemies were silenced by my public espousal of Sophia; who, with a greatness of soul, void of all jealousy, hath taken Polyhymnia for her woman, and is dressed by her every day.

I loved her passionately, and exclaimed again:

of 115 **Nº 141, Monday, August 24, 1971**

[illegible]

BEING obliged, at present, to attend a particular affair of my own, I do empower my printer to look into the Arcana of the Lion, and select out of them such as may be of public utility; and Mr Button is hereby authorized and commanded to give my said printer free ingress and egress to the Lion, without any hindrance, let, or molestation whatsoever, until such time as he shall receive orders to the contrary. And for so doing this shall be his warrant.

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

"By virtue of the foregoing order, the Lion
"has been carefully examined, and the two follow-
"ing papers being found upon him, are thought
"very proper for public use."

"Given in at the Lion's mouth at six of the clock in the morning."

the next time I have occasion to see you, I shall be glad to see you.

I CAME very early this morning to rouse your
Lion, thinking it the properest time to offer
him trash when his stomach was empty and sharp-
set; and being informed too that he is so very
modest, as to be shy of swallowing any thing be-
fore much company, and not without some other
politic views, the principal of which was, that his
digestion being then the most keen and vigorous,
it might probably refine this raw piece from sever-
al of its crudities, and so make it proper food
for his master; for as great Princes keep their
taster, so I perceive you keep your digester, having
an appetite peculiarly turned for delicacies. If
a fellow-feeling and similitude of employment,
are any motives to engage your attention, I may
for once promise myself a favourable hearing.
By the account you have given us of the Sparkler,
and your other female wards, I am pretty confi-
dent you cannot be a stranger to the many great
difficulties there are in weaning a young lady's
inclination from a frolic which she is fully bent
upon. I am Guardian to a young heiress, whose
conduct I am more than ordinary solicitous to
keep steady in the slippery age we live in. I must
confess, mine hath hitherto been very tractable
and toward, considering she is an heiress, and
now upon the brink of fifteen. But here of late
Tom Whirligig has so turned her head with the
gallantries of a late masquerade, (which no doubt
Tom, according to his usual vivacity, set forth,
in all its gayest colours;) that the young creature
has been perfectly giddy ever since, and so set
agog with the thoughts of it, that I am teased
to death by her importuning me to let her go to

the next. In the mean time, I have surpris'd her more than once or twice very busy in pulling all her clothes to pieces, in order to make up a strange dress, and with much ado have reperi'd them from her merciless scollars. Now you must understand, old Isos, I am very loath to trust her all alone into such an ocean of temptations; I have made use of all manner of dissuaves to her, and have sufficiently demonstrated to her, that the devil first address'd himself to Eve in a mask, and that we owe the loss of our first happy state to masquerade, which that sly intriguer made in the garden, where he seduced her; but she does not at all regard all this, the passion of curiosity is as predominant in her as ever it was in her predecessor. Therefore I appeal, sage NASTOR, to your experienced age, whether these nocturnal assemblies have not a bad tendency, to give a loose turn to a young lady's imagination. For the being in disguise takes away the usual checks and restraints of modesty; and consequently the beaux do not blush to talk wantonly, nor the belles to listen; the one as greedily sucks in the poison, as the other industriously infuses it; and I am apt to think too, that the ladies might possibly forget their own selves in such strange dresses, and do that in a personated character which may stain their real ones. A young milk-maid may indulge herself in the innocent freedom of a green-gown; and a shepherdess, without thinking any harm, may lie down with a shepherd on a mossy bank; and all this while poor Sylvia may be so far lost in the pleasing thoughts of her new romantic ature, and Damon's soft endearing language, as never once to reflect who she is, until the romance is completed. Besides, do but consider, dear Nz-

For, when a young lady's spirits are fermented with sparkling champagne, her heart opened and dilated by the attractive gaiety of every thing about her, her soul melted away by the soft airs of music and the gentle powers of motion, in a word, the whole woman dissolved in a luxury of pleasure: I say, in such critical circumstances, in such unguarded moments, how easy is it for a young thing to be led aside by her stars! Therefore, good Mr. Knowsnot, let your Lion roar against these dangerous assemblies. I can assure you, one good loud roar will be sufficient to deter my ward from them, for she is naturally mighty fearful, and has been always used from her childhood to be frightened into good behaviour. And it may prove too some benefit to yourself in the management of your own females, who, if they are not already, I do not at all question but they will be very shortly gadding after these midnight gambols. Therefore, to promote your own peace and quietness, as well as mine, and the safety of all young virgins, pray order your Lion to exert his loudest notes against masquerades; I am sure it would be a perfect concert to all good mothers, and particularly charm the ears of

your faithful friend and companion,

• OLD RUSTICIDES.

Most worthy Sir,

BEING informed that the Exiles daily increase, and that fig-leaves are shortly coming into fashion; I have hired me a piece of ground and planted it with fig-trees, the soil being naturally productive of them. I hope, good Sir,

you will so far encourage my new project, as to acquaint the ladies, that I have now by me a choice collection of fig-leaves of all sorts and sizes, of a delicate texture and a lovely bright verdure, beautifully scalloped at the extremities, and most curiously wrought with variety of slender fibres ranged in beautiful meanders and windings. I have some very cool ones for summer, so transparently thin, that you may see through them, and others of a thicker substance for winter; I have likewise some very small ones of a particular species for little misses. So that I do not question but to give general satisfaction to all ladies whatsoever, that please to repair to me at the sign of the Adam and Eve near Cupid's Gardens. If you will favour me with the insertion of this in your GUARDIAN, I will make your favourite, the Sparkler, a present of some of the choicest fig-leaves I have, and lay before her feet the primicias of my new garden; and if you bring me a great many customers for my leaves, I promise you my figs shall be at your service.

I am, worthy Sir,
your worship's most obedient
humble servant,

ANTHONY EVER-GREEN.

N. B. I am now rearing up a set of fine furbelowed dock-leaves, which will be exceeding proper for old women and superannuated maids; those plants having two excellent good properties, the one, that they flourish best in dry ground; the other, that being clothed with fe-

his first trip to town from the university, he thought he could never bring up with him too much of the Gentleman; this I soon perceived in the first visit he made me, when I remember, he came scraping in at the door, encumbered with a bar of gold iron so irksomely long, that it banged against his calf and jarred upon his right heel, as he walked, and came rattling behind him as he ran down the stairs. But his sister Annabella's raillery soon cured him of this awkward air, by telling him that his sword was only fit for going up stairs, or walking up hill, and that she shrewdly suspected he had stolen it out of the college kitchen.

But to return to the public grievance of this city; it is very remarkable, that these "brothers of the blade" began to appear upon the first suspension of arms, and that since the conclusion of the peace the order is very much increased, both as to the number of the men, and the size of their weapons. I am informed, that these men of preposterous bravery, who affect a military air in a profound peace, and dare to look terrible amongst their friends and fellow-citizens, have formed a plan to erect themselves into a society, under the name of the Terrible Club; and that they entertain hopes of getting the great armory-hall in the Tower for their club room. Upon this I have made it my business to enquire more particularly into the cabals of these hectors; and by the help of my lion, I have got such informations as will enable me to countermine their designs, together with a copy of some fundamental articles drawn up by three of their ringleaders; the which it seems are to be augmented and assented to by the rest of the gang on the first of January next (if not timely prevented) at a general meeting in the sword-cut-

bers hall. I shall at present (to let them see that they are not unobserved) content myself with publishing only the said articles.

Articles to be agreed upon by the members of the Terrible Club.

I. Imprimis, That the club do meet at midnight in the great armory-hall in the Tower, (if leave can be obtained) the first Monday in every month.

II. That the president be seated upon a drum at the upper end of the table, accoutred with a helmet, a basket-hilt sword, and a buff-belt.

III. That the president be always obliged to provide, for the first and standing dish of the club, a pasty of bull-beef, baked in a target made for that purpose.

IV. That the members do cut their meat with bayonets instead of knives.

V. That every member do sit to the table, and eat with his hat, his sword and his gloves on.

VI. That there be no liquor drank but rack-punch, quickened with brandy and gun-powder.

VII. That a large mortar be made use of for a punch bowl.

In all appearance it could be no other than a member of this club who came last week to Button's, and sat over against the Lion with such a settled fierceness in his countenance, as if he came to vie with that animal in sternness of looks. His stature was somewhat low; his motions quick and smart, and might be mistaken for startings and convulsions. He wore a broad stiff hat, cogel-proof, with an edging three fingers deep, tressed up into the fierce trooper's cock: to this was added a dark wig, very

moderately curled, and tied in two large knots up to his ears; his coat was short, and rich in tasselled lace; his nostrils and his upper lip were all beset with shaft. At first I was in hopes the Gentleman's friends took care not to intrust him with any weapon; and, looking down, I could perceive a sword of a most unwarrantable size, that hung carelessly below his knee, with two large tassels at the hilt, that played about his ankles.

I must confess I cannot help shrewdly suspecting the courage of the Terribles. I beg pardon if I am in the wrong when I think, that the long sword, and the swaggering cock, are the ordinary disguises of a faint heart. These men, while they think to impose terror upon others, do but render themselves contemptible; their very dress tells you that they are surrounded with fears, that they live in Hobbs's state of nature, and that they are never free from apprehensions. I dare say, if one were to look into the hearts of these champions, one should find there a great tendency to go cased in armour, and that nothing but the fear of a stronger ridicule restrains them from it. A brave man scorns to wear any thing that may give him an advantage over his neighbour; his great glory is neither to fear nor to be feared. I remember, when I was abroad, to have seen a buffoon in an opera, whose excessive cowardice never failed to set the whole audience into a loud laughter; but the scene which seemed to divert them most, was that in which he came on with a sword that reached quite across the stage, and was put to flight by an adversary, whose stature was not above four foot high, and whose weapon was not three foot long. This brings to my mind what I have formerly read of a King of Arabia, who shewing a rich sword, that had been presented

to him, his courtiers unanimously gave their opinion, that it had no other fault, but that of being too short: upon which the King's son said, that there was no weapon too short for a brave man, since there needed no more but to advance one step to make it long enough. To this I shall subjoin, by way of corollary, that there is no weapon long enough for a coward, who never thinks himself secure while he is within sight of his adversary's point. I would therefore advise these men of distant conquests, as they tender their honour, to shorten their dimensions, and reduce their wits to a more reputable, as well as a more portable size.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26.

Every man has his particular way of thinking and acting.

It is a very just, and a common observation upon the natives of this island, that in their different degrees, and in their several professions and employments, they abound as much and perhaps more in good sense, than any people; and yet, at the same time, there is scarce an Englishman of any life and spirit, that has not some odd call of thought, some original humour that distinguishes him from his neighbour. Hence it is that our colonies are enriched with such a diversity of characters, as is not to be seen upon any other theatre in Europe. Even in the masquerades that have

been lately given to the town (though they are of
 versions we are not accustomed to) the singularities
 of dress were carried much farther than it used in
 these countries, where the natives are trained up
 as it were from their infancy to those amusements.
 The very same measure of understanding, the very
 same accomplishments, the very same defects, shall
 amongst us, appear under a quite different aspect
 in one man, to what they do in another. This
 makes it impracticable to foreigners to come in
 to a thorough knowledge of the English, as it
 would be to learn the Chinese language, in which
 there is a different character for every individual
 word. I know not how to explain this vein of hu-
 mour so obvious in my countrymen better, than by
 comparing it to what the French call *Le goût du*
terroir in wine: by which they mean the different
 flavour one and the same grape shall draw from the
 different soils in which it is planted. This national
 mark is visible amongst us in every rank and de-
 gree of men, from the persons of the first quality
 and politest sense, down to the rudest and most ig-
 norant of the people. Every mechanic has a pe-
 culiar cast of head and turn of wit, or some un-
 common whim, as a characteristic, that dis-
 tinguishes him from others of his trade, as well as
 from the multitudes that are upon a level with him.
 We have a small coal man, who, from beginning
 with two plain notes, which make up his daily cry,
 has made himself master of the whole compass of
 the gamut, and has frequent concerts of music at
 his own house for the entertainment of himself and
 his friends. There is a person of great hospitality,
 who lives in a plastered cottage upon the road to
 Hamstead, and gets a superfluity of wealth, by ac-
 commodating holiday passengers with ale, brandy,

pipes, tobacco, cakes, ginger-bread, apples, pears, and other small refreshments of life; and on working-days takes the air in his chair, and recreates himself with the elegant pleasures of the beau-monde. The shining men amongst our mob, dignified by the title of ring-leaders, have an inexhaustible fund of archness and raillery; as likewise have our sailors and watermen. Our very street-beggars are not without their peculiar oddities, as the schoolmen term them. The other day a tattered vag followed me across the Meuse with "one farthing or halfpenny, good your honour, do your honour; and I shall make bold to pray for you."

Shakespeare (who was a great copier of nature) whenever he introduces any artisan, or low characters into his plays, never fails to dash them strongly with some distinguishing strain of humour, as may be seen more remarkably in the scene of the grave-diggers in Hamlet.

Though this singularity of temper, which runs through the generality of us, may make us seem whimsical to strangers; yet it furnishes out a perpetual change of entertainment to ourselves, and diversifies all our conversations with such a variety of mirth, as is not to be met with in any other country. Sir William Temple, in his Essay upon poetry, endeavours to account for the British humours in the following manner:

"This may proceed from the native plenty of our soil, the unsqualness of our climate, as well as the ease of our government, and the liberty of profelling opinions and fashions, which perhaps our neighbours have about them; but are forced to disguise, and thereby may come in time to be extinguished. Thus we come to have more originals, and more that appear what they are."

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every man more honour, because every man is
 proud of his own, and takes a pleasure, perhaps
 in showing it. On the contrary, where the
 people are generally poor, and forced to hard
 labour, their actions and lives are all of a piece,
 and where they serve hard masters, they must follow
 their examples, as well as commands, and are
 forced upon imitation in small matters, as well as
 obedience in great. So that some nations look as
 if they were cast all by one mould, or cut out all
 out of one pattern (at least the common people in
 one, and the gentlemen in another.) They seem
 all of a sort in their habits, their customs, and
 even their talk and conversation, as well as in
 the application and pursuit of their actions, and
 their lives. Besides all this, there is another
 sort of variety amongst us, which arises from our
 climate, and the disposition it naturally produ-
 ces. We are not only more unlike one ano-
 ther, than any nation I know, but we are more
 unlike ourselves too, at several times, and owe to
 our very air some ill qualities, as well as many
 good. Ours is the only country, perhaps, in the whole
 world, where every man, rich and poor, dares to
 have a humour of his own, and to avow it upon
 all occasions. I make no doubt, but that it is to
 this great freedom of temper, and this uncon-
 strained manner of living, that we owe, in a great mea-
 sure, the number of shining geniuses, which rise up
 amongst us from time to time, in the several arts
 and sciences, for the service and for the ornament
 of life. This frank and generous disposition in a
 people, will likewise never fail to keep up in their
 minds an aversion to slavery, and be, as it were, a
 standing bulwark of their liberties. So long as ever

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to wit, that the man that meddles with gold and iron in this halcyon days, been held dangerous to play with hedge-tooks all grant you, we men of valour are but awkward jokers; we know not how to repay a joke for a joke; but then we always make up for it point what we want in wit. He that shall rashly attempt to regulate our hilts, or reduce our blades, had need to have a heart of oak, as well as a Sides of Iron. Thus much for the present. In the mean time Bilbo is the word, remember that and tremble.

The Swagger.

This jocular manner of bullying an old man, so long as it affords some entertainment to my friends, is what I shall not go about to discourage. However, my witty antagonist must give me leave, since he attacks me in proverbs, to exchange a thrust or two with him at the same weapons; and so let me tell Mr. Swagger, "There is no catching old birds with chaff;" and that "Brag is a good dog, but hold-fast is a better." I have waged fore-armed. Having dispatched this combatant, and given him as good as he brings, I proceed to exhibit the case of a person who is the very reverse of the former; the which he lays before me in the following epistle.

Worthy Sir,

I am the most unfortunate of men, if you do not speedily interpose with your authority in behalf of a Gentleman, who, by his own example, has for these six months endeavoured, at the peril of his life, to bring little swords into fashion, and hopes to prevail upon the gentry by that means

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(Winning them over inch by inch) until he had
 brought his sword to the hilt. It was my intention to
 fall at Tom's last night, a fairly dilled, which
 happened only to point towards an old fellow
 with a monstrous sword, that made a ring about
 him, as he turned upon his heel to speak to one
 or other in the room. Upon this peevish the
 bloody-minded villain has sent me a challenge
 this morning, and tremble at the very thought of
 it, with a sick with the apprehension of seeing
 that weapon naked, which verified one in the
 scabbard. The unconscionable Russian desired, in
 the most civil terms, he may have the honour of
 measuring swords with me. Add, Sir, mine in-
 crease (hilt and all) above a foot and a half. I take
 the liberty of inclosing it to you in my wig box,
 and shall be eternally obliged to you, if, upon
 sight of it, your compassion may be so far moved
 as to occasion you to write a good word for me
 to my adversary, or to say any thing that may
 bring him into reason, and save at once the life
 and reputation of this Russian. I am, Sir, your most devoted slave,

TIMOTHY BODKIN.

Good Mr. Bodkin,

THE perusal of this paper will give you to un-
 derstand, that your letter, together with the
 little implement you sent me in the band box, came
 safe to my hands. From the dimensions of it I per-
 ceive your courage lies in a narrow compass. Sup-
 pose you should send this brave fellow to it,
 and desire him to meet you in a cloister, letting him
 know, at the same time, that you fight all your
 duels under lock and key for the sake of privacy.

But, if this proposal seems a little too rash, I shall send my servant with your sword to the person offended, and give him instructions to tell him, you are a little too blind, and depend not too much upon trust to a longer weapon, and that an inch in his body will do your business as well as an ell. Or, if you would have me proceed yet more cautiously, my servant shall let him know, by words, that he should meddle with his match; and that, should he be a man of honour, will make him reflect; if otherwise (as I am very inclinable to doubt it) you need give yourself no farther unnecessary fears; but rely upon the truth of my remarks upon the Terribles. I have bethought myself of one expedient more for you, which seems to be the most likely to succeed. Send your own servant to wait upon the gentleman, and let him carry with him your sword, and a letter, in which you tell him, that, admiring the magnificence and grandeur of his weapon at Tom's, you thought it great pity so gallant a cavalier should not be completely armed; for which reason you humbly request, that you may have the honour of presenting him with a dagger.

I am, Sir,

Your faithful servant,

NASTON LEONIDE.

I received a letter last week from one of my female wards, who subscribes herself Teraminta. She seems to be a lady of great delicacy, by the concern she shows for the loss of a small covering, which the generality of the sex have laid aside. She is in pain, and full of those fears, which are natural in a state of virginity, lest any the smallest part of her skin, should be in the possession of a

man. In compliance therefore with her request, and to gratify her modesty so far as possible in my power, I have given orders to my printer to make room for her advertisement in this day's paper.

ADVERTISEMENT.

August 19. Whereas a Modesty-Piece was lost at the masquerade last Monday night, being the 17th instant, between the hours of twelve and one, the author of this paper gives notice, that if any person will put it into the hands of Mr Daniel Button, to be returned to the owner, it shall by her be acknowledged as the last favour, and no questions asked.

"N. B. It is of no use but to the owner."

No 140. FRIDAY, AUGUST 28.

Primus hominum Leonem manu vestire videtur, et ostendere magis
"suefactionem, Hanno e clarissimo Pasceorum traditur."

Hanno, a noble Carthaginian, is reported to have been the first man who ventured to handle a Lion, and bring him up tame.

THE generality of my readers, I find, are so well pleased with the story of the Lion, in my paper of the twentieth instant, and with my friend's design of compiling a history of that noble species of animals: that a great many ingenious persons have promised me their assistance to bring in materials for the work, from all the storehouses of ancient and modern learning, as well as from oral tradition. For a farther encouragement of the

undertaking, a considerable number of virtuous have offered, when my collection shall swell into a reasonable bulk, to contribute very handsomely, by way of subscription, towards the printing of them in Folio, on a large royal paper, curiously adorned with variety of forests, deserts, rocks and caves, and lions of all sorts and sizes, upon copper plates by the best hands. A rich old bachelor of Lion's Den, (who is jealous for the honour of the place in which he was educated) sends me word, I may depend upon a hundred pounds from him, towards the embellishing of the work, assuring me at the same time, that he will let his clerk to search the records, and inquire into the antiquities of that house, that there may be no stone left unturned to make the book complete. Considering the volumes that have been written upon insects and reptiles, and the vast expence and pains some philosophers have been at to discover, by the help of glasses, their almost imperceptible qualities and perfections; it will not, I hope, be thought unreasonable, if the Lion (whose majestick form lies open to the naked eye) should take up a first rate Folio.

A worthy merchant, and a friend of mine, sends me the following letter, to be inserted in my commentaries upon Lions.

SIR,

SINCE one of your correspondents has lately entertained the public with a very remarkable and ancient piece of history, in honour of the grandees of the forest; and since it is probable you may in time collect a great many curious records and amazing circumstances, which may contribute to make these animals respected over the face of the whole earth; I am not a little

ambitions to have the glory of contributing some-
 what to posterity in an undertaking of this
 nature, I have thrown into the form of a story, I
 trust, I hope I may furnish out a page in it towards
 the latter end of the volume, by a narration of a
 modern date, which I had in the year 1700, from
 the gentleman to whom it happened.
 About sixty years ago, when the plague raged
 at Naples, Sir George Davis (consul there for the
 English nation) retired to Florence. It happened
 one day he went out of curiosity to see the great
 duke's lions. At the farther end, in one of the
 dens, lay a lion, which the keeper in three years
 could not tame, with all the art and gentle
 language imaginable. Sir George no longer appear-
 ed at the grate of the den, but the lion ran to
 him with all the marks of joy and transport, he
 was capable of expressing. He reared himself up
 and licked his hand, which this gentleman put in
 through the grates. The keeper affrighted, took
 him by the arm and pulled him away, begging
 him not to hazard his life by going so near the
 fiercest creature of that kind, that ever lived
 those dens. However, nothing would satisfy Sir
 George, notwithstanding all that could be said
 to dissuade him, but he must go into the den to
 him. The very instant he entered, the lion
 threw his paws upon his shoulders, and licked
 his face, and ran to and fro in the den, fawning,
 and full of joy, like a dog at the sight of his ma-
 ster. After several embraces and salutations ex-
 changed on both sides, they parted very good
 friends. The rumour of this interview between the
 lion and the stranger rung immediately through
 the whole city, and Sir George was very near
 passing for a saint among the people. The great

1. Duke, when he heard of it sent for Sir George
 2. who waited upon his highness to the door, and to
 3. 1. (said) his captain gave him the following ac-
 4. count of what passed at Arango to the Duke and
 5. 1. his followers.

6. A captain of a ship from Barbary gave me this
 7. Lion when he was a young whelp. I brought
 8. him up as a slave; but when I thought him too large
 9. to be suffered to run about the house, I built a
 10. hedge for him in my court-yard; from that time
 11. he was never permitted to go loose, except when
 12. I brought him within doors to show him to my
 13. friends. When he was six years old, in his
 14. (said) some tricks, he did some mischief by pawing
 15. and playing with people. Having griped a man
 16. (said) by a little too hard, I ordered him to be
 17. shot, for fear of incurring the guilt of what might
 18. happen upon this, a friend, who was then at
 19. 1. dinner with me, begged him. Now he came here
 20. 1. I know how to manage him.

21. Here Sir George Davis ended; and thereupon
 22. 1. the Duke of Tuscany assured him, that he had
 23. 1. the Lion from this very friend of his.

Pam. S. 1. R.

24. at this time of your most obedient servant,
 25. and constant reader, &c.

Vol. III.

N

26. I have the pleasure to inform you, that the
 27. 1. Duke of Tuscany has just received from
 28. 1. the Duke of Tuscany a letter from the
 29. 1. Duke of Tuscany, dated the 22nd of June, 1748.

No 147. SATURDAY, AUGUST 29,

HAVING in my paper of the 21st of July, shew-
ed my dislike of the ridiculous custom of gar-
nishing a new-married couple, and setting a gloss
upon their persons which is to last no longer than
the honey-moon; I think it may be much for the
emolument of my disciples of both sexes, to make
them sensible, in the next place, of the folly of launch-
ing out into extravagant expences, and a more
magnificent way of living immediately upon mar-
riage. If the bride and bridegroom happen to be
persons of any rank, they come into all public places,
and go upon all visits with so gay an equipage, and
so glittering an appearance, as if they were making
so many public entries. But to judicious minds,
and to men of experience in this life, the gilt chariot,
the coach and six, the gaudy liveries, the supernu-
merary train of servants, the great house, the symp-
tuous table, the services of plate, the embroidered
clothes, the rich brocades, and the profusion of
jewels, that upon this occasion break out at once,
are so many symptoms of madness in the happy
pair, and prognostications of their future misery.

I remember a country neighbour of my Lady Li-
zard's, Squire Wiseacre by name, who enjoyed a
very clear estate of 500 l. per annum, and by living
frugally upon it, was before hand in the world.
This gentleman unfortunately fell in love with Mrs

Fanny Flippant the then reigning toast in those parts. In a word, he married her, and to give a lasting proof of his affection, consented to make both her and himself miserable, by setting out in the high mode of wedlock. He, in less than the space of five years, was reduced to starve in prison for debt; and his lady, with a son and three daughters, became a burden to the parish. The conduct of Frank Foresight was the very reverse to squire Wiser's. He had lived a bachelor some years about this town, in the best of companies; kept a chariot and four footmen, besides six saddle-horses; he did not exceed, but went to the utmost stretch of his income. But when he married the beautiful Clarinda (who brought him a plentiful fortune), he dismissed two of his footmen, four of the saddle-horses, and his chariot; and kept only a chair for the use of his lady. Embroidered clothes and laced-linen were quite laid aside; he was married in a plain druggist, and from that time forward, in all the accommodations of life, never coveted any thing beyond cleanliness and conveniency. When any of his acquaintance asked him the reason of this sudden change, he would answer, 'In single life I could easily compute my wants, and provide against them; but the condition of life, I am now engaged in, is attended with a thousand unforeseen casualties, as well as a great many distant, but unavoidable expenses. The happiness or misery, in this world, of a future progeny, will probably depend upon my good or ill husbandry. I shall never think I have discharged my duty, until I have laid up a provision for three or four children, at least.' But pr'ythee, Frank, says a pert coxcomb that stood by, why shouldst thou reckon thy chickens before they are hatched?

short, and replied, "It is no matter; a branch will soon never want being, while there is one man of worth living." This precautionary way of reasoning and acting, has proved to Mr Foresight and his lady an uninterrupted source of felicity. Westlock sits light and easy upon them; and they are at present happy in two sons and a daughter, who, a great many years hence, will feel the good effects of their parents' prudence.

My memory fails me in recollecting where I have read, that in some parts of Holland it is provided by law, that every man, before he marries, shall be obliged to plant a certain number of trees, proportionable to his circumstances, as a pledge to the government for the maintenance of his children. Every honest as well as every prudent man should do something equivalent to this, by retrenching all superfluous and idle expences, instead of following the extravagant practice of persons, who sacrifice every thing to their present vanity, and never are a day beforehand in thought. I know not what delight splendid nuptials may afford to the generality of the great world; I could never be present at any of them without a heavy heart. It is with pain I refrain from tears, when I see the bride thoughtlessly jigging it about the room, dishonoured with jewels, and dazzling the eyes of the whole assembly at the expence of her children's future subsistence. How singular, in the age we live in, is the moderate behaviour of young Sophia, and how amiable does she appear in the eyes of wise men! Her lover, a little before marriage, acquainted her, that he intended to lay out a thousand pounds for a present in jewels, but before he did it, desired to know what sort would be most acceptable to her. Sir, replied Sophia, I thank you for your

kind and generous intentions, and only beg they may be executed in another manner: be pleased only to give me the money, I will try to lay it out to a better advantage. I am not, continues she, at all fond of those expensive trifles: neither do I think the wearing of diamonds can be any addition, nor the absence of them any diminution, to my happiness: I should be ashamed to appear in public for a few days in a dress which does not become me at all times. Besides, I see by that modest plain garb of yours, that you are not yourself infected with the gale of apparel. When I am your wife, my only care will be to keep my person clean and neat for you, and not to make it fine for others. The gentleman transported with this excellent turn of mind in his mistress, presented her with the money in new gold. She purchased in anxiety with it, out of the income of which, at every revolution of her wedding-day, she makes her husband some pretty present, as a token of her gratitude, and a fresh pledge of her love: part of it she yearly distributes among her indigent and best deserving neighbours; and the small remainder she lays out in something useful for herself, or the children.

N 2

No. 148. MONDAY, AUGUST 31.

THERE is a kind of apophthegm, which I have frequently met with in my reading, to this purpose: "That there are few, if any books, out of which a man of learning may not extract something for his use." I have often experienced the truth of this maxim, when calling in at my bookseller's. I have taken the book near to my hand, at the counter, to employ the minutes I have been obliged to linger away there, in waiting for one friend or other. Yesterday when I came there, the Turkish Tales happened to ly in my way; upon opening of that amusing author, I happened to dip upon a short tale, which gave me a great many famous reflections. The very same fable may fall into the hands of a great many men of wit and pleasure, who, it is probable, will read it with their usual levity; but since it may as probably divert and instruct a great many persons of plain and virtuous minds, I shall make no scruple of making it the entertainment of this day's paper. The moral to be drawn from it is entirely Christian, and is so very obvious, that I shall leave to every reader the pleasure of picking it out for himself. I shall only premise, to obviate any offence that may be taken, that a great many notions in the Mahometan religion are borrowed from the Holy Scriptures.

The HISTORY of SANTON BARBISA.

THERE was formerly a Santon whose name was Barbisa, which for the space of an hundred years very fervently applied himself to prayers, and scarce ever went out of the grutto in which he made his residence, for fear of exposing himself to the danger of offending God. He fasted in the day time, and watched in the night. All the inhabitants of the country had such a great veneration for him, and so highly valued his prayers, that they commonly applied to him when they had any favour to beg of Heaven. When he made vows for the health of a sick person, the patient was immediately cured.

It happened that the daughter of the king of that country fell into a dangerous disorder, the cause of which the physicians could not discover; yet they continued prescribing remedies by guess; but instead of helping the princess, they only augmented her disease. In the mean time, the king was inconsolable, for he passionately loved his daughter; wherefore one day, finding all human assistance vain, he declared it as his opinion that the princess ought to be sent to the Santon Barbisa.

All the Beys applauded his sentiment, and the king's officers conducted her to the Santon; who, notwithstanding his frozen age, could not see such a beauty without being sensibly moved. He gazed on her with pleasure; and the devil taking this opportunity, whispered in his ear thus: "O Santon! don't let slip such a fortunate minute: tell the King's servants that it is requisite for the princess to pass this night in the grutto, to see whether it will please God to cure her; that

"You will put up a prayer for her, and that they need only come to fetch her to-morrow."

How weak is man! The ~~hermit~~ followed the devil's advice, and did what he suggested to him. But the officers before they would yield to leave the princess, sent one of their number to know the king's pleasure. That monarch, who had an entire confidence in Barfisi, never so the least scrupled the giving of his daughter with him. "I consent," said he, "that she stay with that holy man, and that he keep her as long as he pleases: I am wholly satisfied on that head."

When the officers had received the king's answer, they all retired, and the princess remained alone with the hermit. Night being come, the devil presented himself to the Santon, saying, "Canst thou let slip so favourable an opportunity with so charming a creature? Fear not her telling of the violence you offer her; if she were even so indiscreet as to reveal it, who will believe her? The court, the city, and all the world are too much prejudiced in your favour, to give any credit to such a report. You may do any thing unpunished, when aided by the great reputation for wisdom, which you have acquired." The unfortunate Barfisi was so weak as to hearken to the enemy of mankind. He approached the princess, took her into his arms, and in a moment cancelled a virtue of an hundred years duration.

He had no sooner perpetrated his crime, than a thousand avenging horrors haunted him night and day. He thus accosts the devil: "Oh wretch!" says he, "it is thou which hast destroyed me! thou hast encompassed me for a whole age, and endeavoured to seduce me; and now at last thou hast gained thy end." "Oh Santon!" answer-

of the devil, "do not reproach me with the pleasure thou hast enjoyed. That must repent; that what is unhappy for thee, is that the prince is disappointed, and thy son will become a pauper: thou wilt become the laughing stock of those who advise and deride thee in prison; and the king will put thee to an ignominious death."

Barnabas, moved by this discourse, says to the devil, "When shall I do to prevent the publication of my shame?" The devil then knew the judge of your secret, you are to be content, & from now is answered, "I will kill the prince, and lay her in the corner of the grotto; and when the king's messengers come to-morrow tell them you have cured her, and that she went from the grotto very early in the morning; they will believe you, and search for her all over the city and suburbs; and the king her father will be in great pain for her; but after several vain searches, the prince will be found."

The prince, persuaded by God, pursues to this advice, killed the prince, buried her in a corner of the grotto, and the next day told the officers what the devil had him say. They made diligent enquiry for the king's daughter, but not being able to hear of her, they despaired of finding her, when the devil told them that all their search for the princess was vain; and relating what had passed betwixt her and the Santon, he told them the place where she was interred. The officers immediately went to the grotto, seized Barnabas, and found the princess's body in the place to which the devil had directed them; whereupon they took up the corpse, and carried that and the Santon to the palace.

When the king saw his daughter dead, and was

without the least ingredient of a genius, compose the several parts of that great work. I shall now treat of an affair of more general importance, and make dress the subject of the following paper.

Dress is grown of universal use in the conduct of life. Civilities and respect are only paid to appearance; it is a varnish that gives a lustre to every action, *a passé par tout* that introduces us into all polite assemblies, and the only certain method of making most of the youth of our nation conspicuous.

There was formerly an absurd notion among the men of letters, that to establish themselves in the character of wits, it was absolutely necessary to shew a contempt of dress. This injudicious affectation of theirs flattened all their conversation, took off the force of every expression, and incapacitated a female audience from giving attention to any thing they said: while the man of dress catches their eyes as well as ears, and at every ludicrous turn obtains a laugh of applause by way of compliment.

I shall lay down as an established maxim, which hath been received in all ages, that no person can dress without a genius.

A genius is never to be acquired by art, but is the gift of nature; it may be discovered even in infancy. Little master will smile when you shake his plume of feathers before him, and thrust his little knuckles in papa's full-bottom; miss will toy with her mother's Mechlin lace, and gaze on the gaudy colours of a fan; she smacks her lips for a kiss at the appearance of a gentleman in embroidery, and is frightened at the indecency of the housemaid's blue apron: as she grows up, the dress of her baby begins to be her care, and you will see a

general fancy upon itself in the ornaments of the
lady's method.

We have a kind of sketch of dress, if I may so
call it, among us, which in the invention was
foreign; it is called a *Disshabille*; every thing is thrown
on with a loose and careless air; yet a genius dis-
covers itself even thro' this negligence of dress,
just as you may see the masterly hand of a painter
in three or four swift strokes of the pencil.
The most fruitful in genius is the French na-
tion; we owe most of our janty fashions, even in
vogue, to some adept head among them. Their
ladies exert the whole scope of their fancies upon
every new petticoat; every head-dress undergoes
a change; and not a lady of genius will appear in
the same shape two days together; so that we may
impute the scarcity of genius's in our climate to
the stagnation of fashions.

The ladies among us have a superior genius to
the men; which hath for some years past shot out
in several exorbitant inventions for the greater con-
sumption of our manufacture. While the men have
contented themselves with the retrenchment of the
hat, or the various scallop of the pocket, the la-
dies have sunk the head-dress, inclosed themselves
in the circumference of the hoop-petticoat; furbe-
lows and flounces have been disposed of at will, the
stays have been lowered behind, for the better dis-
playing the beauties of the neck; not to mention
the various rolling of the sleeve, and those other
nice circumstances of dress upon which every lady
employs her fancy at pleasure.

The sciences of poetry and dress have so near an
alliance to each other, that the rules of the one,
with very little variation, may serve for the other.

As in a poem all the several parts of it must have

in harmony with the whole. It is to be a complete
primary in dress, the coat, waistcoat, and breeches
must be of the same pattern, the same colour, and
the same material. All the accessories, from the
obsequiousness of every place, and action, in order to
complete a just work of this kind of person, for it
is absolutely necessary for a person that appears
self in the study of dress, to have a full regard to
these three particulars.

To begin with the dress. What is more absurd
than the velvet gown in summer, and what is
more disagreeable in the winter? The one and the other
proprietors in June, which are extremely dis-
pleased by the Turkey handkerchief, and the fine
Evening gown must be suitable to the season, and
there can be no propriety in dress without a full
regard to time.

You must have no less regard to place. What
gives a lady a more easy air than the wrapping
gown in the morning, or the toilet? The look
countenances the man of dress in showing their
feet at the pump in their Indian night gown,
without the least decorum. Nothing gives the spirit both in writing
and dress. Nothing appears graceful without ac-
tion; the head, the arms, the legs, must all con-
spire to give a habit a graceful air. What distin-
guishes the air of the court from that of the coun-
try but action? A lady, by the careless toss of her
head, will show a set of ribbons to advantage; by
a pinch of snuff judiciously taken, will display
the glittering ornament of her little fingers; by
the new modelling her tucker, at one view present
you with a fine turned hand, and a rising bosom.
In order to be a proficient in action, I cannot suf-
ficiently recommend the science of dancing: this
will give the feet an easy gait, and the arms a

gracefulness of motion. If a person have not a strict regard to these three above mentioned rules of antiquity, the richest dress will appear stiff and affected; and the most gay light fantastical and tawdry.

As different sorts of poetry require a different style; the Elegy, tender and mournful; the Ode, gay and splendid; the Epic, sublime. So should the widow confess her grief to the veil; the wife frequently makes her joy and exultation conspicuous in the silver brocade; and the plume and the scarlet eye is requisite to give the soldier a martial air. There is another kind of occasional dress in use among the ladies; I mean the riding habit, which some have not injudiciously styled the Heroine's paraphoric, by reason of its masculine and feminine composition; but I shall rather chuse to call it the Pindaric, as its first institution was at a New-Market horse-race, and as it is a mixture of the sublimity of the Epic with the easy softness of the Ode.

There sometimes arises a great genius in dress, who cannot content himself with merely copying from others; but will, as he sees occasion, strike out into the long pocket, slash'd sleeve, or something particular in the disposition of his lace, or the flourish of his embroidery. Such a person, like the masters of other sciences, will show that he hath a manner of his own.

On the contrary, there are some pretenders to dress who shine out but by halves; whether it be for want of genius or money. A dancing-master of the lowest rank seldom fails of the scarlet stocking and the red heel; and shows a particular respect to the leg and foot, to which he owes his subsistence; when, at the same time, perhaps, all the superior ornament of his body is neglected. We

to wit a lady of genius venture at an innovation in the fashion; but as Horace advises that all new minted words should have a Greek derivation to give them an indisputable authority, so I would counsel all our improvers of fashion always to take the hint from France, which may as properly be called the "fountain of dress," as Greece was of literature.

Dress may bear a parallel to poetry with respect to moving the passions. The greatest motive to Love, as daily experience shows us, is Dress. I have known a lady at sight fly to a red feather, and readily give her hand to a fringed pair of gloves. At another time I have seen the awkward appearance of her rural humble servant move her indignation; she is jealous every time her rival hath a new suit; and in a rage when her woman pins her mantua to disadvantage. Unhappy, unguarded woman! alas! what moving rhetoric has she often found in the seducing full-bottom! Who can tell the restless eloquence of the embroidered coat, the gold snuff-box, and the amber-headed cane!

I shall conclude these criticisms with some general remarks upon the Millener, the Mantua-maker, and the Lady's Woman, these being the three chief on which all the circumstances of dress depend.

The Millener must be thoroughly versed in physiognomy; in the choice of ribbons she must have a particular regard to the complexion, and must ever be mindful to cut the head-dress to the dimensions of the face. When she meets with a countenance of large diameter, she must draw the dress forward to the face, and let the lace incroach a little upon the cheek, which casts an agreeable shade, and takes off from its masculine figure: the

little oval face requires the diminutive comode, just on the tip of the crown of the head: she must have a regard to the several ages of women: the head-dress must give the mother a more sedate mien than the virgin; and age must not be made ridiculous with the flaunting airs of youth. There is a beauty that is peculiar to the several stages of life, and as much propriety must be observed in the dress of the old, as the young.

The Murther-maker must be an expert anatomist; and must, if judiciously chosen, have a name of French termination; she must know how to hide all the defects in the proportions of the body, and must be able to mold the shape by the stays, so as to preserve the intestines, that while she corrects the body, she may not interfere with the pleasures of the palate.

The Lady's Woman must have all the qualities of a critic in poetry: as her dress, like the critic's learning, is at second hand, she must, like him, have a ready talent at censure, and her tongue must be deeply versed in detraction; she must be sure to asperse the characters of the ladies of most eminent virtue and beauty, to indulge her lady's spleen: and as it hath been remarked, that critics are the most fawning sycophants to their patrons, so must our female critic be a thorough proficient in flattery: she must add sprightliness to her lady's air, by encouraging her vanity; give gracefulness to her step, by cherishing her pride; and make her show a haughty contempt of her admirers, by enumerating her imaginary conquests. As a critic must stock his memory with the names of all the authors of note, she must be no less ready in the recital of all the beaux and pretty fellows in vogue; like the male critic, she asserts, that the

theory of any science is above the practice; and that it is not necessary to be able to set her own person off to advantage, in order to be a judge of the dress of others; and besides all those qualifications, she must be endued with the gift of secrecy, a talent very rarely to be met with in her profession.

By what I have said, I believe my reader will be convinced, that notwithstanding the many pretenders, the perfection of dress cannot be attained without a genius; and shall venture boldly to affirm, that in all arts and sciences whatever, Epic poetry excepted, (of which I formerly showed the knack or mechanism), a genius is absolutely necessary.

No 150. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2.

"Nescio qua dulcedine lucti,
Progenies nidosque suavit."

Virg. Georg. 4. v. 55.

with secret joy,
Their young succession all their cares employ.

Dryden.

I WENT the other day to visit Eliza, who in the perfect bloom of beauty, is the mother of several children. She had a little prating girl upon her lap, who was begging to be very fine, that she might go abroad; and the indulgent mother, at her little daughter's request, had just taken the knots off her own head, to adorn the hair of the pretty trifter. A smiling boy was at the same time caressing a lap-dog, which is their mother's favourite, because it pleases the children; and she,

with a delight in her looks which heightened her beauty, so divided her conversation with the two pretty grandsons, as to make them both equally cheerful and contented. As I came in, she said, with a blush, "Oh, I would not, though you are an old bachelor, you must not laugh at my tenderness to my children." I need not tell my reader, what civil things I said in answer to the lady, whose maternal-like behaviour gave me infinite satisfaction; since I myself take great pleasure in playing with children, and am seldom unprovided of plumbs or marbles, to make my court to such entertaining companions.

Whence is it, said I to myself when I was alone, that the affection of parents is so intense to their offspring? Is it because they generally find such resemblances in what they have produced, as that thereby they think themselves renewed in their children, and are willing to transmit themselves to future times? or is it, because they think themselves obliged, by the dictates of humanity, to nourish and rear what is placed so immediately under their protection; and what by their means is brought into this world, the scene of misery, of necessity? these will not come up to it. Is it not rather the good providence of that Being, who in a supereminent degree protects and cherishes the whole race of mankind, his sons and creatures? How shall we, any other way, account for this natural affection, so signally displayed throughout every species of the animal creation, without which the course of nature would quickly fail, and every various kind be extinct? Instances of tenderness in the most savage brutes are so frequent, that quotations of that kind are altogether unnecessary.

If we, who have no particular concern in them,

take a secret delight in observing the gentle down of reason in babes; if our ears are soothed with their half-forming and aiming at articulate sounds; if we are charmed with their pretty mimickry, and surprised at the unexpected starts of wit and cunning in these miniatures of man: what transport may we imagine in the breasts of those, into whom natural instinct hath poured tenderness and fondness for them! How amiable is such a weakness in human nature! or, rather, how great a weakness is it, to give humanity so reproachful a name! The bare consideration of paternal affection should methinks create a more grateful tenderness in children toward their parents, than we generally see; and the silent whispers of nature be attended to, tho' the laws of God and man did not call aloud.

These silent whispers of nature have had a marvellous power, even when their cause hath been unknown. There are several examples in story of tender friendships formed betwixt men, who knew not of their near relation. Such accounts confirm me in an opinion I have long entertained, that there is a sympathy betwixt souls, which cannot be explained by the prejudice of education, the sense of duty, or any other human motive.

The memoirs of a certain French nobleman, which now ly before me, furnish me with a very entertaining instance of this secret attraction, implanted by providence in the human soul. It will be necessary to inform the reader, that the person whose story I am going to relate, was one whose roving and romantic temper, joined to a disposition singularly amorous, had led him through a vast variety of galantries and amours. He had, in his youth, attended a Princess of France into Poland, where he had been entertained by the king her-

husband, and married the daughter of a grandee: Upon her death he returned into his native country, where his intrigues and other misfortunes having consumed his paternal estate, he now went to take care of the fortune his deceased wife had left him in Poland. In his journey he was robbed before he reached Warsaw, and lay ill of a fever, when he met with the following adventure; which we shall relate in his own words.

I had been in this condition for four days, when the Countess of Venosta passed that way. She was informed that a stranger of good fashion lay sick, and her charity led her to see me. I remembered her, for I had often seen her with my wife, to whom she was nearly related; but when I found she knew me not, I thought fit to conceal my name. I told her I was a German; that I had been robbed; and that if she had the charity to send me to Warsaw, the queen would acknowledge it: I having the honour to be known to her Majesty. The Countess had the goodness to take compassion of me, and ordering me to be put in a litter, carried me to Warsaw, where I was lodged in her house until my health should allow me to wait on the queen.

My fever increased after my journey was over, and I was confined to my bed for fifteen days. When the Countess first saw me, she had a young lady with her about eighteen years of age, who was much taller and better shaped than the Polish women generally are. She was very fair, her skin exceeding fine, and her air and shape inexpressibly beautiful. I was not so sick as to overlook this young beauty; and I felt in my heart such emotions at the first view, as made me fear that all my misfortunes had not arised

me sufficiently against the charms of the fair sex. The amiable creature seemed afflicted at my sickness: and she appeared to have so much concern and care for me, as raised in me a great inclination and tenderness for her. She came every day into my chamber to enquire after my health; I asked who she was, and I was answered, that she was niece to the Countess of Venoski.

I verily believe that the constant sight of this charming maid, and the pleasure I received from her careful attendance, contributed more to my recovery than all the medicines the physicians gave me. In short, my fever left me, and I had the satisfaction to see the lovely creature overjoyed at my recovery. She came to see me often as I grew better; and I already felt a stronger and more tender affection for her than I ever bore to any woman in my life: when I began to perceive that her constant care of me was only a blind, to give her an opportunity of seeing a young Pole whom I took to be her lover. He seemed to be much about her age, of a brown complexion, very tall, but finely shaped. Every time she came to see me the young gentleman came to find her out; and they usually retired to a corner of the chamber, where they seemed to converse with great earnestness. The aspect of the youth pleased me wonderfully; and if I had not suspected that he was my rival, I should have taken delight in his person and friendship.

They both of them often asked me if I were in reality a German; which, when I continued to affirm, they seemed very much troubled. One day I took notice that the young lady and gentleman, having retired to a window, were very intent upon a picture; and that every now and

then they cast their eyes upon me, as if they had
 found some resemblance betwixt that and my fea-
 tures. I could not forbear to ask the meaning of
 it: upon which the lady answered, that if I had
 been a Frenchman, she should have imagined that
 I was the person for whom the picture was drawn,
 because it so exactly resembled me. I desired to
 see it. But how great was my surprise! when
 I found it to be the very painting, which I had
 sent to the queen, five years before, and which
 she commanded me to get drawn to be given to
 my children. After I had viewed the piece, I
 cast my eyes upon the young lady, and then upon
 the gentleman I had thought to be her lover.
 My heart beat, and I felt a secret emotion which
 filled me with wonder. I thought I traced in the
 two young persons some of my own features; and
 at that moment I said to myself, Are not these my
 children? The tears came into my eyes, and I
 was about to run and embrace them; but con-
 straining myself with pain, I asked whose picture
 it was? The maid, perceiving that I could not
 speak without tears, fell a weeping. Her tears
 absolutely confirmed me in my opinion, and fall-
 ing upon her neck, Ah my dear child, said I,
 yes, I am your father: I could say no more.
 The youth seized my hands at the same time,
 and kissing, bathed them with his tears. Through-
 out my life, I never felt a joy equal to this; and
 it must be owned, that nature inspires more lively
 motions and pleasing tenderness than the passions
 can possibly excite.

THE GUARDIAN N° 751. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3.

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band. The latter end of last month some important business called me up to town, and the first thing I did, the next morning about ten, was to pay a visit to my son at his chambers; but as I began to knock at the door, I was interrupted by the bed-maker in the stair-case, who told me her master seldom rose till about twelve, and about one I might be sure to find him drinking tea. I bid her somewhat hastily hold her prating, and open the door, which accordingly she did. The first thing I observed upon the table was the secret amours of ——— and by it stood a box of pills; on a chair lay a snuff-box with a fan half broke, and on the floor a pair of foils. Having seen this furniture I entered his bed-chamber; not without some noise; whereupon he began to swear at his bed-maker (as he thought) for disturbing him so soon, and was turning about for the other nap, when he discovered such a thin, pale, sickly visage, that had I not heard his voice, I should never have guessed him to have been my son. How different was this countenance from that ruddy, hale complexion, which he had at parting with me from home! After I had waked him, he gave me to understand, that he was but lately recovered out of a violent fever, and the reason why he did not acquaint me with it, was, lest the melancholy news might occasion too many tears among his relations, and be an unsupportable grief to his mother. To be short with you, old NESTOR, I hurried my young spark down into the country along with me, and there am endeavouring to plump him up, so as to be no disgrace to his pedigree; for I assure you it was never known in the memory of man, that any one of the family of the Ringwoods ever fell into

• a consumption, except Mrs Dorothy Ringwood;
 • who died a maid at 45. In order to bring him
 • to himself, and to be one of us again, I make
 • him go to bed at ten, and rise half an hour past
 • five; and when he is puling for bolhea tea and
 • cream, I place upon a table a jolly piece of cold
 • roast beef, or well-powdered ham, and bid him
 • eat and live; then take him into the fields to ob-
 • serve the reapers, how the harvest goes forwards:
 • There is no body pleased with his present consti-
 • tution but his gay cousin, who spirits him up, and
 • tells him, he looks fair, and is grown well-shaped;
 • but the honest tenants shake their heads and cry,
 • Lack-a-day, how thin is poor young master fal-
 • len! The other day, when I told him of it, he
 • had the impudence to reply, I hope, Sir, you
 • would not have me as fat as Mr ——— Alas!
 • what would then become of me? how would the
 • ladies pish at such a great monstrous thing?—If
 • you are truly, what your title imports, a GUAR-
 • DIAN, pray, Sir, be pleased to consider what a
 • noble generation must in all probability ensue
 • from the lives which the town-bred gentlemen
 • too often lead. A friend of mine not long ago,
 • as we were complaining of the times, repeated
 • two stanzas out of my Lord Roscommon, which
 • I think may here be applicable.

“ ’Twas not the spawn of such as these,
 “ That dy’d with Punic blood the conquer’d seas,
 “ And quash’d the stern Æacides:
 “ Made the proud Asian monarch feel,
 “ How weak his gold was against Europe’s steel;
 “ Forc’d e’en d re Hannibal to yield;
 “ And won the long-disputed world at Zama’s fatal field.
 “ But soldiers of a rustic mould,
 “ Rough, hardy, season’d manly, bold.
 “ Either they dug the stubborn ground,
 “ Or thro’ hewn woods their weighty strokes did sound;

And after the declining sun
 " Had chang'd the shadows, and their task was done;
 " Home with their weary team, they took their way,
 " And drown'd in friendly bowls the labours of the day."

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant

JONATHAN RINGWOOD."

P. S. I forgot to tell you, that while I waited
 in my son's antichamber, I found upon the table
 the following bill.

1. s. d.

Sold to Mr Jonathan Ringwood, }
 a plain mussen head and ruffles, with } 1 18 6
 colbertine lace. }

Six pair of white kid gloves for }
 Madam Salley. } 0 14 0

Three handkerchiefs for Madam }
 Salley. } 0 15 0

In his chamber window I saw his
 shoemaker's bill, with this remarkable
 article,

For Mr Ringwood three pair of la- }
 ced shoes. } 3 00 0

And in the drawer of the table was the following
 billet.

MR RINGWOOD,

" I desire, that because you are such a country-
 " booby, that you forgot the use and care of your
 " snuff-box, you would not call me thief. Pray see
 " my face no more.

Your abused friend,

SARAH GALLOP."

Under these words my hopeful heir had writ,

"Memorandum, to send her word I have found
 "my box, though I know she has it."

N^o 152. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4.

"Quin portus pacem aeternam pactisque hymenaeos

"Exercemus." *Virg. Aen. 1. 694.*

Rather in leagues of endless peace unite,
 And celebrate the hymeneal rite.

THERE is no rule in Longinus which I more admire than that wherein he advises an author who would attain to the sublime, and writes for eternity, to consider, when he is engaged in his composition, what Homer or Plato, or any other of those heroes, in the learned world, would have said or thought upon the same occasion. I have often practised this rule, with regard to the best authors among the ancients, as well as among the moderns. With what success, I must leave to the judgment of others. I may at least venture to say with Mr Dryden, where he professes to have imitated Shakespear's style, that in imitating such great authors I have always excelled myself.

I have also by this means revived several antiquated ways of writing, which though very instructive and entertaining, had been laid aside, and forgotten for some ages. I shall in this place only mention those allegories wherein virtues, vices, and human passions are introduced as real actors. Tho' this kind of composition was practised by the finest authors among the ancients, our countryman Spen-

fer is the last writer of note who has applied himself to it with success.

That an allegory may be both delightful and instructive; in the first place, the fable of it ought to be perfect, and if possible to be filled with surprising turns and incidents. In the next, there ought to be useful morals and reflections couched under it, which still receive a greater value from their being new and uncommon; as also from their appearing difficult to have been thrown into emblematical types and shadows.

I was once thinking to have written a whole canto in the spirit of Spenser, and in order to it contrived a fable of imaginary persons and characters. I raised it on that common dispute between the comparative perfections and pre-eminence of the two sexes, each of which have very frequently had their advocates among the men of letters. Since I have not time to accomplish this work, I shall present my reader with the naked fable, reserving the embellishments of verse and poetry to another opportunity.

The two sexes contending for superiority, were once at war with each other, which was chiefly carried on by their auxiliaries. The males were drawn up on the one side of a very spacious plain, the females on the other; between them was left a very large interval for their auxiliaries to engage in. At each extremity of this middle space lay encamped several bodies of neutral forces, who waited for the event of the battle before they would declare themselves, that they might then act as they saw occasion.

The main body of the male auxiliaries was commanded by *Fortitude*; that of the female by *Beauty*.

Fortitude began the onset on *Beauty*, but found to his cost, that she had such a particular witchcraft in her looks, as withered all his strength. She played upon him so many smiles and glances, that she quite weakened and disarmed him.

In short, he was ready to call for quarter, had not *Wisdom* come to his aid: this was the commander of the male right wing, and would have turned the fate of the day, had not he been timely opposed by *Cunning*, who commanded the left wing for the female auxiliaries. *Cunning* was the chief engineer of the fair army; but upon this occasion was posted, as I have here said, to receive the attacks of *Wisdom*. It was very entertaining to see the workings of these two antagonists; the conduct of the one, and the stratagems of the other. Never was there a more equal match. Those who beheld it gave the victory sometimes to the one, and sometimes to the other, though most declared the advantage was on the side of the female commander.

In the mean time the conflict was very great in the left wing of the army, where the battle began to turn to the male side. This wing was commanded by an old experienced officer called *Patience*, and on the female side by a general known by the name of *Scorn*. The latter, that fought after the manner of the Parthians, had the better of it all the beginning of the day; but being quite tired out with the long pursuits, and repeated attacks of the enemy, who had been repulsed above a hundred times, and rallied as often, began to think of yielding; when on a sudden, a body of neutral forces began to move. The leader was of an ugly look, and gigantic stature. He acted like a Drawansir, sparing neither friend nor foe. His name was *Lust*. On the female side he was opposed by a select body

of forces, commanded by a young officer that had the face of a Cherubim, and the name of *Modersty*. This beautiful young hero was supported by one of a more masculine turn, and fierce behaviour, called by *Men Honour*, and by the *Gods Pride*. This last made an obstinate defence, and drove back the enemy more than once, but at length resigned at discretion.

The dreadful monster after having overturned whole squadrons in the female army, fell in among the males, where he made a more terrible havoc than on the other side. He was here opposed by *Reason*, who drew up all his forces against him, and held the fight in suspense for some time, but at length quitted the field.

After a great ravage on both sides, the two armies agreed to join against this common foe. And in order to it drew out a small chosen band, whom they placed by consent under the conduct of *Virtue*, who in a little time drove this foul ugly monster out of the field.

Upon his retreat, a second neutral leader, whose name was *Love*, marched in between the two armies. He headed a body of ten thousand winged boys that threw their darts and arrows promiscuously among both armies. The wounds they gave were not the wounds of an enemy. They were pleasing to those that felt them; and had so strange an effect, that they wrought a spirit of mutual friendship, reconciliation, and good-will in both sexes. The two armies now looked with cordial love on each other, and stretched out their arms with tears of joy, as longing to forget old animosities, and embrace one another.

The last general of neutrals that appeared in the field, was *Hymen*, who marched immediately after

Love, and seconding the good inclinations which he had inspired, joined the hands of both armies. Love generally accompanied him, and recommended the sexes pair by pair to his good offices.

But as it is usual enough for several persons to dress themselves in the habit of a great leader, *Ambition* and *Avarice* had taken on them the garb and habit of *Love*, by which means they often imposed on *Hymen*, by putting into his hands several couples whom he would never have joined together, had he not been brought about by the delusion of these two impostors.

No. 153. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5.

"Admiranda tibi levium spectaculum rerum."

Virg. Georg. 4. v. 3.

A mighty pomp, tho' made of little things.

Dryden.

THERE is no passion which steals into the heart more imperceptibly, and covers itself under more disguises, than pride. For my own part, I think if there is any passion or vice which I am wholly a stranger to, it is this; though at the same time, perhaps this very judgment which I form of myself, proceeds in some measure from this corrupt principle.

I have been always wonderfully delighted with that sentence in holy writ, "Pride was not made for man." There is not indeed any single view of human nature under its present condition which is not sufficient to extinguish in us all the secret seeds

of pride; and, on the contrary, to sink the soul into the lowest state of humility, and what the schoolmen call self-annihilation. Pride was not made for man, as he is,

1. A sinful,
2. An ignorant,
3. A miserable being.

There is nothing in his understanding, in his will, or in his present condition, that can tempt any considerate creature to pride or vanity.

These three very reasons why he should not be proud, are notwithstanding the reasons why he is so. Were not he a sinful creature, he would not be subject to a passion which rises from the depravity of his nature; were he not an ignorant creature, he would see that he has nothing to be proud of; and were not the whole species miserable, he would not have those wretched objects of comparison before his eyes, which are the occasions of his passion, and which make one man value himself more than another.

A wise man will be contented that his glory be deferred until such time as he shall be truly glorified; when his understanding shall be cleared, his will rectified, and his happiness assured; or in other words, when he shall be neither sinful, nor ignorant, nor miserable.

If there be any thing which makes human nature appear *ridiculous* to beings of superior faculties, it must be pride. They know so well the vanity of those imaginary perfections that swell the heart of man, and of those little supernumerary advantages, whether in birth, fortune, or title, which one man enjoys above another, that it must certainly very much astonish, if it does not very much divert them, when they see a mortal puffed up, and valuing him-

self above his neighbours on any of these accounts, at the same time that he is obnoxious to all the common calamities of the species.

To set this thought in its true light, we will fancy, if you please, that yonder mole-hill is inhabited by reasonable creatures, and that every pismire, (his shape and way of life only excepted) is endowed with human passions. How should we smile to hear one give us an account of the pedigrees, distinctions, and titles that reign among them? Observe how the whole swarm divide and make way for the pismire that passes through them! you must understand he is an emmet of quality, and has better blood in his veins than any pismire in the mole-hill. Do not you see how sensible he is of it, how slow he marches forward, how the whole rabble of ants keep their distance? Here you may observe one placed upon a little eminence, and looking down on a long row of labourers. He is the richest insect on this side the hillock, he has a walk of half a yard in length and a quarter of an inch in breadth; he keeps an hundred menial servants, and has at least fifteen barley-corns in his granary. He is now chiding and belaving the emmet that stands before him, and who, for all that we can discover, is as good an emmet as himself.

But here comes an insect of figure! Do not you take notice of a little white straw that he carries in his mouth? That straw, you must understand, he would not part with for the longest tract about the mole-hill: did you but know what he has undergone to purchase it! See how the ants of all qualities and conditions swarm about him! Should this straw drop out of his mouth, you would see all this numerous circle of attendants follow the next

that took it up, and leave the discarded insect, or run over his back, to come at his successor.

If now you have a mind to see all the ladies of the mole-hill, observe first the pismire that listens to the emmet on her left hand, at the same time that she seems to turn away her head from him. He tells this poor insect that she is a goddess, that her eyes are brighter than the sun, that life and death are at her disposal. She believes him, and gives herself a thousand little airs upon it. Mark the vanity of the pismire on your left hand. She can scarce crawl with age; but you must know she values herself upon her birth; and if you mind, spurns at every one that comes within her reach. The little nimble coquette that is running along by the side of her, is a wit. She has broke many a pismire's heart. Do but observe what a drove of lovers are running after her.

We will here finish this imaginary scene; but first of all, to draw the parallel closer, will suppose, if you please, that death comes down upon the mole-hill, in the shape of a cock-sparrow, who picks up, without distinction, the pismire of quality and his flatterers, the pismire of substance and day-labourers, the white-straw officer and his sycophants, with all the goddesses, wits, and beauties of the mole-hill.

May we not imagine that beings of superior natures and perfections regard all the instances of pride and vanity among our own species, in the same kind of view, when they take a survey of those who inhabit the earth: or, in the language of an ingenious French poet, of those pismires that people this heap of dirt, which human vanity has divided into climates and regions.

No 154. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 7

"Omnia transformat sese in miracula rerum."
 All shapes, the most prodigious, they assume.

QUESTION not but the following letter will be entertaining to those who were present at the late masquerade, as it will recal into their minds several merry particulars that passed in it, and at the same time, be very acceptable to those who were at a distance from it, as they may form from hence some idea of this fashionable amusement.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq;

Per via leonis.

SIR,

I COULD scarce ever go into good company, but the discourse was on the ambassador, the politeness of his entertainments, the goodness of his Burgundy and Champaign, the gaiety of his masquerades, with the odd fantastical dresses which were made use of in those midnight solemnities. The noise these diversions made at last raised my curiosity, and for once I resolved to be present at them, being at the same time provoked to it by a lady I then made my addressee to, one of a sprightly humour, and a great admirer of such novelties. In order to it, I hurried my habit, and got it ready a week before the time,

for I grew impatient to be initiated in these new mysteries. Every morning I dressed myself in it, and acted before the looking-glass, so that I am vain enough to think I was as perfect in my part as most who had oftener frequented those diversions. You must understand I personated a devil, and that for several weighty reasons. First, because appearing as one of that fraternity, I expected to meet with particular civilities from the more polite and better-bred part of the company. Besides, as from their usual reception they are called familiars, I fancied I should, in this character, be allowed the greatest liberties, and soonest be led into the secrets of the masquerade. To recommend and distinguish me from the vulgar, I drew a very long tail after me. But to speak the truth, what persuaded me most to this disguise was, because I heard an intriguing lady say, in a large company of females, who unanimously assented to it, that she loved to converse with such, for that generally they were very clever fellows who made choice of that shape. At length when the long-wished-for evening came, which was to open to us such vast scenes of pleasure, I repaired to the place appointed about ten at night, where I found nature turned topsy-turvy, women changed into men, and men into women, children in leading-strings seven foot high, courtiers transformed into clowns, ladies of the night into saints, people of the first quality into beasts or birds, gods or goddesses. I fancied I had all Ovid's Metamorphoses before me. Among these were several monsters to which I did not know how to give a name;

—“Worse
“Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
“Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire.” *Milton.*

In the middle of the first room I met with one dressed in a shroud. This put me in mind of the old custom of serving up a Death's head at a feast. I was a little angry at the dress, and asked the gentleman, whether he thought a dead man was fit company for such an assembly; but he told me, that he was one who loved his money, and that he considered this dress would serve him another time. This walking corse was followed by a gigantic woman with a high-crowned hat, that stood up like a steeple over the heads of the whole assembly. I then chanced to tread upon the foot of a female Quaker, to all outward appearance; but was surprised to hear her cry out, 'D—n you, you son of a —' upon which, I immediately rebuked her, when all of a sudden reversing her character, 'Verily, (says she), I was to blame; but thou hast bruised me sorely.' A few moments after this adventure, I had like to have been knocked down by a Shepherdesse for having ran my elbow a little inadvertently into one of her sides. She swore like a trooper, and threatened me with a very masculine voice; but I was timely taken off by a Presbyterian Parson, who told me in a very soft tone, that he believed I was a pretty fellow, and that he would meet me in Spring-garden to-morrow night. The next object I saw was a Chimney-sweeper made up of black crape and velvet, with a huge diamond in his mouth, making love to a butterfly. On a sudden I found myself among a flock of Bats; Owls, and Lawyers. But what took up my attention most, was, one dressed in white feathers that represented a Swan. He would fain have found out a Leda among the fair sex, and indeed was the most unlucky bird in the company. I was

then engaged in a discourse with a Running foot-
man, but as I treated him like what he appear-
ed to be, a Fortiff emperor whispered me in the
ear, desiring me to use him civilly, for that it
was his master. I was here interrupted by the
famous large figure of a woman hung with little
looking glasses. She had a great many that
followed her as she passed by me, but I would
not have her value herself upon that account,
since it was plain they did not follow so much to
look upon her as to let themselves. The next I
observed was a Nun making an assignation with
a Heathen God, for I heard them mention the
Little Piazza in Covent-Garden. I was by this
time exceeding hot and thirsty; so that I made
the best of my way to the place where wine was
dealt about in great quantities. I had no sooner
presented myself before the table, but a Magi-
cian seeing me, made a circle over my head with
his wand, and seemed to do me homage. I was
at a loss to account for his behaviour, until I re-
collected who I was: this however drew the eyes
of the servants upon me, and immediately pro-
cured me a glass of excellent Champaign. The
Magician said I was a spirit of an aust and dry
constitution; and desired that I might have an-
other refreshing glass, adding withal that it ought
to be a Brimmer. I took it in my hand and drank
it off to the Magician. This so enlivened me,
that I led him by the hand into the next room,
where we danced a rigadon together. I was
here a little offended at a jucknapes of a Sca-
mouch, that cried out, Avant Satan! and
gave me a little tap on my left shoulder, with the
end of his lath-sword. As I was considering
how I ought to resent this affront, a well-shaped

person that stood at my left-hand, in the figure of a Bellman, cried out with a suitable voice, 'Past twelve o'clock.' This put me in mind of bed-time: Accordingly I made my way towards the door, but was intercepted by an Indian King, a tall, slender youth, dressed up in a most beautiful party-coloured plumage. He regarded my habit very attentively, and after having turned me about once or twice, asked me, 'whom I had been tempting?' I could not tell what was the matter with me, but my heart leaped as soon as he touched me, and was still in greater disorder, upon my hearing his voice. In short, I found after a little discourse with him, that his Indian Majesty was my dear Leonora, who knowing the disguise I had put on, would not let me pass by her unobserved. Her awkward manliness made me guess at her sex, and her own confession quickly let me know the rest. This Masquerade did more for me than a twelve-month's courtship: for it inspired her with such tender sentiments, that I married her the next morning.

'How happy I shall be in a wife taken out of a Masquerade, I cannot yet tell: but I have reason to hope the best, Leonora having assured me it was the first, and shall be the last time of her appearing at such an entertainment.

'And now, Sir, having given you the history of this strange evening, which looks rather like a dream than a reality, it is my request to you, that you will oblige the world with a dissertation on Masquerades in general, that we may know how far they are useful to the public, and consequently how far they ought to be encouraged. I have heard of two or three very odd accidents that have happened upon this occasion, as in particu-

lar of a Lawyer's being now big-bellied, who was present at the first of these entertainments; not to mention (what is still more strange) an Old Man with a long beard, who was got with child by a Milk-maid. But in cases of this nature, where there is such a confusion of sex, age, and quality, men are apt to report rather what might have happened, than what really came to pass. Without giving credit therefore to any of these rumours, I shall only renew my petition to you, that you will tell us your opinion at large of these matters, and am,

SIR, &c.

Lucasius

N^o 155. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8.

Libelli Daniel Inter Senicos
"Jacere philivlos animi."

Hor. Epod. 8. v. 13.

The books of Stores ever chase
On siten cushions to repose.

I HAVE often wondered that learning is not thought a proper ingredient in the education of a woman of quality or fortune. Since they have the same improveable minds as the male part of the Species, why should they not be cultivated by the same method? why should reason be left to itself in one of the sexes, and be disciplined with so much care in the other?

There are some reasons why learning seems more

adapted to the female world, than to the male. As, in the first place, because they have more spare time upon their hands, and lead a more sedentary life. Their employments are of a domestic nature, and not like those of the other sex, which are often inconsistent with study and contemplation. The excellent lady, the Lady Lizard, in the space of one summer furnished a gallery with chairs and couches of her own and her daughter's working; and at the same time heard all Doctor Tillotson's sermons twice over. It is always the custom for one of the young ladies to read, while the others are at work; so that the learning of the family is not at all prejudicial to its manufactures. I was mightily pleased the other day to find them all busy in preserving several fruits of the season, with the Sparkler in the midst of them, reading over "The plurality of worlds." It was very entertaining to me to see them dividing their speculations between jellies and stars, and making a sudden transition from the sun to an apricot, or from the Copernican system to the figure of a cheese-cake.

A second reason why women should apply themselves to useful knowledge rather than men, is because they have that natural gift of speech in greater perfection. Since they have so excellent a talent, such a *copia verborum*, or plenty of words, it is pity they should not put it to some use. If the female tongue will be in motion, why should it not be set to go right? Could they discourse about the spots in the sun, it might divert them from publishing the faults of their neighbours; could they talk of the different aspects and conjunctions of the planets, they need not be at the pains to comment upon oglings and clandestine marriages. In short, were they furnished with matters of fact, out of

arts and sciences, it would now and then be of great use to their invention.

There is another reason why those especially who are women of quality, should apply themselves to letters, namely, because their husbands are generally strangers to them.

It is great pity there should be no knowledge in a family. For my own part, I am concerned when I go into a great house, where perhaps there is not a single person that can spell, unless it be by chance the butler, or one of the footmen. What a figure is the young heir, likely to make, who is a dunce both by father and mother's side.

If we look into the histories of famous women, we find many eminent philosophers of this sex. Nay, we find that several females have distinguished themselves in those sects of philosophy which seem almost repugnant to their natures. There have been famous female Pythagoreans, notwithstanding most of that philosophy consisted in keeping a secret, and that the disciple was to hold her tongue five years together. I need not mention Portia, who was a stoick in petticoats; nor Hipparchia, the famous she cyois, who arrived at such a perfection in her studies, that she conversed with her husband, or man-planter, in broad day light, and in the open streets.

Learning and knowledge are perfections in us, not as we are men, but as we are reasonable creatures, in which order of beings the female world is upon the same level with the male. We ought to consider in this particular, not what is the sex, but what is the species to which they belong. At least I believe every one will allow me, that a female philosopher is not so absurd a character, and so opposite to the sex, as a female gamester; and

that it is more irrational for a woman to pass away half a dozen hours at cards or dice, than to getting up stores of useful learning. This therefore is another reason why I would recommend the studies of knowledge to the female world, that they may not be at a loss how to employ those hours that lie upon their hands.

I might also add this motive to my fair readers, that several of their sex, who have improved their minds by books and literature, have raised themselves to the highest posts of honour and fortune. A neighbouring nation may at this time furnish us with a very remarkable instance of this kind; but I shall conclude this head with the history of Athenais, which is a very signal example to my present purpose.

The Emperor Theodosius being about the age of one and twenty, and designing to take a wife, desired his sister Pulcheria and his friend Paulinus to search his whole empire for a woman of the most exquisite beauty and highest accomplishments. In the midst of this search, Athenais, a Grecian virgin, accidentally offered herself. Her father, who was an eminent philosopher of Athens, and had bred her up in all the learning of that place, at his death left her but a very small portion, in which also she suffered great hardships from the injustice of her two brothers. This forced her upon a journey to Constantinople, where she had a relation who represented her case to Pulcheria in order to obtain some redress from the Emperor. By this means that religious princess became acquainted with Athenais, whom she found the most beautiful woman of her age; and educated under a long course of philosophy in the strictest virtue, and most unspotted innocence. Pulcheria was charmed

with her conversation, and immediately made her reports to the Emperor her brother Theodosius. The character she gave made such an impression on him, that he desired his sister to bring her away immediately to the lodgings of his friend Paulinus, where he found her beauty and her conversation beyond the highest idea he had framed of them. His friend Paulinus converted her to Christianity, and gave her the name of Eudoxia; after which the Emperor publicly espoused her, and enjoyed all the happiness in his marriage which he promised himself from such a virtuous and learned bride. She not only forgave the injuries which her two brothers had done her, but raised them to great honours; and by several works of learning, as well as by an exemplary life, made herself so dear to the whole empire, that she had many statues erected to her memory, and is celebrated by the fathers of the church as the ornament of her sex.

No 1561. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9

Magni famulæ laboris

Ore trahit quocunque posset, atque aditæ servæ

Quem stultæ laudant, ac non istantia sumit

Que, simul incedunt, ostendit: Agitur in manu

Non solum præcipit, et ille aliter agit

Quædam potestas

At the small ant (for she instructs the man)

And catches labour, gathers all she can,

And brings it to increase her heap at home;

Against the winter, which she knows will come:

But, when that comes, she creeps abroad no more,

But lies at home, and feals upon her store.

IN my last Saturday's paper I supposed a mole-hill, inhabited by Pimires or Ants, to be a lively image of the earth, peopled by human creatures. This supposition will not appear too forced or strained to those who are acquainted with the natural history of these little insects; in order to which I shall present my reader with the extract of a letter upon this curious subject, as it was published by the members of the French academy, and since translated into English. I must confess I was never in my life better entertained than with this narrative, which is of undoubted credit and authority.

'In a room next to mine, which had been empty for a long time, there was upon a window a box full of earth, two foot deep, and fit to keep flowers in. That kind of parterre had been long uncultivated; and therefore it was covered with old

plaisset, and a great deal of rubbish, that fell from the top of the house, and from the walls, which, together with the earth formerly imbibed with water, made a kind of a dry and barren soil. That place lying to the South, and out of the reach of the wind and rain, besides the neighbourhood of a granary, was a most delightful spot of ground for Ants; and therefore they had made three nests there, without doubt for the same reason that men build cities in fruitful and convenient places, near springs and rivers. Having a mind to cultivate some flowers, I took a view of that place, and removed a tulip out of the garden into that box; but casting my eyes upon the Ants, continually taken up with a thousand cares, very inconsiderable with respect to us, but of the greatest importance for them, they appeared to me more worthy of my curiosity than all the flowers in the world. I quickly removed the tulip, to be the admirer and restorer of that little commonwealth. This was the only thing they wanted; for their policy and the order observed among them, are more perfect than those of the wisest republics; and therefore they have nothing to fear, unless a new legislator should attempt to change the form of their government.

I made it my business to procure them all sorts of conveniences. I took out of the box every thing that might be troublesome to them; and frequently visited my Ants, and studied all their actions. Being used to go to bed very late, I went to see them work in a moon-shiny night; and I did frequently get up in the night, to take a view of their labours. I always found some going up and down, and very busy: one would

I think that they never sleep. Every body knows that Ants throw out of their holes in the day time, and expose to the sun the corn, which they keep under ground in the night. Those who have seen Ant hills, have easily perceived those small heaps of corn about their nests. What surprised me at first was, that my Ants never brought out their corn, but in the night when the moon did shine, and kept it under ground in the day time, which was contrary to what I had seen, and saw still practised by those insects in other places. I quickly found out the reason of it: there was a pigeon-house not far from thence: pigeons and birds would have eaten their corn, if they had brought it out in the day time. It is highly probable they know it by experience: and I frequently found pigeons and birds in that place when I went to it in a morning. I quickly delivered them from those robbers: I frightened the birds away with some pieces of paper tied to the end of a string over the window. As for the pigeons, I drove them away several times; and when they perceived that the place was more frequented than before, they never came to it again. What is most admirable, and what I could hardly believe, if I did not know it by experience, is, that those Ants knew some days after that they had nothing to fear, and began to lay out their corn in the sun. However, I perceived they were not fully convinced of being out of all danger: for they durst not bring out their provisions all at once, but by degrees, first in a small quantity, and without any great order, that they might quickly carry them away in case of any misfortune, watching, and looking every way. At last, being persuaded that they had

nothing to fear, they brought out all their corn; almost every day, and in good order, and carried it in at night. There is a straight hole in every Ant's nest; about half an inch deep; and then it goes down sloping into a place where they have their magazine, which I take to be a different place from that where they rest and eat. For it is highly improbable that an Ant, which is a very cleanly insect, and throws out of her nest all the small remains of the corn on which she feeds, as I have observed a thousand times, would fill up her magazine, and mix her corn with dirt and ordure. The corn, that is laid up by Ants, would shoot under ground, if those insects did not take care to prevent it. They bite off all the buds before they lay it up; and therefore the corn that has lain in their nests will produce nothing. Any one may easily make this experiment, and even plainly see that there is no bud in their corn. But though the bud be bitten off, there remains another inconvenience, that corn must needs swell and rot under ground; and therefore it could be of no use to the nourishment of Ants. Those insects prevent that inconvenience by their labour and industry, and contrive the matter so, that corn will keep as dry in their nests as in our granaries. They gather many small particles of dry earth, which they bring every day out of their holes, and place them round to heat them in the sun. Every Ant brings a small particle of that earth in her pincers, lays it by the hole, and then goes and fetches another. Thus, in less than a quarter of an hour, one may see a vast number of such small particles of dry earth, heaped up round the

hole. They lay their corn under ground upon that earth, and cover it with the same. They perform this work almost every day, during the heat of the sun; and though the sun went from the window about three or four of the clock in the afternoon, they did not remove their corn and their particles of earth, because the ground was very hot, until the heat was over.

If any one should think that those animals should use sand, or small particles of brick or stone, rather than take so much pains about dry earth; I answer, that upon such an occasion nothing can be more proper than earth heated in the sun. Corn does not keep upon sand. Besides, a grain of corn that is cut, being deprived of its bud, would be filled with small sandy particles that could not easily come out. To which I add, that sand consists of such small particles, that an Ant could not take them up one after another; and therefore those insects are seldom to be seen near rivers, or in a very sandy ground.

As for the small particles of brick or stone, the least moistness would join them together, and turn them into a kind of mastic, which those insects could not divide. Those particles sticking together could not come out of an Ant's nest, and would spoil its symmetry.

When Ants have brought out those particles of earth, they bring out their corn after the same manner, and place it round the earth. Thus one may see two heaps surrounding their hole, one of dry earth, and the other of corn; and then they fetch out a remainder of dry earth, on which doubtless their corn was laid up.

Those insects never go about this work, but when the weather is clear, and the sun very hot.

I observed, that those little animals having one day brought out their corn at eleven of the clock in the forenoon, removed it, against their usual custom, before one in the afternoon! The sun being very hot, and sky very clear, I could perceive no reason for it. But half an hour after, the sky began to be overcast, and there fell a small rain which the Ants foresaw; whereas the Milan Almanac had foretold there would be no rain upon that day.

I have said before, that those Ants which I did so particularly consider, fetched their corn out of a garret. I went very frequently into that garret: There was some old corn in it; and because every grain was not alike, I observed that they chose the best.

I know, by several experiments, that those little animals take great care to provide themselves with wheat when they can find it, and always pick out the best; but they can make shift without it. When they can get no wheat, they take rye, oats, millet, and even crumbs of bread; but seldom any barley, unless it be in a time of great scarcity, and when nothing else can be had.

Being willing to be more particularly informed of their forecast and industry, I put a small heap of wheat in a corner of the room, where they kept: And to prevent their fetching corn out of the garret, I shut up the window, and stopped all the holes. Though Ants are very knowing, I do not take them to be conjurers; and therefore they could not guess that I had put some corn in that room. I perceived for several days that they were very much perplexed, and went a great way to fetch their provisions. I was not willing for some time to make them more easy; for I had a

mind to know, whether they would at last find out the treasure, and see it at a great distance; and whether smelling enabled them to know what is good for their nourishment. Thus they were some time in great trouble, and took a great deal of pains. They went up and down a great way looking out for some grains of corn. They were sometimes disappointed, and sometimes they did not like their corn, after many long and painful excursions. What appeared to me wonderful; was, that none of them came home without bringing something. One brought a grain of wheat, another a grain of rye or oats, or a particle of dry earth, if she could get nothing else.

The window, upon which those Ants had made their settlement, looked into a garden, and was two stories high. Some went to the farthest end of the garden, others to the fifth story, in quest of some corn. It was a very hard journey for them, especially when they came home loaded with a pretty large grain of corn, which must needs be a heavy burden for an Ant, and as much as she can bear. The bringing of that grain from the middle of the garden to the nest, took up four hours; whereby one may judge of the strength and prodigious labour of those little animals. It appears from thence, that an Ant works as hard as a man, who should carry a very heavy load on his shoulders almost every day for the space of four leagues. It is true, those insects do not take so much pains upon a flat ground; but then how great is the hardship of a poor Ant, when she carries a grain of corn to the second story, climbing up a wall with her head downwards; and her backside upwards? None can have a true notion of it, unless they see those little animals at

work in such a situation. The frequent stops they made in the most convenient places, was a plain indication of their weariness. Some of them were strangely perplexed, and could not get to their journey's end. In such a case, the strongest Ants, or those that are not so weary, having carried their corn to their nests, came down again to help them. Some are so unfortunate as to fall down with their load, when they are almost come home: when this happens they seldom lose their corn, but carry it up again.

I saw one of the smallest carrying a large grain of wheat with incredible pains: when she came to the box where the nest was, she made so much haste that she fell down with her load, after a very laborious march: Such an unlucky accident would have vexed a philosopher. I went down, and found her with the same corn in her paws: She was ready to climb up again. The same misfortune happened to her three times. Sometimes she fell in the middle of her way, and sometimes higher; but she never let go her hold, and was not discouraged. At last her strength failed her: She stopped; and another Ant helped her to carry her load, which was one of the largest and finest grains of wheat that an Ant can carry. It happens sometimes, that a corn slips out of their paws, when they are climbing up: They take hold of it again, when they can find it; otherwise they look for another, or take something else, being ashamed to return to their nest without bringing something. This I have experimented, by taking away the grain which they looked for. All these experiments may easily be made by any one that has patience enough:

They do not require so great a patience as that of Ants; but few people are capable of it. The first of these is the patience of the Ant, which is the first of all the virtues. The second is the patience of the Ant, which is the second of all the virtues. The third is the patience of the Ant, which is the third of all the virtues. The fourth is the patience of the Ant, which is the fourth of all the virtues. The fifth is the patience of the Ant, which is the fifth of all the virtues. The sixth is the patience of the Ant, which is the sixth of all the virtues. The seventh is the patience of the Ant, which is the seventh of all the virtues. The eighth is the patience of the Ant, which is the eighth of all the virtues. The ninth is the patience of the Ant, which is the ninth of all the virtues. The tenth is the patience of the Ant, which is the tenth of all the virtues. The eleventh is the patience of the Ant, which is the eleventh of all the virtues. 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NO. 1571. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10.

It has been observed by writers of morality, that in order to quicken human industry, Providence has so contrived it, that our daily food is not to be procured without much pains and labour. The chase of bird, and beasts, the several arts of fishing, with all the different kinds of agriculture, are necessary scenes of business, and give employment to the greatest part of mankind. If we look into the brute creation, we find all its individuals engaged in a painful and laborious way of life, to procure a necessary subsistence for themselves, or those that grow up under them. The preservation of their being is the whole business of it. An idle man is therefore a kind of monster in the creation. All nature is busy about him; every animal he sees reproaches him. Let such a man, who lies as a burden or dead weight upon the species, and contributes nothing either to the riches of the commonwealth, or to the maintenance of himself and family, consider that instinct with which Providence has endowed the Ant, and by which is exhibited an example of industry to rational creatures. This is set forth under many surprising instances in the paper of yesterday, and in the conclusion of that narrative, which is as follows:

Thus my Ants were forced to make shift for a livelihood, when I had shut up the garret, out of which they used to fetch their provisions. At last, being sensible that it would be a long time before they could discover the small heap of corn, which I had laid up for them, I resolved to shew it to them.

In order to know how far their industry could reach, I contrived an expedient, which had good success: the thing will appear incredible to those who never considered, that all animals of the same kind, which form a society, are more knowing than others. I took one of the largest Ants, and threw her upon that small heap of wheat. She was so glad to find herself at liberty, that she ran away to her nest, without carrying off a grain; but she observed it: for an hour after all my Ants had notice given them of such a provision; and I saw most of them very busy in carrying away the corn I had laid up in the room. I leave it to you to judge, whether it may not be said, that they have a particular way of communicating their knowledge to one another; for otherwise how could they know, one or two hours after, that there was corn in that place? It was quickly exhausted; and I put in more, but in a small quantity, to know the true extent of their appetite or prodigious avarice; for I make no doubt but they lay up provisions against the winter: we read it in holy scripture; a thousand experiments teach us the same; and I do not believe that any experiment has been made that shews the contrary.

I have said before, that there were three Ants nests in that box or parterre, which formed, if I may say so, three different cities, governed by the

• same laws, and observing the same order, and the
• same customs. However, there was this differ-
• ence, that the inhabitants of one of those holes
• seemed to be more knowing and industrious than
• their neighbours. The Ants of that nest were
• disposed in a better order; their corn was finer;
• they had a greater plenty of provisions; their
• nest was furnished with more inhabitants; and
• they were bigger and stronger. It was the prin-
• cipal and the capital nest. Nay, I observed that
• those Ants were distinguished from the rest, and
• had some pre-eminence over them.
• Though the box full of earth, where the Ants
• had made their settlement, was generally free
• from rain; yet it rained sometimes upon it, when
• a certain wind blew. It was a great inconve-
• nience for those insects; Ants are afraid of water;
• and when they go a great way in quest of pro-
• visions, and are surprised by the rain, they shut
• their themselves under some tile, or something else;
• and do not come out until the rain is over. The
• Ants of the principal nest found out a wonderful
• expedient to keep out the rain: there was a small
• piece of a flat slate, which they laid over the hole
• of their nest in the day-time, when they foresaw
• it would rain, and almost every night. Above
• fifty of those little animals, especially the strong-
• est, surrounded that piece of slate, and drew it
• equally in a wonderful order: they removed it
• in the morning; and nothing could be more cu-
• rious than to see those little animals about such
• a work. They had made the ground uneven
• about their nest, insomuch that the slate did not
• ly flat upon it, but left a free passage underneath.
• The Ants of the two other nests did not so well
• succeed in keeping out the rain: they laid over

with their holes several pieces of old and dry plaster
 & glue upon the other; but they were still troubled
 & with the rain, and the next day they took a
 & world of pains to repair the damage. Hence it
 & is, that those insects are so frequently to be found
 & under tiles, where they settle themselves to avoid
 & the rain. Their nests are at all times covered
 & with those tiles, without any incumbrance, and
 & they lay out their corn and their dry earth in the
 & sun about the tiles, as one may see every day. I
 & took care to cover the two Ants nests, that were
 & troubled with the rain: as for the capital nest,
 & there was no need of exercising my charity to-
 & wards it.

M. de la Loubere says in his relation of Siam,
 & that in a certain part of that kingdom, which
 & lies open to great inundations, all the Ants make
 & their settlements upon trees: no Ants nests are to
 & be seen any where else. I need not insert here
 & what that author says about those insects: you
 & may see his relation.
 & Here follows a curious experiment, which I
 & made upon the same ground, where I had three
 & Ants nests. I undertook to make a fourth, and
 & went about it in the following manner. In a
 & corner of a kind of a terras, at a considerable
 & distance from the box, I found a hole swarming
 & with Ants much larger than all those I had already
 & seen; but they were not so well provided with
 & corn, nor under so good a government. I made
 & a hole in the box like that of an Ant's nest, and
 & laid, as it were, the foundations of a new city.
 & Afterwards I got as many Ants as I could out of
 & the nest in the terras, and put them into a bottle,
 & to give them a new habitation in my box; and
 & because I was afraid they would return to the

terrace, I destroyed their old nest, pouring boiling water into the hole, to kill those Ants that remained in it. In the next place, I filled the new hole with the Ants that were in the bottle; but none of them would stay in it. They went away in less than two hours; which made me believe, that it was impossible to make a fourth settlement in my box.

Two or three days after, going accidentally over the terrace, I was much surprised to see the Ants nest which I had destroyed very artfully repaired. I resolved then to destroy it entirely; and to settle those ants in my box. To succeed in my design, I put some gun-powder and brimstone into their hole, and sprung a mine, whereby the whole nest was overthrown; and then I carried as many Ants as I could get, into the place which I designed for them. It happened to be a very rainy day, and it rained all night; and therefore they remained in the new hole all that time. In the morning when the rain was over, most of them went away to repair their old habitation; but finding it impracticable by reason of the smell of the powder and brimstone, which kills them, they came back again, and settled in the place I had appointed for them. They quickly grew acquainted with their neighbours, and received from them all manner of assistance out of their holes. As for the inside of their nest, none but themselves were concerned in it, according to the inviolable laws established among those animals.

An Ant never goes into any other nest but her own; and if she should venture to do it, she would be turned out, and severely punished. I have often taken an Ant out of one nest, to put her

into another; but she quickly came out, being warmly pursued by two or three other Ants. I tried the same experiment several times with the same Ant; but at last, the other Ants grew impatient, and tore her to pieces. I have often frightened some Ants with my fingers, and pursued them as far as another hole, stopping all the passages to prevent their going to their own nest. It was very natural for them to fly into the next hole: many a man would not be so cautious, and would throw himself out of the windows, or into a well, if he were pursued by assassins. But the Ants I am speaking of, avoided going into any other hole but their own, and rather tried all other ways of making their escape. They never fled into another nest, but at the last extremity; and sometimes chose rather to be taken, as I have often experienced. It is therefore an inviolable custom among those insects, not to go into any other hole but their own. They do not exercise hospitality; but they are very ready to help one another out of their holes. They put down their loads at the entrance of a neighbouring nest; and those that live in it, carry them in.

They keep up a sort of trade among themselves; and it is not true that those insects are not for lending: I know the contrary: they lend their corn; they make exchanges; they are always ready to serve one another; and I can assure you that more time and patience would have enabled me to observe a thousand things more curious and wonderful than what I have mentioned. For instance, how they lend and recover their loans; whether it be in the same quantity, or with usury; whether they pay the strangers that work for them, &c. I do not think it impossible to examine

all those things: and it would be a great curiosity to know by what maxims they govern themselves: Perhaps such a knowledge might be of some use to us.

They are never attacked by any enemies in a body, as it is reported of Bees: their only fear proceeds from birds, which sometimes eat their corn when they lay it out in the sun; but they keep it under ground, when they are afraid of thieves. It is said that some birds eat them; but I never saw any instance of it. They are also infested by small worms; but they turn them out, and kill them. I observed, that they punished those Ants, which probably had been wanting to their duty: nay, sometimes they killed them; which they did in the following manner. Three or four Ants fell upon one, and pulled her several ways, until she was torn in pieces. Generally speaking they live very quietly; from whence I infer that they have a very severe discipline among themselves, to keep so good an order; or that they are great lovers of peace, if they have no occasion for any discipline.

Was there ever a greater union in any commonwealth! Every thing is common among them; which is not to be seen any where else. Bees, of which we are told so many wonderful things, have each of them a hole in their hives; their honey is their own; every Bee minds her own concerns. The same may be said of all other animals. They frequently fight, to deprive one another of their portion. It is not so with Ants; They have nothing of their own: a grain of corn which an Ant carries home, is deposited in a common stock: It is not designed for her own use, but for the whole community: There is no distinc-

tion between a private and a common interest. An
Ant never works for herself, but for the society.
Whatever misfortune happens to them, their
care and industry find out a remedy for it: no
thing discourages them. If you destroy their nests,
they will be repaired in two days. Any body
may easily see how difficult it is to drive them out
of their habitations, without destroying the in-
habitants: for, as long as there are any left, they
will maintain their ground.

I had almost forgot to tell you, Sir, that Mer-
cury has hitherto proved a mortal potion for
them; and that it is the most effectual way of de-
stroying those insects. I can do something for
them in this case: perhaps you will hear in a
little time that I have reconciled them to Mer-
cury.

NO. 158. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11.

"Grossum haec Rhadamanthus habet, divissima regna;
Castigatque, audique dolos; subigitque fateri
Quo quis apud superos, turpi laceratus inani,
Difficile in seipsum committit pectus inani."
Virg. Aen. 6. v. 566.
These are the realms of unrelenting fate;
Rhadamanthus rules the state;
He hears, and judges each committed crime;
Enquires into the manner, place, and time.
The conscious wretch must all his acts reveal,
Loth to confess, unable to conceal;
From the first moment of his vital breath
To the last hour of unrepenting death.

I WAS yesterday pursuing the hint which I men-
tioned in my last paper, and comparing together
the industry of man with that of other creatures;
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in which I could not but observe, that notwithstanding we are obliged by duty to keep ourselves in constant employ, after the same manner as inferior animals are prompted to it by instinct, we fall very short of them in this particular. We are here the more inexcusable, because there is a greater variety of business to which we may apply ourselves. Reason opens to us a large field of affairs, which other creatures are not capable of. Beasts of prey, and I believe of all other kinds, in their natural state of being, divide their time between action and rest. They are always at work or asleep. In short, their waking hours are wholly taken up in seeking after their food, or in consuming it. The human species only, to the great reproach of our natures, are filled with complaints, that "the day hangs heavy on them," that "they do not know what to do with themselves," that "they are at a loss how to pass away their time," with many of the like shameful murmurs, which we often find in the mouths of those who are styled reasonable beings. How monstrous are such expressions among creatures who have the labours of the mind, as well as those of the body, to furnish them with proper employments; who, besides the business of their proper callings and professions, can apply themselves to the duties of religion, to meditation, to the reading of useful books, to discourse; in a word, who may exercise themselves in the unbounded pursuits of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themselves wiser or better than they were before!

After having been taken up for some time in this course of thought, I diverted myself with a book, according to my usual custom, in order to unbend my mind before I went to sleep. The book I made

use of on this occasion was Lucian, where I amused my thoughts for about an hour among the dialogues of the dead, which, in all probability, produced the following dream.

I was conveyed, methought, into the entrance of the infernal regions, where I saw Rhadamanthus, one of the judges of the dead, seated in his tribunal. On his left hand stood the keeper of Erebus, on his right the keeper of Elysiun. I was told he sat upon women that day, there being several of the sex lately arrived, who had not yet their mansions assigned them. I was surprised to hear him ask every one of them the same question, namely, "What they had been doing?" Upon this question being proposed to the whole assembly, they stared one upon another, as not knowing what to answer. He then interrogated each of them separately. Madam, says he, to the first of them, you have been upon the earth about fifty years: what have you been doing there all this while? Doing, says she, really I do not know what I have been doing: I desire I may have time given me to recollect. After about half an hour's pause, she told him, that she had been playing at crimp; upon which Rhadamanthus beckoned to the keeper on his left hand, to take her into custody. And you, Madam, says the judge, that look with such a soft and languishing air, I think you set out for this place in your nine and twentieth year, what have you been doing all this while? I had a great deal of business on my hands, says she, being taken up the first twelve years of my life, in dressing a jointed baby, and all the remaining part of it in reading plays and romances. Very well, says he, you have employed your time to good purpose. Away with her. The next was a plain country woman: Well, mistress, says Rha-

Rhadamanthus; and what have you been doing? An't please your Worship, says she, I did not live quite forty years; and in that time brought my husband seven daughters, made him nine thousand cheeses, and left my eldest girl with him, to look after his house in my absence, and who I may venture to say is as pretty a housewife as any in the country. Rhadamanthus smiled at the simplicity of the good woman, and ordered the keeper of Elysium to take her into his care. And you, fair lady, says he, what have you been doing these five and thirty years? I have been doing no hurt, I assure you, Sir, said she. That is well, said he, but what good have you been doing? The lady was in great confusion at this question, and not knowing what to answer, the two keepers leaped out to seize her at the same time; the one took her by the hand to convey her to Elysium, the other caught hold of her to carry her away to Erebus. But Rhadamanthus, observing an ingenuous modesty in her countenance and behaviour, bid them both let her loose, and set her aside for a re-examination when he was more at leisure. An old woman, of a proud and sour look, presented herself next at the bar, and being asked what she had been doing? Truly, says she, I lived three-score and ten years in a very wicked world, and was so angry at the behaviour of a parcel of young fiends, that I pass'd most of my last years in condemning the follies of the times; I was every day blaming the silly conduct of people about me, in order to deter those I conversed with from falling into the like errors and miscarriages. Very well, says Rhadamanthus, but did you keep the same watchful eye over your own actions? Why truly, says she, I was so taken up with publishing the faults of others, that I had no time to consider my own.

Madam, says Rhadamanthus, be pleased to file off to the left, and make room for the venerable matron that stands behind you. Old gentlewoman, says he, I think you are fourscore. You have heard the question, what have you been doing so long in the world? Ah, Sir I says she, I have been doing what I should not have done, but I had made a firm resolution to have changed my life, if I had not been snatched off by an untimely end. Madam, says he, you will please to follow your leader; and spying another of the same age, interrogated her in the same form. To which the Matron replied, I have been the wife of a husband who was as dear to me in his old age as in his youth. I have been a mother, and very happy in my children, whom I endeavoured to bring up in every thing that is good. My eldest son is blest by the poor, and beloved by every one that knows him. I lived within my own family, and left it much more wealthy than I found it. Rhadamanthus, who knew the value of the old lady, smiled upon her in such a manner, that the keeper of Elysium, who knew his office, reached out his hand to her. He no sooner touched her but her wrinkles vanished, her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed with blushes, and she appeared in full bloom and beauty. A young woman observing that this officer, who conducted the happy to Elysium, was so great a beautifier, longed to be in his hands; so that pressing through the croud, she was the next that appeared at the bar. And being asked what she had been doing the five and twenty years that she had past in the world, I have endeavoured, says she, ever since I came to years of discretion, to make myself lovely, and gain admirers. In order to it, I passed my time in bottling up May-dew, inventing white-walkes, mixing rose

Jours, cutting out patches, consulting my glass, suiting my complexion, tearing off my tucker, sinking my stays—Rhadamanthus, without hearing her out, gave the sign to take her off. Upon the approach of the keeper of Erebus her colour faded, her face was puckered up with wrinkles, and her whole person lost in deformity.

I was then surprised with a distant sound of a whole troop of females that came forward, laughing, singing, and dancing. I was very desirous to know the reception they would meet with, and withal was very apprehensive, that Rhadamanthus would spoil their mirth. But at their nearer approach the noise grew so very great that it awakened me.

I lay some time, reflecting in myself on the oddness of this dream, and could not forbear asking my own heart, what I was doing? I answered myself, that I was writing GUARDIANS. If my readers make as good a use of this work as I design they should, I hope it will never be imputed to me as work that is vain and unprofitable.

I shall conclude this paper with recommending to them the same short self-examination. If every one of them frequently lays his hand upon his heart, and considers what he is doing, it will check him in all the idle, or what is worse, the vicious moments of life, lift up his mind when it is running on in a series of indifferent actions; and encourage him when he is engaged in those which are virtuous and laudable. In a word, it will very much alleviate that guilt which the best of men have reason to acknowledge in their daily confessions, of "leaving undone those things which they ought to have done, and of doing those things which they ought not to have done."

to the great and noble mind of the author, who has given us a most interesting and useful work, which will be found to contain much more than is generally supposed.

Nº 159. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1790.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GUARDIAN.

*Præfens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel superbo
Nervos funderis triumphis.*

whose force is strong, and quick to raise
The spirit to the highest place;

Or with a word, 'round fall
To bring the haughty lower,

And turn proud triumphs to a funeral.

SIR,

HAVING read over your paper of Tues-

day last, in which you recommend the

pursuits of wisdom and knowledge to those of

the fair sex, who have much time lying upon

their hands, and among other motives make use

of this, that several women thus accomplished,

have raised themselves by it to considerable posts

of honour and fortune: I shall beg leave to give

you an instance of this kind, which many now

living can testify the truth of, and which I can

assure you is matter of fact.

About twelve years ago I was familiarly ac-

quainted with a gentleman, who was in a post

that brought him a yearly revenue, sufficient

to live very handsomely upon. He had a wife,

and no child but a daughter, whom he bred up,

as I thought, too high for one that could expect

no other fortune than such a one as her father

could raise out of the income of his place; which

as they managed it was scarce sufficient for their

ordinary expences. Miss Betty had always the best sort of clothes, and was hardly allowed to keep company but with those above her rank; so that it was no wonder she grew proud and haughty towards those she looked upon as her inferiors. There lived by them a barber who had a daughter about Miss's age, that could speak French, had read several books at her leisure hours, and was a perfect mistress of her needle and in all kinds of female manufacture. She was at the same time a pretty, modest, witty girl. She was hired to come to Miss an hour or two every day, to talk French with her and teach her to work; but Miss always treated her with great contempt; and when Molly gave her any advice, rejected it with scorn.

About the same time several young fellows made their addresses to Miss Betty, who had indeed a great deal of wit and beauty, had they not been infected with so much vanity and self-conceit. Among the rest was a plain sober young man, who loved her almost to distraction. His passion was the common talk of the neighbourhood, who used to be often discoursing of Mr T——'s angel, for that was the name he always gave her in ordinary conversation. As his circumstances were very indifferent, he being a younger brother, Mrs Betty rejected him with disdain: insomuch that the young man, as is usual among those who are crossed in love, put himself aboard the fleet, with a resolution to seek his fortune, and forget his mistress. This was very happy for him; for in a very few years, being concerned in several captures, he brought home with him an estate of about twelve thousand pounds.

Mean while years and days went on, Miss lived

high, and learned but little most of her time being employed in reading plays and practising to dance, in which she arrived at great perfection. When of a sudden, at a change of ministry, her father lost his place, and was forced to leave London, where he could no longer live upon the foot he had formerly done. Not many years after I was told the poor gentleman was dead, and had left his widow and daughter in a very desolate condition; but I could not learn where to find them, though I made what inquiry I could; and I must own, I immediately suspected their pride would not suffer them to be seen or relieved by any of their former acquaintance. I had left enquiring after them for some years, when I happened, not long ago, as I was asking at a house for a gentleman I had some business with, to be led into a parlour by a handsome young woman, who I presently fancied was that very daughter I had so long sought in vain. My suspicion increased, when I observed her to blush at the sight of me, and to avoid, as much as possible, looking upon, or speaking to me. Madam, said I, are not you Mrs Such-a-one? At which words the tears ran down her cheeks, and she would fain have retired without giving me an answer; but I stopped her, and, being to wait a while for the gentleman I was to speak to, I resolved not to lose this opportunity of satisfying my curiosity. I could not well discern by her dress, which was genteel, though not fine, whether she was the mistress of the house, or only a servant: But supposing her to be the first, I am glad, Madam, said I, after having long enquired after you, to have so happily met with you, and to find you mistress of so fine a place.

These words were like to have spoiled all, and threw her into such a disorder, that it was some time before she could recover herself; but as soon as she was able to speak, Sir, said she, you are mistaken, I am but a servant. Her voice fell in these last words, and she burst again into tears. I was sorry to have occasioned in her so much grief and confusion, and said what I could to comfort her. Alas, Sir, said she, my condition is much better than I deserve. I have the kindest and best of women for my mistress. She is wife to the gentleman you come to speak withal. You know her very well, and have often seen her with me. To make my story short, I found that my late friend's daughter was now a servant to the barber's daughter whom she had formerly treated so disdainfully. The gentleman, at whose house I now was in, fell in love with Moll, and being master of a great fortune, married her, and lives with her as happily, and as much to his satisfaction as he could desire. He treats her with all the friendship and respect possible, but not with more than her behaviour and good qualities deserve. And it was with a great deal of pleasure I heard her maid dwell so long upon her commendation. She informed me, that after her father's death, her mother and she lived for a while together in great poverty. But her mother's spirit could not bear the thoughts of asking relief of any of her own, or her husband's acquaintance; so they retired from all their friends, until they were providentially discovered by this new-married woman, who heaped on them favours upon favours. Her mother died shortly after, who, while she lived, was better pleased to see her daughter a beggar, than a servant;

* but being freed by her death, she was taken into
 * this gentlewoman's family, where she now lived,
 * though much more like a friend or a companion,
 * than like a servant.

* I went home full of this strange adventure;
 * and about a week after, chancing to be in compa-
 * ny with Mr T. the rejected lover, whom I men-
 * tioned in the beginning of my letter, I told him
 * the whole story of his angel, not questioning but
 * he would feel on this occasion, the usual plea-
 * sures of a resenting lover, when he hears that
 * Fortune has avenged him of the cruelty of his
 * mistress. As I was recounting to him at large
 * these several particulars, I observed that he co-
 * vered his face with his hand, and that his breast
 * heaved as though it would have bursted; which I
 * took at first to have been a fit of laughter; but
 * upon lifting up his head, I saw his eyes all red
 * with weeping. He forced a smile at the end of
 * my story, and we parted.

* About a fortnight after I received from him the
 * following letter.

" Dear Sir,

" I AM infinitely obliged to you for bringing
 " me news of my angel. I have since mar-
 " ried her, and think the low circumstances she
 " was reduced to a piece of good luck to both of
 " us, since it has quite removed that little pride
 " and vanity, which was the only part of her cha-
 " racter that I disliked, and given me an opportu-
 " nity of shewing her the constant and sincere af-
 " fection which I professed to her in the time of her
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" Yours, R. T."

My lords the judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

But I shall, for the future, leave my friend to manage the controversy in a separate work, being unwilling to fill with disputes a paper which was undertaken purely out of good-will to my countrymen. I must therefore declare that those jealousies and suspicions, which have been raised in some weak minds, by means of the two above-mentioned discourses concerning Ants or Pismires, are altogether groundless. There is not an Emmet in all that whole narrative who is either Whig or

story; and I could heartily wish, that the individuals of all parties amongst us, had the good of their country at heart, and endeavoured to advance it by the same spirit of frugality, justice, and mutual benevolence, as are visibly exercised by the members of those little commonwealths.

After this short preface, I shall lay before my reader a letter or two which occasioned it.

Mr LA O N S I D E,

I HAVE laid a wager with a friend of mine about the Pigeons, that used to pick up the corn which belonged to the Ants. I say that by these pigeons you meant the Palatines. He will needs have it that they were the Dutch. We both agree that the papers upon the strings, which frightened them away, were Pamphlets, Examiners, and the like. We beg you will satisfy us in this particular, because the wager is very considerable, and you will much oblige two of your

DAILY READERS,

Old I r o n.

WHY so rusty? Will you never leave your innuendoes? Do you think it hard to find out who is the tulip in your last Thursday's paper? or can you imagine that three nests of Ants is such a disguise that the plainest reader cannot see three kingdoms through it? The blowing up of a neighbouring settlement, where there was a race of poor beggarly Ants, under a worse form of government, is not so difficult to be explained as you imagine. Dunkirk is not yet demolished. Your Ants are enemies to rain, are they? Old

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T

BIRMINGHAM, no more of your Ants, if you don't intend to stir up a nest of Hornets.

WILL WATTS.

Dear GUARDIAN,

CALLING in yesterday at a coffeehouse in the city, I saw a very short, corpulent, angry man reading your paper about the Ants. I observed that he reddened, and swelled over every sentence of it. After having perused it through-out, he laid it down upon the table, called the woman of the coffeehouse to him, and asked her in a magisterial voice, if she knew what she did in taking in such papers! The woman was in such a confusion, that I thought it a piece of charity to interpose in her behalf, and asked him whether he had found any thing in it of dangerous import. Sir, said he, it is a republican paper from one end to the other, and if the author had his deserts—He here grew so exceeding choleric and fierce, that he could not proceed; till after having recovered himself, he laid his finger upon the following sentence, and read it with a very stern voice—Though Ants are very knowing, I don't take them to be conjurers: And therefore they could not guess that I had put some corn in that room, till perceived for several days that they were very much perplexed, and went a great way to fetch their provisions. I was not willing for some time to make them more easy; for I had a mind to know whether they would at last find out the treasure, and see it at a great distance, and whether smelling enabled them to know what is good for their nourishment. Then throwing the paper upon the

table. Sir, says he, these things are not to be suffered—I would engage out of this sentence to draw up an indictment that—He here lost his voice a second time, in the extremity of his rage; and the whole company, who were all of them Tories, bursting out into a sudden laugh, he threw down his pen in great wrath, and retired with a most formidable frown.

This, Sir, I thought fit to acquaint you with, that you may make what use of it you please. I only wish that you would sometimes diversify your papers with many other pieces of natural history, whether of insects or animals; this being a subject which the most common reader is capable of understanding, and which is very diverting in its nature; besides, that it highly redounds to the praise of that Being who has inspired the several parts of the sensitive world with such wonderful and different kinds of instinct as enable them to provide for themselves, and preserve their species in that state of existence wherein they are placed. There is no party concerned in speculations of this nature; which instead of inflaming those unnatural heats that prevail among us, and take up most of our thoughts, may divert our minds to subjects that are useful, and suited to reasonable creatures. Dissertations of this kind are the more proper for your purpose, as they do not require any depth of mathematics, or any previous science, to qualify the reader for the understanding of them. To this I might add, that it is a shame for men to be ignorant of these worlds of wonders which are transacted in the midst of them, and not be acquainted with those objects which are every where before their eyes. To which, I might further add, that several are of opinion,

• there is no other use in many of these creatures
 • than to furnish matter of contemplation and won-
 • der to those inhabitants of the earth, who are its
 • only creatures that are capable of it.

• I am, SIR,

• Your constant reader, and humble servant.

After having presented my reader with this set of letters which are all upon the same subject, I shall here insert one that has no relation to it. But it has always been my maxim never to refuse going out of my way to do any honest man a service, especially when I have an interest in it myself.

Most venerable Sir,

AS you are a person that very eminently distinguish yourself in the promotion of the public good, I desire your friendship in signifying to the town, what concerns the greatest good of life, health. I do assure you, Sir, there is in a vault under the Exchange in Cornhill, over against Pope's-Head-Alley, a parcel of French wines, full of the seeds of good humour, cheerfulness and friendly mirth. I have been told, the learned of our nation agree, there is no such thing as bribery in liquors, therefore I shall presume to send you of it, lest you should think it inconsistent with integrity to recommend what you do not understand by experience. In the mean time, please to insert this, that every man may judge for himself.

I am, SIR, &c.

There is no other mode of action which is more
 known to the mind of man than the principle of
 action. It is the principle of the mind, which is
 the principle of the mind, which is the principle of the mind.

It is the principle of the mind, which is the principle of the mind, which is the principle of the mind. It is the principle of the mind, which is the principle of the mind, which is the principle of the mind.

EVERY principle that is a motive to good actions ought to be encouraged, since men are of so different a make, that the same principle does not work equally upon all minds. What some men are prompted to by conscience, duty, or religion, which are only different names for the same thing, others are prompted to by honour.

The sense of honour is of so fine and delicate a nature, that it is only to be met with in minds which are naturally noble, or in such as have been cultivated by great examples, or a refined education. This paper therefore is chiefly designed for those who by means of any of these advantages are, or ought to be actuated by this glorious principle.

But as nothing is more pernicious than a principle of action, when it is misunderstood, I shall consider honour with respect to three sorts of men. First of all, with regard to those who have a right notion of it. Secondly, with regard to those who have a mistaken notion of it. And thirdly, with regard to those who treat it as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule.

In the first place, true honour, though it be a different principle from religion, is that which produces the same effects. The lines of action, though drawn from different parts, terminate in the same

point. Religion embraces virtue, as it is enjoined by the laws of God: Honour, as it is graceful and ornamental to human nature. The religious man *fears*, the man of honour *scorns* to do an ill action. The latter considers vice as something that is beneath him, the other as something that is offensive to the divine Being. The one as what is *unbecoming*, the other as what is *forbidden*. Thus Seneca speaks in the natural and genuine language of a man of honour, when he declares that were there no God to see or punish vice, he would not commit it, because it is of so mean, so base, and so vile a nature. I shall conclude this head with the description of honour in the part of young Juba.

Honour's a sacred rite, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection;
That aids and strengthens virtue when it prompts her, to
And imitates her actions where she is not;
It ought not to be sported with." *Cato.*

In the second place, we are to consider those who have mistaken notions of honour. And these are such as establish any thing to themselves for a point of honour which is contrary either to the laws of God, or of their country; who think it more honourable to revenge than to forgive an injury; who make no scruple of telling a lie; but would put any man to death that accuses them of it; who are more careful to guard their reputation by their courage than by their virtue. True fortitude is indeed so becoming in human nature, that he who wants it scarce deserves the name of a man; but we find several who so much abuse this notion, that they place the whole idea of honour in a kind of brutal courage; by which means we have had many among us who have called themselves men of honour, that would have been a dis-

ance to a gibbet. In a word, the man who sacrifices any duty of a reasonable creature to a prevailing mode or fashion, who looks upon any thing as honourable that is displeasing to his Maker, or destructive to society, who thinks himself obliged by this principle to the practice of some virtues and not of others, is by no means to be reckoned among true men of honour.

Timogenes was a lively instance of one actuated by false honour. Timogenes would smile at a man's jest who ridiculed his Maker, and at the same time, run a man through the body that spoke ill of his friend. Timogenes would have scorned to have betrayed a secret, that was intrusted with him, though the fate of his country depended upon the discovery of it. Timogenes took away the life of a young fellow in a duel, for having spoken ill of Belinda, a lady whom he himself had seduced in her youth, and betrayed into want and ignominy. To close his character, Timogenes, after having ruined several poor tradesmen's families, who had trusted him, sold his estate to satisfy his creditors, but like a man of honour, disposed of all the money he could make of it, in the paying off his play debts, or to speak in his own language, his debts of honour.

In the third place, we are to consider those persons, who treat this principle as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule. Men who are professedly of no honour, are of a more profligate and abandoned nature than even those who are actuated by false notions of it, as there is more hopes of a heretic than of an atheist. These sons of infamy consider honour with old Syphax, in the play before mentioned, as a fine imaginary notion that leads astray young unexperienced men, and draws them into

real mischief, while they are engaged in the pursuit of a shadow. These are generally persons who, in Shakespeare's phrase, "are worn and hackneyed in the ways of men," whose imaginations are grown callous, and have lost all those delicate sentiments which are natural to minds that are innocent and undepraved. Such old-battered miscreants ridicule every thing as romantic that comes in competition with their present interest, and treat those persons as visionaries, who dare stand up in a corrupt age, for what has not its immediate reward joined to it. The talents, interest, or experience of such men, make them very often useful in all parties, and at all times. But whatever wealth and dignities they may arrive at, they ought to consider, that every one stands as a blot in the annals of his country who arrives at the temple of *honour* by any other way than through that of *virtue*.

No 162. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16.

"Proprium hoc esse prudentiae, consiliare sibi animos hominum, et ad usus suos attingere." to receive and to ban. Cicero.

The art of prudence lies in gaining the esteem of the world, and turning it to a man's own advantage.

I WAS the other day in company at my Lady Lizard's when there came in among us their cousin Tom, who is one of those country squires that set up for plain honest gentlemen who speak their minds. Tom is in short a lively impudent clown, and has wit enough to have made him a

pleasant companion, had it been polished and rectified by good manners. Tom had not been a quarter of an hour with us, before he set every one in the company a blushing, by some blunt question, or unlucky observation. He asked the Sparkler if her wit had yet got her a husband; and told her eldest sister she looked a little wan under the eyes, and that it was time for her to look about her, if she did not design to lead apes in the other world. The good Lady Lizard, who suffers more than her daughters on such an occasion, desired her cousin Thomas with a smile, not to be so severe to his relations; to which the booby replied, with a rude country laugh, If I be not mistaken, Aunt, you were a mother at fifteen, and why do you expect that your daughters should be maids till five and twenty? I endeavoured to divert the discourse; when, without taking notice of what I said, Mr. Ironside, says he, you fill my cousins heads with your fine notions, as you call them; can you teach them to make a pudding? I must confess he put me out of countenance with his rustic raillery, so that I made some excuse, and left the room.

This fellow's behaviour made me reflect on the usefulness of complaisance, to make all conversation agreeable. This, though in itself it be scarce reckoned in the number of moral virtues, is that which gives a lustre to every talent a man can be possessed of. It was Plato's advice to an unpolished writer, that he should sacrifice to the Graces. In the same manner I would advise every man of learning, who would not appear in the world a mere scholar, or philosopher, to make himself master of the social virtue which I have here mentioned.

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable. It

smooths dissension, sweetens conversation, and makes every one in the company pleased with himself. It produces good nature and mutual benevolence; encourages the timorous; soothes the turbulent; humanises the fierce; and distinguishes a society of civilized persons from a confusion of savages. In a word, complaisance is a virtue that blends all orders of men together in a friendly intercourse of words and actions; and is suited to that equality in human nature which every one ought to consider; so far as is consistent with the order and economy of the world.

If we could look into the secret anguish and affliction of every man's heart, we should often find that more of it arises from little imaginary distresses, such as checks, frowns, contradictions, expressions of contempt, and (what Shakespear reckons among other evils under the sun)

*"The poor man's contumely,
"The influence of office, and the spurns
"That patient merit of the unworthy takes."*

than from the more real pains and calamities of life. The only method to remove these imaginary distresses as much as possible out of human life, would be the universal practice of such an ingenuous complaisance, as I have been here describing, which, as it is a virtue, may be defined to be, "A constant endeavour to please those whom we converse with, so far as we may do it innocently." I shall here add, that I know nothing so effectual to raise a man's fortune as complaisance; which recommends more to the favour of the great, than wit, knowledge, or any other talent whatsoever. I find this consideration very prettily illustrated by a little wild Arabian tale which I shall here abridge, for the sake of my reader, after having again warned him,

that I do not recommend to him such an impertinent or vicious complaisance as is not consistent with honour and integrity.

Schacabac, being reduced to great poverty, and having ate nothing for two days together, made a visit to a noble Barmecide in Persia, who was very hospitable, but withal a great humourist. The Barmecide was sitting at his table that seemed ready covered for an entertainment. Upon hearing Schacabac's complaint, he desired him to sit down and fall on. He then gave him an empty plate, and asked him how he liked his rice-soup. Schacabac, who was a man of wit, and resolved to comply with the Barmecide in all his humours, told him it was admirable, and at the same time, in imitation of the other, lifted up the empty spoon to his mouth with great pleasure. The Barmecide then asked him if he ever saw whiter bread? Schacabac, who saw neither bread nor meat, If I did not like it, you may be sure, says he, I should not eat so heartily of it. You oblige me mightily, replied the Barmecide, pray let me help you to this leg of a goose. Schacabac reached out his plate, and received nothing on it with great cheerfulness. As he was eating very heartily on this imaginary goose, and crying up the sauce to the skies, the Barmecide desired him to keep a corner of his stomach for a roasted lamb fed with pistachio-nuts, and after having called for it, as though it had really been served up, Here is a dish, says he, that you will see at no body's table but my own. Schacabac was wonderfully delighted with the taste of it, which is like nothing, says he, I ever ate before. Several other nice dishes were served up in idea, which both of them commended, and feasted on after the same manner. This was

followed by an invisible desert, no part of which
 delighted Schachabac so much as a certain lozenge,
 which the Barmecide told him was a sweet, great
 of his own invention. Schachabac, at length,
 being courteously reproached by the Barmecide
 that he had no stomach, and that he ate nothing,
 and at the same time being tired with moving
 his jaws up and down to no purpose, desired to
 be excused, for that really he was so full he could
 not eat a bit more. Come then, says the Barme-
 cide, the cloth shall be removed, and you shall
 taste of my wines, which I may say, without va-
 nity, are the best in Persia. He then filled both
 their glasses out of an empty decanter. Schaca-
 bac would have excused himself from drinking so
 much at once, because he said he was a little
 quarrelsome in his humor; however, being pressed
 to it, he pretended to take it off, having before-
 hand praised the colour, and afterwards the fla-
 vour. Being plied with two or three other imagi-
 nary bumpers of different wines, equally delicious,
 and a little vexed with this fantastic treat, he
 pretended to grow flushed, and gave the Bar-
 mecide a good box on the ear, but immediately
 recovering himself, Sir, says he, I beg ten thou-
 sand pardons, but I told you before, that it was
 my misfortune to be quarrelsome in my drink.
 The Barmecide could not but smile at the humour
 of his guest, and instead of being angry at him,
 I find, says he, thou art a complaisant fellow,
 and deservest to be entertained in my house. Since
 thou canst accommodate thyself to my humour, we
 will now eat together in good earnest. Upon which
 calling for his supper, the rice-soup, the goose,
 the pistacho-lamb, the several other nice dishes,
 with the desert, the lozenges, and all the variety

of Persian wines, were served up, sweet breath one
after another, and Schachab was full of spirits
and with those very things, which he had before
been entertained with in imagination, and
being courteously reproached by the Rastmehde
that he had no flowers, and that the wine

No. 163. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17.

WHEN I am disposed to give myself a day's rest, I order the Lion to be opened, and search into that magazine of intelligence for such letters as are to my purpose. The first I look into comes to me from one who is chaplain to a great family. He treats himself, in the beginning of it, after such a manner, as I am persuaded no man of sense would treat him. Even the Lawyer and the Physician to a Man of Quality, expect to be used like Gentlemen, and much more may any one of so superior a profession. I am by no means for encouraging that dispute, whether the Chaplain or the Master of the house be the better man, and the more to be respected. The two learned authors, Dr Hicks, and Mr Collier, to whom I might add several others, are to be excused, if they have carried the point a little too high in favour of the Chaplain, since in so corrupt an age as that we live in, the popular opinion runs too far into the other extreme. The only controversy between the Patron and the Chaplain, ought to be, which should promote the good designs and interests of each other.

most; and for my part, I think it is the happiest circumstance in a great estate or title, that it qualifies a man for chusing out of such a learned and valuable body of men as that of the English clergy, a friend, a spiritual guide, and a companion. The letter I have received, from one of this order, is as follows.

Mr GUARDIAN,

I HOPE you will not only indulge me in the liberty of two or three questions, but also in the solution of them.

I have had the honour, many years, of being Chaplain to a Noble family, and of being accounted the highest servant in the house, either out of respect to my cloth, or because I ly in the uppermost garret.

Whilst my old Lord lived, his table was always adorned with useful learning and innocent mirth, as well as covered with plenty. I was not looked upon as a piece of furniture fit only to sanctify and garnish a feast, but treated as a gentleman, and generally desired to fill up the conversation an hour after I had done my duty. But now my young Lord is come to the estate, I find I am looked upon as a *censor morum*, an obstacle to mirth and talk, and suffered to retire constantly with 'Prosperity to the church' in my mouth.

I declare solemnly, Sir, that I have heard nothing, from all the Fine Gentlemen who visit us, more remarkably for half a year, than that one young lord was seven times drunk at Genoa, and another had an affair with a famous courtesan at Venice. I have lately taken the liberty to stay three or four rounds beyond the church, to see what topics of discourse they went upon; but to my great

surprised, have hardly heard a word all the time besides the toasts. Then they all stare full in my face, and they all the actions of uneasiness till I am gone. Immediately upon my departure, to use the words in an old comedy, I find by the noise they make, that they had a mind to be "private." I am at a loss to imagine what conversation they have among one another, which I may not be present at; since I love innocent mirth as much as any of them, and am shocked with no freedoms whatsoever, which are consistent with christianity. I have, with much ado, maintained my post hitherto at the desert, and every day ate tart in the face of my patron; but how long I shall be invested with this privilege I do not know. For the servants, who do not see me supported as I was in my Lord's time, begin to brush very familiarly by me, and thrust aside my chair, when they set the sweetmeats on the table. I have been born and educated a Gentleman, and desire you will make the public sensible, that the Christian Priesthood was never thought in any age or country to debase the man who is a member of it. Among the great services which your useful papers daily do to religion, this perhaps will not be the least, and will lay a very great obligation on your unknown servant, G. W.

Venerable Nestor,
I WAS very much pleased with your paper of the 7th instant, in which you recommend the study of useful knowledge to women of quality or fortune. I have since that met with a very elegant poem written by the famous Sir Thomas More. It is inscribed to a friend of his who was then seeking out a wife; he advises him on that

• occasion to overlook wealth and beauty, and if
• he desires a happy life, to join himself with a wo-
• man of virtue and knowledge. His words on this
• last head are, as follow.

<i>Proculque stulta sit,</i>	<i>Sinu quiescere;</i>
<i>Pereis labellulis,</i>	<i>Dum grata te sonat;</i>
<i>Semper loquacitas;</i>	<i>Manaque mobili</i>
<i>Proculque rusticum</i>	<i>Dum placida perferat;</i>
<i>Semper silentium.</i>	<i>Et voce (quæ nec est)</i>
<i>Sit illa, vel modò</i>	<i>Progne, serena</i>
<i>Instructa literis;</i>	<i>Tua suavior)</i>
<i>Vel talis, ut modò</i>	<i>Amenæ consillio;</i>
<i>Sit apta literis;</i>	<i>Apollo quæ voluit</i>
<i>Felix quævis bene</i>	<i>Audire carminat.</i>
<i>Præcis ab omnibus</i>	<i>Jam te juuaveris</i>
<i>Passis libellulis</i>	<i>Sermone blando</i>
<i>Vitam beatissimam</i>	<i>Docet tamen, dicat</i>
<i>Haurire dogmata;</i>	<i>Noctesque ducere;</i>
<i>Armata cum quibus;</i>	<i>Notare verbum;</i>
<i>Nec ista prosperis</i>	<i>Mellita, mixtim</i>
<i>Superba turgat;</i>	<i>Nam absque gratis;</i>
<i>Nec ista turbidis</i>	<i>Ab ore melleo</i>
<i>Miscella lugeat;</i>	<i>Semper suavia</i>
<i>Prostrata casibus;</i>	<i>Quibus coenat;</i>
<i>Juanda se erit</i>	<i>Si quando te leuati</i>
<i>Semper, nec unquam erit</i>	<i>Inane gaudium;</i>
<i>Gravis, molesta</i>	<i>Quibus levaveris,</i>
<i>Vita comest tue</i>	<i>Si quando deprimat</i>
<i>Quæ docta parvulas</i>	<i>Te mentis anxius.</i>
<i>Docabit et tuas</i>	<i>Gerabis in quibus</i>
<i>Cum læta literas;</i>	<i>Summa eloquentia;</i>
<i>Olim nepotulos</i>	<i>Jam cum omnium gravi</i>
<i>Jam te juuaveris</i>	<i>Rerum scientia;</i>
<i>Kindi relinquere;</i>	<i>Talem olim ego putem</i>
<i>Doctæque conjugis</i>	<i>Et vatis Opebei</i>

*Fuisse conjugens dolens Quæ nulla ab altero
 Nec unquam ab inferis Unquam fuit pars, ad
 Casaque improbo Quæ mentis doctorum
 Labore, feminam Fuisse Pulliam
 Referre rusticam: Talisque, quæ tulit
 Talemque credimus Gracchos dnos, fuit
 Nasonis inclitam, Quæ quos tulit, bonis
 Quæ vel patrem queat Instruxit artibus;
 Nequæ curmætor, Nec profuit minus
 Fuisse filiam, Magistras, quam patris.
 Talomque suspicor*

The sense of this elegant description is as follows.

May you meet with a wife who is not always
 stupidly silent, nor always prattling nonsense! May
 she be learned, if possible, or at least capable of
 being made so! A woman thus accomplished will
 be always drawing sentences and maxims of vir-
 tue out of the best authors of antiquity. She
 will be herself in all changes of fortune, neither
 blown up in prosperity, nor broken with adver-
 sity. You will find in her an even, cheerful, good-
 humoured friend, and an agreeable companion
 for life. She will infuse knowledge into your
 children with their milk, and from their infancy
 train them up to wisdom. Whatever company
 you are engaged in you will long to be at home,
 and retire with delight from the society of men
 into the bosom of one who is so dear, so knowing
 and so amiable. If she touches her lute, or sings
 to it any of her own compositions, her voice will
 sooth you in your solitudes, and sound more
 sweetly in your ear than that of the nightingale.
 You will waste with pleasure whole days and
 nights in her conversation, and be ever finding
 out new beauties in her discourse. She will keep

your mind in perpetual serenity, restrain its mirth from being dissolute, and prevent its melancholy from being painful. Such was doubtless the wife of Orpheus, for who would have undergone what he did to have recovered a foolish bride? Such was the daughter of Ovid, who was his rival in poetry. Such was Tullia, as she is celebrated by the most learned, and the most fond of fathers. And such was the mother of the two Gracchi, who is no less famous for having been their instructor, than their parent.

No. 164. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15.

The same rich metal glitters on the tree.

AN eminent prelate of our church observes that there is no way of writing so proper, for the refining and polishing a language, as the translating of books into it, if he who undertakes it has a competent skill of the one tongue, and is a master of the other. When a man writes his own thoughts, the heat of his fancy, and the quickness of his mind, carry him so much after the notions themselves, that for the most part he is too warm to judge of the aptness of words, and the justness of figures; so that he either neglects these too much, or overdoes them. But when a man translates, he has none of these heats about him, and therefore the French took no ill method, when they intended to reform and

"to beautify their language, in setting their best writers on work to translate the Greek and Latin authors into it." Thus far this learned preface.
 "And another lately deceased, tells us, that the way of leaving verbal translations, and chiefly regarding the sense and genius of the author, was scarce heard of in England before this present age." As for the difficulty of translating well, everyone, I believe, must allow any illud Romanum to be in the right, when he says, *non est in re, sed in nomine*.
 "Tis true, composing is the nobler part.
 "But good translation is no easy art:
 "For tho' materials have long since been found,
 "Yet both your fancy, and your hands are bound:
 "And by improving what was writ before,
 "Invention labours less, but judgment more."

Dryden judiciously remarks, that "a translator is to make his author appear as charming as possibly he can, provided he maintains his character, and makes him not unlike himself." And a too close, and servile imitation, which the same poet calls "treading on the heels of an author," is deservedly laughed at by Sir John Denham. "I conceive it," says he, "a vulgar error in translating poets, to affect being *fidelis interpres*. Let that care be with them who deal in matters of fact, or matters of faith; but whosoever aims at it in poetry, as he attempts what is not required, so shall he never perform what he attempts; for it is not his business alone to translate language into language; but poetry into poetry; and poetry is of so subtle a spirit, that in pouring out of one language into another, it will all evaporate, and if a new spirit is not added in the transfusion, there will remain nothing but a *caput mortuum*, there being certain graces and happinesses peculiar to every

" language, which give life and energy to the
 " words; and who ever offers at verbal transla-
 " tions, shall have the misfortune of that young
 " traveller who lost his own language abroad,
 " and brought home no other instead of it. For
 " the grace of the Latin will be lost by being turned
 " into English words, and the grace of the English
 " by being turned into the Latin phrase."

After this collection of authorities out of some
 of our greatest English writers, I shall present my
 reader with a translation, in which the author has
 conformed himself to the opinion of these great
 men. The beauty of the translation is sufficient to
 recommend it to the public, without acquainting
 them that the translator is Mr Eusden of Cambridge;
 who obliged them in the Guardian of August the
 6th, with the Court of Venus out of the same La-
 tin poet, which was highly applauded by the best
 judges in performances of this nature.

The Speech of PLUTO to PROSERPINE, from
 the second book of her Rape, by CLAUDIAN.

" **C**EASE, cease, fair nymph, to lavish precious tears,
 " And discompose your soul with airy fears.
 " Look on Sicilia's glittering coasts with scorn;
 " A nobler sceptre shall that hand adorn.
 " Imperial power shall soothe a generous pride;
 " The bridegroom never will disgrace the bride,
 " If you above terrestrial thrones aspire.
 " From Heav'n I spring, and Saturn was my sire.
 " The power of Pluto stretches all around
 " Uncircumscrib'd by Nature's utmost bound:
 " Where matter mould'ring dies, where forms decay,
 " Thro' the vast trackless void extends my sway.
 " Mark not with mournful eyes the fainting light,
 " Nor tremble at this interval of night;
 " A fairer scene shall open to your view,
 " An earth more verdant, and a heav'n more blue.

" Another Phœbus gilds those happy skies,
 " And other stars, with purer flames, arise.
 " There chaste adores shall their praises join,
 " And with the choicest gifts enrich your shrine.
 " The blissful climes no change of ages knew,
 " The golden first began, and still is new.
 " That golden age your world a while could boast,
 " But here it flourish'd, and was never lost.
 " Perpetual zephyrs breathe thro' fragrant bow'rs;
 " And painted meads smile with unbidden flow'rs;
 " Flow'rs of immortal bloom and various hues,
 " No rival sweets in your own Enna grew.
 " In the recess of a cool Sylvan glade,
 " A monarch-tree projects no vulgar shade.
 " Encumber'd with their wealth, the branches bend,
 " And golden apples to your reach descend.
 " Spare not the fruit, but pluck the blooming ore,
 " The yellow harvest will increase the more.
 " But I too long on trifling themes explain,
 " Nor speak th' unbounded glories of your reign.
 " While Nature owns your power, what else can have birth?
 " And live, and move o'er all the face of earth;
 " Or in old Ocean's mighty caverns sleep,
 " Or sportive roll along the mainy deep,
 " Or on stiff pinions airy journeys take,
 " Or cut the floating stream in flagrant lakes.
 " In vain they labour to preserve their breath,
 " And soon fall victims to your subject, Death.
 " Unnumber'd triumphs swift to you he brings,
 " Hail! goddess of all sublunary things.
 " Empires, that sink above, here rise again,
 " And worlds unpeopled crowd th' Elysian plain.
 " The rich, the poor, the monarch, and the slave,
 " Know no superior honours in the grave.
 " Proud tyrants once, and laurel'd chiefs shall come,
 " And kneel, and trembling wait from you their doom.
 " The impious, forc'd, shall then their crimes disclose,
 " And see past pleasures teem with future woes;
 " Deplore in darkness your impartial sway,
 " While spotless souls enjoy the fields of day.
 " When ripe for second birth, the dead shall stand
 " In shiv'ring throngs on the Lethæan strand,
 " That shade whom you approve, shall first be brought
 " To quaff oblivion in the pleasing draught.

"Whose thread of life, just spun you would renew,
 "But nod, and Clotho shall rewind the clew.
 "Let no distrust of pow'r your joys abate,
 "Speak what you wish, and what you speak is fate.
 "The ravisher thus sooth'd the weeping fair,
 "And cheek'd the fury of his steeds with care:
 "Possess'd of beauty's charms, he calmly rode,
 "And love first soften'd the relentless God."

No 165. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 59.

"Decipit exemplar, vitis imitabilis."—*Hor. Ep. 19. l. 1. v. 17.*

Exemplis, vice can imitare, decipere.

Cræch.

IT is a melancholy thing to see a coxcomb at the head of a family. He scatters infection through the whole house. His wife and children have always their eyes upon him: if they have more sense than himself, they are out of countenance for him: if less, they submit their understandings to him, and make daily improvements in folly and impertinence. I have been very often secretly concerned, when I have seen a circle of pretty children cramped in their natural parts, and prattling even below themselves, while they are talking after a couple of silly parents. The dulness of a father often extinguishes a genius in the son, or gives such a wrong cast to his mind, as it is hard for him ever to wear off. In short, where the head of a family is weak, you hear the repetitions of his insipid pleasantries, shallow conceits and topical points of mirth, in every member of it. His table, his fire-side, his parties of diversion, are all of them so many standing scenes of folly.

This is one reason why I would the more recommend the improvements of the mind to my female readers, that a family may have a double chance for it; and if it meets with weakness in one of the heads, may have it made up in the other. It is indeed an unhappy circumstance in a family, where the wife has more knowledge than the husband; but it is better it should be so, than that there should be no knowledge in the whole house. It is highly expedient that at least one of the persons, who sits at the helm of affairs, should give an example of good sense to those who are under them in these little domestic governments.

If folly is of ill consequence in the head of a family, vice is much more so, as it is of a more pernicious nature. When the master is a profligate, the rake runs through the house. You hear the sons talking loosely and swearing after the father, and see the daughters either familiarized to his discourse, or every moment blushing for him.

The very footman will be a fine gentleman in his master's way. He improves by his table-talk, and repeats in the kitchen what he learns in the parlour. Invest him with the same title and ornaments, and you would scarce know him from his lord. He practises the same oaths, the same ribaldry, the same way of joking.

It is therefore of very great concern to a family, that the ruler of it should be wise and virtuous. The first of these qualifications does not indeed lie within his power; but though a man cannot abstain from being weak, he may from being vicious. It is in his power to give a good example of modesty, of temperance, of frugality, of religion, and of all other virtues, which though the greatest ornaments

of human nature, may be put in practice by men of the most ordinary capacities.

As wisdom and virtue are the proper qualifications in the maker of a house, if he is not accomplished in both of them, it is much better that he should be deficient in the former than in the latter, since the consequences of vice are of an infinitely more dangerous nature than those of folly.

When I read the histories that are left us of Pythagoras, I cannot but take notice of the extraordinary influence which that great philosopher, who was an illustrious pattern of virtue and wisdom, had on his private family. This excellent man, after having perfected himself in the learning of his own country, travelled into all the known parts of the world, on purpose to converse with the most learned men of every place; by which means he gleaned up all the knowledge of the age, and is still admired by the greatest men of the present times, as a prodigy of science. His wife Theano wrote several books; and after his death taught his philosophy in his public school, which was frequented by numberless disciples of different countries. There are several excellent sayings recorded of her. I shall only mention one, because it does honour to her virtue, as well as to her wisdom. Being asked by some of her sex, in how long a time a woman might be allowed to pray to the gods after having conversed with a man? "If it were her husband," says she, "the next day; if a stranger, never." Pythagoras had by this wife two sons and three daughters. His two sons, Telauges and Mnesticus, were both eminent philosophers, and were joined with their mother in the government of the Pythagorean school. Arignote was one of the daughters, whose writings were ex-

tant, and very much admired, in the age of Porphyrius. Damo was another of his daughters, in whose hands Pythagoras left his works, with a prohibition to communicate them to strangers, which she observed to the hazard of her life; and though she was offered a great sum for them, rather chose to live in poverty, than not obey the commands of her beloved father. Mila was the third of the daughters, whose works and history were very famous, even in Lucian's time. She was so signally virtuous, that for her unblemished behaviour in her virginity, she was chosen to lead up the chorus of maids in a national assembly; and for her exemplary conduct in marriage, was placed at the head of all the matrons, in the like public ceremony. The memory of this learned woman was so precious among her countrymen, that her house was after her death converted into a temple, and the street she lived in called by the name of the Muses. Nor must I omit, whilst I am mentioning this great philosopher under his character as the master of a family, that two of his servants so improved themselves under him, that they were instituted into his sect, and make an eminent figure in the list of Pythagoreans. The names of these two servants were Arsons and Zamolxes. This single example sufficiently shews us both the influence and the merit of one who discharges as he ought the office of a good master of a family: which if it were well observed in every house, would quickly put an end to that universal depravation of manners, by which the present age is so much distinguished, and which it is more easy to lament than to reform.

Vol. II.

No 166. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 21.

*"Aliquisque malo fuit usus in illo."**Ovid. Met. J. 2. v. 332.*Some comfort from the mighty mischief rose. *Addison.*

CHARITY is a virtue of the heart, and not of the hands, says an old writer. Gifts and alms are the expressions, not the essence of this virtue. A man may bestow great sums on the poor and indigent without being charitable; and may be charitable when he is not able to bestow any thing. Charity is therefore a habit of good-will, or benevolence, in the soul, which disposes us to the love, assistance, and relief of mankind, especially of those who stand in need of it. The poor man who has this excellent frame of mind, is no less intitled to the reward of this virtue than the man who founds a college. For my own part, I am charitable to an extravagante this way. I never saw an indigent person in my life, without reaching out to him some of this imaginary relief. I cannot but sympathise with every one I meet that is in affliction; and if my abilities were equal to my wishes, there should be neither pain nor poverty in the world.

To give my reader a right notion of myself in this particular, I shall present him with the secret history of one of the most remarkable parts of my life.

I was once engaged in search of the philosopher's stone. It is frequently observed of men who have been busied in this pursuit, that though they have

failed in their principal design, they have however made such discoveries in their way to it, as have sufficiently recompensed their inquiries. In the same manner, though I cannot boast of my success in that affair, I do not repent of my engaging in it, because it produced in my mind such an habitual exercise of charity, as made it much better than perhaps it would have been, had I never been lost in so pleasing a delusion.

As I did not question but I should soon have a new ladies in my possession, I was perpetually taken up in considering how to turn it to the benefit of mankind. In order to it I employed a whole day in walking about this great city, to find out proper places for the erection of hospitals. I had likewise entertained that project, which has since succeeded in another place, of building churches at the court-end of the town, with this only difference; that instead of fifty, I intended to have built a hundred, and to have seen them all finished in less than one year.

I had with great pains and application got together a list of all the French protestants; and by the best accounts I could come at, had calculated the value of all those estates and effects which every one of them had left in his own country for the sake of his religion, being fully determined to make it up to him, and return some of them the double of what they had lost.

As I was one day in my laboratory, my operator, who was to fill my coffers for me, and used to foot it from the other end of the town every morning, complained of a sprain in his leg, that he had met with over against St Clement's church. This so affected me, that as a standing mark of my gratitude to him, and out of compassion to the rest

of my fellow citizens, I resolved to new-pave every street within the liberties, and entered a memorandum in my pocket-book accordingly. About the same time I entertained some thoughts of mending all the high-ways on this side the Tweed, and of making all the rivers in England navigable.

But the project I had most at heart was the settling upon every man in Great-Britain three pounds a-year (in which sum may be comprised, according to Sir William Pettit's observations, all the necessities of life) leaving to them whatever else they could get by their own industry to lay out on superfluities.

I was above a week debating in myself what I should do in the matter of Improvements; but at length came to a resolution to buy them all up, and restore them to the church.

As I was one day walking near St. Paul's, I took some time to survey that structure, and not being intirely satisfied with it, though I could not tell why, I had some thoughts of pulling it down, and building it up a-new at my own expence.

For my own part, as I have no pride in me, I intended to take up with a coach and six, half a dozen footmen, and live like a private gentleman.

It happened about this time that public matters looked very gloomy, taxes came hard, the war went on heavily, people complained of the great burdens that were laid upon them: This made me resolve to set aside one morning, to consider seriously the state of the nation. I was the more ready to enter on it, because I was obliged, whether I would or no, to sit at home in my morning-gown, having, after a most incredible expence, pawned a new suit of clothes, and a full-bottomed wig, for a sum of money, which my operator assured me was the

last he should want to bring all our matters to bear. After having considered many projects, I at length resolved to beat the common enemy at his own weapons, and laid a scheme which would have blown him up in a quarter of a year, had things succeeded to my wishes. As I was in this golden dream, some body knocked at my door. I opened it, and found it was a messenger that brought me a letter from the laboratory. The fellow looked so miserably poor, that I was resolved to make his fortune before he delivered his message: but seeing he brought a letter from my operator, I concluded I was bound to it in honour, as much as a prince is to give a reward to one that brings him the first news of a victory. I knew this was the long expected hour of projection, and which I had waited for with great impatience, above half a year before. In short, I broke open my letter in a transport of joy, and found it as follows.

SIR,

AFTER having got out of you every thing you can conveniently spare, I scorn to trespass upon your generous nature, and therefore must ingenuously confess to you, that I know no more of the philosopher's stone than you do. I shall only tell you for your comfort, that I could never yet bubble a blockhead out of his money. They must be men of wit and parts who are for my purpose. This made me apply myself to a person of your wealth and ingenuity. How I have succeeded you yourself can best tell.

Your humble servant to command,

THOMAS WHITE.

'I have locked up the laboratory, and laid the key under the door.'

I was very much shocked at the unworthy treatment of this man, and not a little mortified at my disappointment, though not so much for what I myself, as what the public suffered by it. I think however I ought to let the world know what I designed for them, and hope that such of my readers who find they had a share in my good intentions, will accept of the will for the dead.

N^o 167. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22.

— Fate the way will find.

Dryden.

THE following story is lately translated out of an Arabian manuscript, which I think has very much the turn of an oriental tale; and as it has never before been printed, I question not but it will be highly acceptable to my reader.

The name of Helim is still famous through all the eastern parts of the world. He is called among the Persians, even to this day, Helim the great physician. He was acquainted with all the powers of simples, understood all the influences of the stars, and knew the secrets that were engraved on the seal of Solomon the son of David. Helim was also governor of the Black Palace, and chief of the physicians to Alnareschin the great king of Persia.

Alnareschin was the most dreadful tyrant that

ever reigned in this country. He was of a fearful, suspicious, and cruel nature, having put to death upon very slight jealousies and surmises five and thirty of his queens, and above twenty sons whom he suspected to have conspired against his life. Being at length wearied with the exercise of so many cruelties in his own family, and fearing lest the whole race of Caliphs should be entirely lost, he one day sent for Helim, and spoke to him after this manner. "Helim," said he, "I have long admired thy great wisdom, and retired way of living. I shall now shew thee the entire confidence which I place in thee. I have only two sons remaining, who are as yet but infants. It is my design that thou take them home with thee, and educate them as thy own. Train them up in the humble unambitious pursuits of knowledge. By this means shall the line of Caliphs be preserved, and my children succeed after me, without aspiring to my throne whilst I am yet alive." The words of my Lord the king shall be obeyed, said Helim. After which he bowed, and went out of the king's presence. He then received the children into his own house, and from that time bred them up with him in the studies of knowledge and virtue. The young princes loved and respected Helim as their father, and made such improvements under him, that by the age of one and twenty they were instructed in all the learning of the East. The name of the eldest was Ibrahim, and of the youngest Abdallah. They lived together in such a perfect friendship, that to this day it is said of intimate friends, that they live together like Ibrahim and Abdallah. Helim had an only child, who was a girl of a fine soul, and a most beautiful person. Her father omitted nothing in her education, that

might make her the most accomplished woman of her age. As the young princes were in a manner excluded from the rest of the world, they frequently conversed with this lovely virgin, who had been brought up by her father in the same course of knowledge and of virtue. Abdallah, whose mind was of a softer turn than that of his brother, grew by degrees so enamoured of her conversation, that he did not think he lived, when he was not in company with his beloved Balfora, for that was the name of the maid. The fame of her beauty was so great, that at length it came to the ears of the king, who pretending to visit the young princes his sons, demanded of Helim the sight of Balfora his fair daughter. The king was so inflamed with her beauty and behaviour, that he sent for Helim the next morning, and told him it was now his design to recompence him for all his faithful services; and that in order to it, he intended to make his daughter queen of Persia. Helim, who knew very well the fate of all those unhappy women who had been thus advanced, and could not but be privy to the secret love which Abdallah bore his daughter, "Far be it," says he, "from the king of Persia to contaminate the blood of the Caliphs, and join himself in marriage with the daughter of his physician." The king, however, was so impatient for such a bride, that without hearing any excuses, he immediately ordered Balfora to be sent for into his presence, keeping the father with him, in order to make her sensible of the honour which he designed her. Balfora, who was too modest and humble to think her beauty had made such an impression on the king, was a few moments after brought into his presence as he had commanded.

She appeared in the king's eye as one of the virgins of paradise. But upon hearing the honour which he intended her, she fainted away, and fell down as dead at his feet. Helim wept, and after having recovered her out of the trance into which she was fallen, represented to the king, that so unexpected an honour was too great to have been communicated to her all at once; but that, if he pleased, he would himself prepare her for it. The King bid him take his own way, and dismissed him. Balsora was conveyed again to her father's house, where the thoughts of Abdallah renewed her affliction every moment; insomuch that at length she fell into a raging fever. The King was informed of her condition by those that saw her. Helim finding no other means of extricating her from the difficulties she was in, after having composed her mind, and made her acquainted with his intentions, gave her a certain potion, which he knew would lay her asleep for many hours; and afterwards, in all the seeming distress of a disconsolate father, informed the King she was dead. The King, who never let any sentiments of humanity come too near his heart, did not much trouble himself about the matter; however, for his own reputation, he told the father, that since it was known through the empire that Balsora died at a time when he designed her for his bride, it was his intention that she should be honoured as such after her death, that her body should be laid in the Black Palace, among those of his deceased queens.

In the mean time Abdallah, who had heard of the King's design, was not less afflicted than his beloved Balsora. As for the several circumstances of his distress, as also how the King was informed of an irrecoverable distemper into which he was

fallen, they are to be found at length in the history of Helim. It shall suffice to acquaint the reader, that Helim, some days after the supposed death of his daughter, gave the prince a potion of the same nature with that which had laid asleep Balfora.

It is the custom among the Persians, to convey in a private manner the bodies of all the royal family, a little after their death, into the Black Palace, which is the repository of all who are descended from the Caliphs, or any way allied to them. The chief physician is always governor of the Black Palace; it being his office to embalm and preserve the holy family after they are dead, as well as to take care of them while they are yet living. The Black Palace is so called from the colour of the building, which is all of the finest polished black marble. There are always burning in it five thousand everlasting lamps. It has also a hundred folding doors of ebony, which are each of them watched day and night by a hundred negroes, who are to take care that no body enters, besides the governor.

Helim, after having conveyed the body of his daughter into this repository, and at the appointed time received her out of the sleep into which she was fallen, took care some time after to bring that of Abdallah into the same place. Balfora watched over him till such time as the dose he had taken lost its effect. Abdallah was not acquainted with Helim's design when he gave him this sleepy potion. It is impossible to describe the surprise, the joy, the transport he was in at his first awaking. He fancied himself in the retirements of the blessed, and that the spirit of his dear Balfora, who he thought was just gone before him, was the first who came to congratulate his arrival. She soon informed him of the place he was in, which, notwithstanding all its

horrors, appeared to him more sweet than the bower of Mahomet, in the company of his Balsora.

Helim, who was supposed to be taken up in the embalming of the bodies, visited the place very frequently. His greatest perplexity was how to get the lovers out of it, the gates being watched in such a manner as I have before related. This consideration did not a little disturb the two interred lovers. At length Helim bethought himself, that the first day of the full moon of the month Tizpa was near at hand. Now it is a received tradition among the Persians, that the souls of those of the royal family, who are in a state of bliss, do on the first full moon after their decease pass through the eastern gate of the Black Palace, which is therefore called the gate of paradise, in order to take their flight for that happy place. Helim therefore having made due preparation for this night, dressed each of the lovers in a robe of azure silk, wrought in the finest looms of Persia, with a long train of linen whiter than snow, that floated on the ground behind them. Upon Abdallah's head he fixed a wreath of the greenest myrtle, and on Balsora's a garment of the freshest roses. Their garments were scented with the richest perfumes of Arabia. Having thus prepared every thing, the full moon was no sooner up, and shining in all its brightness, but he privately opened the gate of paradise, and shut it after the same manner, as soon as they had passed through it. The band of negroes who were posted at a little distance from the gate, seeing two such beautiful apparitions, that showed themselves to advantage by the light of the full moon, and being ravished with the odour that flowed from their garments, immediately concluded them to be the ghosts of the two persons lately deceased. They fell upon

their faces as they passed through the midst of them, and continued prostrate on the earth until such time as they were out of sight. They reported the next day what they had seen; but this was looked upon by the King himself, and most others, as the compliment that was usually paid to any of the deceased of his family. Helim had placed two of his own mules at about a mile's distance from the Black Temple, on the spot which they had agreed upon for their rendezvous. Here he met them, and conducted them to one of his own houses, which was situated on mount Khacan. The air of this mountain was so very healthful, that Helim had formerly transported the King thither, in order to recover him out of a long fit of sickness; which succeeded so well that the King made him a present of the whole mountain, with a beautiful house and gardens that were on the top of it. In this retirement lived Abdallah and Balfora. They were both so fraught with all kinds of knowledge, and possessed with so constant and mutual a passion for each other, that their solitude never lay heavy on them. Abdallah applied himself to those arts which were agreeable to his manner of living, and the situation of the place; insomuch that in a few years he converted the whole mountain into a kind of garden, and covered every part of it with plantations or spots of flowers. Helim was too good a father to let him want anything that might conduce to make his retirement pleasant.

In about ten years after their abode in this place the old king died, and was succeeded by his son Ibrahim, who, upon the supposed death of his brother, had been called to court, and entertained there as heir to the Persian empire. Though he was some years inconsolable for the death of his

brother, Helim durst not trust him with the secret, which he knew would have fatal consequences, should it by any means come to the knowledge of the old king. Ibrahim was no sooner mounted to the throne, but Helim sought after a proper opportunity of making a discovery to him, which he knew would be very agreeable to so good-natured and generous a prince. It so happened, that before Helim found such an opportunity as he desired, the new King Ibrahim, having been separated from his company in a chace, and almost fainting with heat and thirst, saw himself at the foot of mount Khacan. He immediately ascended the hill and coming to Helim's house, demanded some refreshments. Helim was very luckily there at that time; and after having set before the king the choicest of wines and fruits, finding him wonderfully pleased with so seasonable a treat, told him that the best part of his entertainment was to come. Upon which he opened to him the whole history of what had passed. The king was at once astonished and transported at so strange a relation, and seeing his brother enter the room with Balsora in his hand, he leaped off from the sofa on which he sat, and cried out, "It is he! it is my Abdallah!" Having said this, he fell upon his neck, and wept. The whole company, for some time, remained silent, and shedding tears of joy. The King at length, having kindly reproached Helim for depriving him so long of such a brother, embraced Balsora with the greatest tenderness, and told her that she should now be a Queen indeed, for that he would immediately make his brother King of all the conquered nations on the other side the Tigris. He easily discovered in the eyes of our two lovers, that instead of being transported with the offer, they pre-

ferred their present retirement to empire. At their request therefore he changed his intentions, and made them a present of all the open country as far as they could see from the top of mount Khacan. Abdallah continuing to extend his former improvements, beautified this whole prospect with groves and fountains, gardens and seats of pleasure, until it became the most delicious spot of ground within the empire, and is therefore called the garden of Persia. This Caliph, Ibrahim, after a long and happy reign, died without children, and was succeeded by Abdallah, a son of Abdallah and Balford. This was that King Abdallah, who afterwards fixed the imperial residence upon mount Khacan, which continues at this time to be the favourite palace of the Persian empire.

No. 1682. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23.

“Loca iam recitata revolvimus.”

Hor. Ep. l. i. l. 2. v. 223.

The same subjects we repeat.

SIR,

I OBSERVE that many of your late papers have represented to us the characters of accomplished women; but among all of them I do not find a quotation which I expected to have seen in your works: I mean the character of the mistress of a family as it is drawn out at length in the book of Proverbs. For my part, considering it only as a human composition, I do not

" think that there is any character in Theophrastus,
 " which has so many beautiful particulars in it;
 " and which is drawn with such elegance of
 " thought and phrasing, and wonders that it is not
 " written in letters of gold in the great hall of every
 " country gentleman.

" Who can find a virtuous woman? for her
 " price is far above rubies.

" The heart of her husband doth safely trust in
 " her, so that he shall have no need of spoil.

" She will do him good and not evil all the days
 " of her life.

" She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh diligently
 " gently with her hands.

" She is like the merchant ships, she bringeth her
 " food from afar.

" She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth
 " meat to her household, and a portion to
 " her maidens.

" She considereth a field, and buyeth it; with
 " the fruit of her hands she planteth a vine-
 " yard.

" She girdeth her loins with strength, and
 " strengtheneth her arms.

" She perceiveth that her merchandise is good;
 " her candle goeth not out by night.

" She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her
 " hands hold the distaff.

" She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea,
 " she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

" She is not afraid of the snow for her household;
 " for all her household are clothed with scarlet.

" She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her
 " clothing is silk and purple.

" Her husband is known in the gates, when he
 " sitteth among the elders of the land.

"She maketh fine linen and selleth it, and delivereth girdles unto the merchant.
 "Strength and honour are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come.
 "She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.
 "She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.
 "Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.
 "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.
 "Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.
 "Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates.
 "Your humble servant."

SIR, I VENTURED to your Lion with the following lines, upon an assurance; that if you thought them not proper food for your beast, you would at least permit him to tear them.

From Anacreon.

"Αγὲ ζωγράφων ἀπίστ' &c.

BEST and happiest artisan,
 Best of painters, if you can,
 With your many-coloured art,
 Paint the mistress of my heart;
 Describe the charms you heat from me,
 (Her charms you could not paint and see)
 And make the absent nymph appear,
 As if her lovely self was here.

" First draw her soft flowing hair
 " As soft and black as the is fair;
 " And if your art can rise so high,
 " Give her breathing odours round her by
 " Beneath the shade of flowing hair
 " The ivory forehead, smoothly set,
 " With care the sable brows extend,
 " And in two arches nicely bend;
 " That the fair space which lies between
 " The melting shade, may scarce be seen;
 " The eye must be uncommon fire,
 " Sparkle, languish, and desire;
 " The flames unseen must yet be felt;
 " Like Pallas kill, like Venus melt.
 " The rosy cheeks must seem to glow
 " Amidst the white of new-fall'n snow,
 " Let her lips persuasion wear,
 " In silence elegantly fair;
 " As if the blushing rivals strove,
 " Breathing and inviting love,
 " Below her chin be sure to deck
 " With ev'ry grace her polish'd neck;
 " While all that's pretty, soft, and sweet,
 " In the swelling bosom meet.
 " The rest in purple garments veil;
 " Her body, not her shape conceal.
 " Enough—the lovely work is done;
 " The breathing paint will speak anon.

" I am, Sir,

" your humble servant."

" Mr IRONSIDE,

" THE letter which I sent you some time ago,
 " and was subscribed English Tory, has made,
 " as you must have observed, a very great bustle in
 " town. There are come out against me two Pam-
 " phlets and two Examiners; but there are printed
 " on my side a letter to the GUARDIAN about Dun-
 " kirk, and a pamphlet call'd Dunkirk or Dover. I
 " am no proper judge who has the better of the ar-

gument, the Examiner or myself: But I am sure my seconds are better than his. I have addressed a defence against the ill-treatment I have received for my letter, (which ought to have made every man in England my friend) to the bailiff of Stockbridge, because, as the world goes, I am to think myself very much obliged to that honest man, and esteem him my patron, who allowed that fifty was a greater number than one and twenty, and returned me accordingly to serve for that borough.

There are very many scurrilous things said against me, but I have turned them to my advantage, by quoting them at large, and by that means swelling the volume to 1s. price. If I may be so free with myself, I might put you in mind upon this occasion of one of those animals which are famous for their love of mankind, that when a bone is thrown at them, fall to eating it, instead of flying at the person who threw it. Please to read the account of the channel, by the map at Will's, and you will find what I represent concerning the importance of Dunkirk, as to its situation, very just.

I am, Sir,

Very often your great admirer,

RICHARD STEALL.

argument, the Examiner or myself: But I am sure my records are better than his. I have studied a defence against the ill-treatment I have received.

No 169. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27.

Every man in England may think, as the world goes, I am to Stockport, because, as the world goes, I am to think myself obliged to that town.

Caelumque tuum
Olli. Mr. J. J. V. 12!

And bade him lift to heav'n his wond'ring eyes.

IN fair weather, when my heart is cheered, and I find that exaltation of spirits which results from light and warmth, joined with a beautiful prospect of nature; I regard myself as one placed by the hand of God in the midst of an ample theatre, in which the sun, moon and stars, the fruits also, and vegetables of the earth, perpetually changing their positions, or their aspects, exhibit an elegant entertainment to the understanding, as well as to the eye.

Thunder and lightening, rain and hail, the painted bow, and the glaring comets, are decorations of this mighty theatre. And the table hemisphere studded with spangles, the blue vault at noon, the glorious gildings and rich colours in the horizon, I look on as so many successive scenes.

When I consider things in this light, methinks it is a sort of impiety to have no attention to the course of nature, and the revolutions of the heavenly bodies. To be regardless of those phenomena that are placed within our view, on purpose to entertain our faculties, and display the wisdom and power of their Creator, is an affront to Providence of the same kind, (I hope it is not impious to make such a simile) as it would be to a good poet, to sit

out his play without minding the plot or beauties of it.

And yet how few are there who attend to the drama of nature, its artificial structure, and those admirable machines, whereby the passions of a philosopher are gratefully agitated, and his soul affected with the sweet emotions of joy and surprise!

How many fox-hunters and rural squires are to be found in Great Britain, who are ignorant that they have all this while lived on a planet; that the sun is several thousand times bigger than the earth; and that there are other worlds within our view greater and more glorious than our own? Ay, but says some illiterate fellow, I enjoy the world, and leave others to contemplate it. Yes, you eat and drink, and run about upon it, that is, you enjoy it as a brute; but to enjoy it as a rational being, is to know it, to be sensible of its greatness and beauty, to be delighted with its harmony, and by these reflections to obtain just sentiments of the Almighty mind that framed it.

The man who, unembarrassed with vulgar cares, leisurely attends to the flux of things in heaven, and things on earth, and observes the laws by which they are governed, hath secured to himself an easy and convenient seat, where he beholds with pleasure all that passes on the stage of nature, while those about him are, some fast asleep, and others struggling for the highest places, or turning their eyes from the entertainment prepared by Providence, to play at push-pin with one another.

Within this ample circumference of the world, the glorious lights that are hung on high, the meteors in the middle region, the various livery of the earth, and the profusion of good things that distin-

gush the seasons, yield a prospect which annihilates all human grandeur. But when we have seen frequent returns of the same things, when we have often viewed the heaven and the earth in all their various array, our attention flags, and our admiration ceases. All the art and magnificence in nature could not make us pleased with the same entertainment, presented a hundred years successively to our view.

I am led into this way of thinking by a question started the other night, *viz.* Whether it were possible that a man should be weary of a fortunate and healthy course of life? My opinion was, that the bare repetition of the same objects, abstracted from all other inconveniences, was sufficient to create in our minds a distaste of the world; and that the abhorrence old men have of death, proceeds rather from a distrust of what may follow, than from the prospect of losing any present enjoyments. For (as an ancient author somewhere expresses it) when a man has seen the vicissitudes of night and day, winter and summer, spring and autumn, the retreating faces of the several parts of nature, what is there further to detain his fancy here below?

The spectacle indeed is glorious, and may bear viewing several times. But in a very few scenes of revolving years, we feel a satiety of the same images; the mind grows impatient to see the curtain drawn, and behold new scenes disclosed; and the imagination is in this life filled with a confused idea of the next.

Death, considered in this light, is no more than passing from one entertainment to another. If the present objects are grown tiresome and distasteful, it is in order to prepare our minds for a more exquisite relish of those which are fresh and new. If

the good things we have hitherto enjoyed are transient, they will be succeeded by those which the inexhaustible power of the Deity will supply to eternal ages. If the pleasures of our present state are blended with pain and uneasiness, our future will consist of sincere unmixed delights. Blessed hope! the thought whereof turns the very imperfections of our nature into occasions of comfort and joy.

But what consolation is left to the man who hath no hope or prospect of these things? View him in that part of life when the natural decay of his faculties concurs with the frequency of the same objects to make him weary of this world, when like a man who hangs upon a precipice, his present situation is uneasy, and the moment that he quits his hold, he is sure of sinking into hell or annihilation.

There is not any character so hateful as his who invents racks and tortures for mankind. The Free-thinkers make it their business to introduce doubts, perplexities and despair into the minds of men, and, according to the poet's rule, are most justly punished by their own schemes.

No 170. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.

Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes. Virg. *Æn.* 2. v. 49.

I fear your Greeks, with presents in their hands.

• Most venerable NESTOR,

London, Sept. 22.

THE plan laid down in your first paper gives me a title and authority to apply to you, in behalf of the trading world. According to

the general scheme you proposed in your said first paper, you have not professed only to entertain men of wit and polite taste, but also to be useful to the trader and the artificer. You cannot do your country greater service than by informing all ranks of men amongst us, that the greatest benefactor to them all is the merchant. The merchant advances the gentleman's rent, gives the artificer food, and supplies the courtier's luxury. But give me leave to say, that neither you, nor all your clan of wits can put together so useful and commodious a treatise for the welfare of your fellow subjects as that which an eminent merchant of the city has lately written. It is called General Maxims of trade, particularly applied to the commerce between Great Britain and France. I have made an extract of it, so as to bring it within the compass of your paper, which take as follows.

I. That trade which exports manufactures made of the product of the country, is undoubtedly good; such is the sending abroad our Yorkshire cloth, Colchester bays, Exeter serges, Norwich stuffs, &c. Which being made purely of British wool, as much as those exports amount to, so much is the clear gain of the nation.

II. That trade which helps off the consumption of our superfluities, is also visibly advantageous; as the exporting of allum, copperas, leather, tin, lead, coals, &c. So much as the exported superfluities amount unto, so much also is the clear national profit.

III. The importing of foreign materials to be manufactured at home, especially when the goods, after they are manufactured, are mostly sent abroad, is also, without dispute, very beneficial;

as for instance, Spanish wool, which for that reason is exempted from paying any duties.

IV. The importation of foreign materials to be manufactured here, although the manufactured goods are chiefly consumed by us, may be also beneficial; especially, when the said materials are procured in exchange for our commodities; as raw-silk, grogram, yarn, and other goods brought from Turkey.

V. Foreign materials, wrought up here into such goods as would otherwise be imported ready manufactured, is a means of saving money to the nation: Such is the importation of hemp, flax, and raw-silk; it is therefore to be wondered at, that these commodities are not exempt from all duties, as well as Spanish wool.

VI. A trade may be called good which exchanges manufactures for manufactures, and commodities for commodities. Germany takes as much in value of our woolen and other goods, as we do of their linen: By this means numbers of people are employed on both sides, to their mutual advantage.

VII. An importation of commodities, bought partly for money and partly for goods, may be of national advantage; if the greatest part of the commodities thus imported, are again exported, as in the case of East-India goods: and generally all imports of goods which are re-exported, are beneficial to a nation.

VIII. The carrying of goods from one foreign country to another, is a profitable article in trade: Our ships are often thus employed between Portugal, Italy, and the Levant, and sometimes in the East-Indies.

IX. When there is a necessity to import goods

which a nation cannot be without, although such goods are chiefly purchased with money, it cannot be accounted a bad trade, as our trade to Norway and other parts, from whence are imported naval stores and materials for building.

But a trade is disadvantageous to a nation,

1. Which brings in things of mere luxury and pleasure, which are entirely, or for the most part, consumed among us; and such I reckon the wine trade to be, especially when the wine is purchased with money, and not in exchange for our commodities.

2. Much worse is that trade which brings in a commodity that is not only consumed amongst us, but hinders the consumption of the like quantity of ours. As is the importation of brandy, which hinders the spending of our extracts of malt and molasses; therefore very prudently charged with excessive duties.

3. That trade is eminently bad, which supplies the same goods as we manufacture ourselves, especially if we can make enough for our consumption: and I take this to be the case of the silk manufacture; which, with great labour and industry, is brought to perfection in London, Canterbury, and other places.

4. The importation upon easy terms, of such manufactures as are already introduced in a country, must be of bad consequence, and check their progress; as it would undoubtedly be the case of the linen and paper manufactures in Great-Britain (which are of late very much improved) if those commodities were suffered to be brought in without paying very high duties.

Let us now judge of our trade with France by the foregoing maxims.

I. The exportation of our woollen goods to France, is so well barred against, that there is not the least hope of reaping any benefit by this article. They have their work done for half the price we pay for ours. And since they send great quantities of woollen goods to Italy, Spain, Portugal, Turkey, the Rhine, and other places, although they pay a duty upon exportation, it is a demonstration, that they have more than is sufficient for their own wear, and consequently no great occasion for any of ours. The French cannot but be so sensible of the advantage they have over us in point of cheapness, that I do not doubt they will give us leave to import into France not only woollen goods, but all other commodities whatsoever upon very easy duties, provided we permit them to import into Great-Britain wines, brandies, silk, linen and paper, upon paying the same duties as others do. And when that is done, you will send little more to France than now you do, and they will import into Great-Britain ten times more than now they can.

II. As to our superfluities, it must be owned the French have occasion for some of them, as lead, tin, leather, copperas, coals, allum, and several other things of small value, as also some few of our plantation commodities; but these goods they will have whether we take any of theirs or no, because they want them. All these commodities together that the French want from us may amount to about 200,000 l. yearly.

III. As to materials; I do not know of any one sort useful to us that ever was imported from France into England. They have indeed hemp, flax, and wool in abundance, and some raw silk;

but they are too wise to let us have any, especially as long as they entertain any hopes we shall be so self-denying as to take those materials from them after they are manufactured.

IV. Exchanging commodities for commodities (if for the like value on both sides) might be beneficial; but it is far from being the case between us and France: Our ships went constantly in ballast (except now and then some lead) to St Malo, Morlaix, Nantes, Rochelle, Bourdeaux, Bayonne, &c. and ever came back full of linen, wines, brandy and paper; and if it was so before the revolution, when one of our pounds sterling cost the French but thirteen livres, what are they like to take from us, (except what they of necessity want) now that for each pound sterling they must pay us twenty livres, which enhances the price of all British commodities to the French above fifty per cent.

V. Goods imported to be re-exported, is certainly a national advantage; but few or no French goods are ever exported from Great Britain, except to our plantations, but all are consumed at home; therefore no benefit can be reaped this way by the French trade.

VI. Letting ships to freight cannot but be of some profit to a nation; but it is very rare if the French ever make use of any other ships than their own. They victual and man cheaper than we, therefore nothing is to be got from them by this article.

VII. Things that are of absolute necessity cannot be reckoned prejudicial to a nation; but France produces nothing that is necessary, or even convenient, or, but which we had better be without, except claret.

VIII. If the importation of commodities of mere luxury, to be consumed amongst us, be a sensible disadvantage, the French trade, in this particular, might be highly pernicious to this nation; for if the duties on French wines be lowered to a considerable degree, the least we can suppose would be imported into England and Scotland is 18,000 tons a-year, which being most clarets, at a moderate computation would cost in France £450,000 l.

IX. As to brandy; since we have laid high duties upon it, the distilling of spirits from malt and molasses is much improved and increased, by means of which, a good sum of money is yearly saved to the nation; for very little brandy hath been imported either from Italy, Portugal, or Spain, by reason that our English spirits are near as good as those countries brandies. But as French brandy is esteemed, and is indeed very good, if the extraordinary duty on that liquor be taken off, there is no doubt but great quantities will be imported. We will suppose only 3000 tons a-year; which will cost Great-Britain about £70,000 l. yearly, and prejudice besides the extracts of our own malt spirits.

X. Linen is an article of more consequence than many people are aware of: Ireland, Scotland, and several counties in England, have made large steps towards the improvement of that useful manufacture, both in quantity and quality; and with good encouragement would doubtless, in a few years, bring it to perfection, and perhaps make sufficient for our own consumption; which besides employing great numbers of people, and improving many acres of land, would save us a good sum of money, which is yearly laid out a-

be sold in that commodity. As the one stands at present, it improves daily; but if the duties on French linen be reduced, it is to be feared it will come over so cheap, that our looms must be laid aside, and 6 or 700,000 l. a year be sent over to France for that commodity.

XI. The manufacture of paper is very near akin to that of linen. Since the high duties laid on foreign paper, and that none hath been imported from France, where it is cheapest, the making of it is increased to such a degree in England, that we import none of the lower sorts from abroad, and make them all ourselves. But if the French duties be taken off, undoubtedly most of the mills which are employed in the making of white paper, must leave off their work, and 30 or 40,000 l. a year be remitted over to France for that commodity.

XII. The last article concerns the silk manufacture. Since the late French wars, it is increased to a mighty degree. Spittlefields alone manufactures to the value of two millions a year, and were daily improving, till the late fears about lowering the French duties. What pity! that so noble a manufacture, so extensive, and so beneficial to an infinite number of people, should run the hazard of being ruined! It is however to be feared, that if the French can import their wrought silks upon easy terms, they will do so much in cheapness of labour, and they have India and Levant raw silk upon so much easier terms than we, besides great quantities of their own in Provence, Languedoc and other provinces, that in all probability half the looms in Spittlefields would be laid down, and our ladies be again clothed in French silks. The loss that

It would actue to the nation by so great a mischief
cannot be valued at less than 500,000 l. a year.

To sum up all, if we pay to France yearly,

For their wines, £450000

For their brandies, 700000

For their linen, 600000

For their paper, 130000

For their silks, 500000

1650000

And they take from us in lead, tin,

leather, allum, copperas, coals, horn,

plates, &c. and plantation goods, to

the value of, 200000

Great-Britain loses by the balance

of that trade yearly, 1450000

All which is humbly submitted to your con-

sideration by,

S. I. 2, your most humble servant,

GENEROUSITY THAIR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

For the protection of honour, truth, virtue, and

innocence.

Mr IRONSIDE has ordered his amanuensis to

prepare for his perusal whatever he may have

gathered from his table-talk, or otherwise, a vo-

lume to be printed in twelves, called, *The Art*

of Defamation discovered. This piece is to con-

sist of the true characters of all persons calum-

nated by the Examiner; and after such charac-

ters, the true and only method of fallying them

to set forth in examples from the ingenious and artificial authors, the said Examiner

"N. B. To this will be added the true characters of persons he has commended, with observations to show, that panegyric is not that author's talent."

No. 171. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26.

"Fuit ista quondam in hac republica virtus, ut viri fortes acrioribus supplicis, civem perniciosum, quam acerbissimum hostem coercent."
Cicero, in *Cassio*.

There was once that virtue in this commonwealth, that a bad fellow citizen was thought to deserve a severer correction than the bitterest enemy.

I HAVE received letters of congratulation and thanks from several of the most eminent chocolate houses and coffeehouses, upon my late galantry and success in opposing myself to the long-swords. One tells me, that whereas his rooms were too little before, now his customers can saunter up and down from corner to corner, and table to table, without any let or molestation. I find I have likewise cleared a great many alleys and by-lanes, made the public walks about town more spacious, and all the passages about the court and the exchange more free and open. Several of my female wards have sent me the kindest billets upon this occasion, in which they tell me, that I have saved them some pounds in the year, by freeing their furbelows, flounces, and hoops, from the annoyance both of hilt and point. A scout whom I sent abroad to ob-

serve the posture; and to pry into the intentions of the enemy, brings me word, that the Terrible club is quite blown up, and that I have totally routed the men that seemed to delight in arms. My Lion, whose jaws are at all hours open to intelligence, informs me, that there are a few enormous weapons still in being; but that they are to be met with only in gaming-houses, and some of the obscure retreats of lovers in and about Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden. I am highly delighted with an adventure that beset my witty antagonist Tom Swagger, the captain of the band of long-swords. He had the misfortune three days ago to fall into company with a master of the noble science of defence, who taking Mr Swagger, by his habit, and the airs he gave himself, to be one of the profession, gave him a fair invitation to Marrowbone, to exercise at the usual weapons. The captain thought this so foul a disgrace to a gentleman, that he sunk away in the greatest confusion, and has never been seen since at the Tilt-yard Coffeehouse, nor in any of his usual haunts.

As there is nothing made in vain, and as every plant and every animal, though never so noisom, has its use in the creation; so these men of terror may be disposed of; so as to make a figure in the polite world. It was in this view, that I received a visit last night from a person, who pretends to be employed here from several foreign princes in negotiating matters of less importance. He tells me, that the continual wars in Europe have, in a manner, quite drained the Cantons of Switzerland of their supernumerary subjects, and that he foresees there will be a great scarcity of them to serve at the entrance of courts, and the palaces of great men. He is of opinion this want may very seasonably be

supplied out of the great numbers of such gentlemen, as I have given notice of in my paper of the 29th past, and that his design is in a few weeks, when the town fills, to put out public advertisements to this effect, not questioning but it may turn to a good account: 'That if any person of good stature and fierce demeanor, as well members of the Terrible Club, as others of the like exterior ferocity, whose ambition is to cock and look big, without exposing themselves to any bodily danger, will repair to his lodgings; they shall (provided they bring their swords with them) be furnished with shoulder-belts, broad hats, red feathers, and halberts, and be transported without farther trouble into several courts and families of distinction, where they may eat and drink, and strut at free cost.' As this project was not communicated to me for a secret, I thought it might be for the service of the abovesaid persons to divulge it with all convenient speed; that those who are disposed to employ their talents to the best advantage, and to shine in the station of life for which they seem to be born, may have time to adorn their upper lip, by raising a quick-set beard there in the form of whiskers, that they may pass to all intents and purposes for true Swissers.

Indefatigable NESTOR,

GIVE me leave to thank you, in behalf of myself and my whole family, for the daily diversion and improvements we receive from your labours. At the same time I must acquaint you, that we have all of us taken a mighty liking to your Lion. His roarings are the joy of my heart, and I have a little boy, not three years old, that

talks of nothing else, and who, I hope, will be more afraid of him as he grows up. That your animal may be kept in good plight, and not roar for want of prey; I shall, out of my esteem and affection for you, contribute what I can to his sustenance; 'Love me, love my Lion,' says the proverb. I will not pretend, at any time, to furnish out a full meal for him; but I shall now and then send him a favourite morsel, a tid-bit. You must know, I am but a kind of holiday writer, and never could find in my heart to set my pen to a work of above five or six periods long. My friends tell me my performances are 'Little and Pretty.' As they have no manner of connexion one with the other, I write them upon loose pieces of paper, and throw them into a drawer by themselves; this drawer I call the Lion's Pantry. I give you my word, I put nothing in it but what is clean and wholesome nutriment. Therefore remember me to the Lion, and let him know, that I shall always pick and cull the Pantry for him; and there are morsels in it, I can assure you, will make his chaps to water.

I am, with the greatest respect,

S. A. N.

your most obedient servant,

and most assiduous reader.

I must ask pardon of Mrs Dorothy Care, that I have suffered her billet to lie by me these three weeks without taking the least notice of it. But I believe the kind warning in it, to our sex, will not be now too late.

TO THE GOOD MR IRONSIDE,

I HAVE waited with impatience for that same Unicorn, you promised should be erected for the Fair Sex. My business is, before winter comes on, to desire you would precaution your own sex against being Adamites, by exposing their bare breasts to the rigour of the season. It was this practice amongst the fellows, which at first encouraged our sex to shew so much of their necks. The downy dock-leaves you speak of would make good stomachers for the beaux. In a word, good NESTOR, so long as the men take a pride in shewing their hairy skins, we may with a much better grace set out our snowy chests to view. We are, we own, the weaker, but at the same time you must own, much the more beautiful sex.

I am, SIR,

your humble reader,

DOROTHY CARE.

N^o 172. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 28.

—“Vitam excolere per artes.” *Virg. Aen. 6. v. 663.*

They grac’d their age with new-invented arts. *Dryden.*

TO MR IRONSIDE,

I HAVE been a long time in expectation of something from you on the subject of speech and letters. I believe the world might be as agreeably entertained, on that subject, as with any thing that

ever came into the Lion's mouth. For this end I send you the following sketch; and am,

yours, PHILOGRAM.

Upon taking a view of the several species of living creatures our earth is stocked with, we may easily observe, that the lower orders of them, such as insects and fishes, are wholly without a power of making known their wants and calamities: Others, which are conversant with man, have some few ways of expressing the pleasure and pain they undergo by certain sounds and gestures; but man has articulate sounds whereby to make known his inward sentiments and affections, though his organs of speech are no other than what he has in common with many other less perfect animals. But the use of letters, as significant of these sounds, is such an additional improvement to them, that I know not whether we ought not to attribute the invention of them to the assistance of a power more than human.

There is this great difficulty which could not but attend the first invention of letters, to wit, That all the world must conspire in affixing steadily the same signs to their sounds, which affixing was at first as arbitrary as possible; there being no more connexion between the letters and the sounds they are expressive of, than there is between those sounds and the ideas of the mind they immediately stand for: notwithstanding which difficulty, and the variety of languages; the powers of the letters in each are very nearly the same, being in all places about twenty-four.

But be the difficulty of the invention as great as it will, the use of it is manifest, particularly in

the advantage it has above the method of conveying our thoughts by words or sounds, because this way we are confined to narrow limits of place and time: whereas we may have occasion to correspond with a friend at a distance; or desire, upon a particular occasion, to take the opinion of an honest gentleman who has been dead this thousand years. Both which defects are supplied by the noble invention of letters. By this means we materialize our ideas, and make them as lasting as the ink and paper, their vehicles. This making our thoughts by *Art* visible to the eye, which *Nature* had made intelligible only by the ear, is next to the adding a sixth sense, as it is a supply in case of the defect of one of the five *Nature* gave us, namely, hearing, by making the voice become visible.

Have any of any school of painters gotten themselves an immortal name, by drawing a face, or painting a landscape; by laying down on a piece of canvas a representation only of what nature had given them originals? What applauses will he merit, who first made his ideas sit to his pencil, and drew to his eye the picture of his mind? Painting represents the outward man, or the shell; but cannot reach the inhabitant within, or the very organ by which the inhabitant is revealed: This art may reach to represent a face, but cannot paint a voice. Kneller can draw the majesty of the Queen's person; Kneller can draw her sublime air, and paint her bestowing hand as fair as the lilly; but the historian must inform posterity, that she has one peculiar excellence above all other mortals, that her ordinary speech is more charming than song.

But to drop the comparison of this art with
Vol. III. A a

any other, let us see the benefit of it in itself. By it the English trader may hold commerce with the inhabitants of the East or West Indies, without the trouble of a journey. Astronomers seated at a distance of the earth's diameter asunder, may confer; what is spoken and thought at one pole, may be heard and understood at the other. The philosopher who wished he had a window in his breast, to lay open his heart to all the world, might as easily have revealed the secrets of it this way, and as easily left them to the world, as wished it. This silent art of speaking by letters, remedies the inconvenience arising from distance of time, as well as place; and is much beyond that of the Egyptians, who could preserve their mummies for ten centuries. This preserves the works of the immortal part of men, so as to make the dead still useful to the living. To this we are beholden for the works of Demosthenes and Cicero, of Seneca and Plato: without it the Iliad of Homer, and Æneid of Virgil had died with their authors; but by this art those excellent men still speak to us.

I shall be glad if what I have said on this art, gives you any new hints for the more useful or agreeable application of it.

I am, Sir, &c.

I shall conclude this paper with an extract from a poem in praise of the invention of writing, "written by a Lady." I am glad of such a quotation, which is not only another instance how much the world is obliged to this art, but also a shining example of what I have heretofore asserted, that the fair sex are as capable as men of the liberal sciences; and indeed, there is no very good argument against

the frequent instruction of females of condition this way, but that they are but too powerful without that advantage. The verses of the charming author are as follow.

"Blest be the man! his memory at least,
"Who found the art, thus to unfold his breast;
"And taught succeeding times an easy way
"Their secret thoughts by Letters to convey;
"To baffle absence, and secure delight,
"Which, till that time, was limited to fight.
"The parting farewell spoke, the last adieu,
"The less'ning distance past, then loss of view,
"The friend was gone, which some kind moments gave,
"And absence separated, like the grave.
"When for a wife the youthful Patriarch sent,
"The camels, jewels, and the steward went,
"And wealthy equipage, tho' grave and slow;
"But not a line, that might the lover show;
"The ring and bracelets woo'd her hands and arms,
"But had she known of melting words the charms,
"That under secret seals in ambush lie
"To catch the soul, when drawn into the eye;
"The fair Assyrian had not took his guide,
"Nor her soft heart in chains of pearl been ty'd."

N^o 173. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29.

"Nec fero conantem
"Narcissum, aut flexi lacu ssem vimen Acanthi,
"Pallentem hederæ, & amantem littora myrtos."
Virg. Georg. 4. v. 122.
The late Narcissus, and the winding trail
Of Bears-foot, Myrtles green, and Ivy pale. *Dryden.*

I LATELY took a particular friend of mine to my house in the country, not without some apprehension that it could afford little entertainment

to a man of his polite taste, particularly in architecture and gardening, who had so long been conversant with all that is beautiful and great in either. But it was a pleasant surprise to me, to hear him often declare, he had found in my little retirement that beauty which he always thought wanting in the most celebrated seats, or if you will villas, of the nation. This he described to me in those verses, with which Martial begins one of his epigrams:

“ Baiana nostri villa, Basse, Faustini,
 “ Non otiosis ordinata myrtetis,
 “ Viduaque platano, tonsilique buxeto,
 “ Ingrata lati spatia detinet campi;
 “ Sed rure vero barbaroque latatur.” *Ep. 58. l. 3.*

Our friend Faustinus' country seat I've seen:
 No myrtles, plac'd in rows, and idly green,
 No widow'd platane, nor clip'd box-tree, there,
 The useless soil unprofitably share;
 But simple nature's hand, with nobler grace,
 Diffuse, artless beauties o'er the place.

There is certainly something in the amiable simplicity of unadorned nature, that spreads over the mind a more noble sort of tranquillity, and a loftier sensation of pleasure, than can be raised from the nicer scenes of art.

This was the taste of the ancients in their gardens, as we may discover from the descriptions extant of them. The two most celebrated wits of the world have each of them left us a particular picture of a garden; wherein those great masters, being wholly unconfined, and painting at pleasure, may be thought to have given a full idea of what they esteemed most excellent in this way. These (one may observe) consist intirely of the useful part of horticulture, fruit-trees, herbs, water, &c. The pieces I am speaking of are Virgil's account of the

garden of the old Corycian, and Homer's of that of Alcinous. The first of these is already known to the English reader, by the excellent versions of Mr Dryden and Mr Addison. The other having never been attempted in our language with any elegance, and being the most beautiful plan of this sort that can be imagined, I shall here present the reader with a translation of it.

The Garden of Alcinous, from HOMER'S
Odyss. 7.

" Close to the gates a spacious garden lies,
" From storms defended and inclement skies;
" Four acres was th' allotted space of ground,
" Fenc'd with a green inclosure all around.
" Tall thriving trees confess'd the fruitful mold;
" The red'ning apple opens here to gold;
" Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'ersflows,
" With deeper red the full pomegranate glows;
" The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
" And verdant olives flourish round the year.
" The balmy spirit of the western gale
" Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail;
" Each dropping pear a following pear supplies,
" On apples apples, figs on figs arise;
" The same mild season gives the blooms to blow,
" The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.
" Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear,
" With all th' united labours of the year.
" Some to unload the fertile branches run,
" Some dry the black'ning clusters in the sun.
" Others to tread the liquid harvest join,
" The groaning presses foam with floods of wine.
" Here are the vines in early flow'r display'd,
" Here grapes discolour'd on the sunny side,
" And there in Autumn's richest purple dy'd.
" Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,
" In-beauteous order terminate the scene.
" Two plenteous fountains the whole prospect
" crown'd;
" This thro' the gardens leads its streams around,
" Visits each plant, and waters all the ground.

"While that in pipes beneath the palace flows,

"And thence its current on the town bestows;

"To various use their various streams they bring,

"The people one, and one supplies the king."

Sir William Temple has remarked, that this description contains all the justest rules and provisions which can go toward composing the best gardens. Its extent was four acres, which in those times of simplicity was looked upon as a large one, even for a prince; it was inclosed all round for defence; and for conveniency joined close to the gates of the palace.

He mentions next the trees, which were standards, and suffered to grow to their full height. The fine description of the fruits that never failed, and the eternal zephyrs, is only a more noble and poetical way of expressing the continual succession of one fruit after another throughout the year.

The vineyard seems to have been a plantation distinct from the garden; as also the beds of greens mentioned afterwards at the extremity of the inclosure, in the nature and usual place of our kitchen-gardens.

The two fountains are disposed very remarkably. They rose within the inclosure, and were brought by conduits or ducts, one of them to water all parts of the gardens, and the other underneath the palace into the town, for the service of the public.

How contrary to this simplicity is the modern practice of gardening! We seem to make it our study to recede from nature, not only in the various tansure of greens into the most regular and formal shapes, but even in monstrous attempts beyond the reach of the art itself. We run into sculpture, and are yet better pleased to have our trees in the most awkward figures of men and animals, than in the most regular of their own.

"Hinc et nexilibus videas e frondibus hortos,
 "Implexos late muros, et moenia circum
 "Porrigere, et latas e ramis surgere turrea;
 "Deflexam et myrtum in puppes, atque area rostra:
 "In buxisque undare fretum, atque e rore rudentes.
 "Parte alia frondere suis tentoria castris;
 "Scutaque, spiculaque, et jaculantia citra vallos."

Here interwoven branches form a wall,
 And from the living fence green turrets rise:
 There ships of myrtle sail in seas of box:
 A green encampment yonder meets the eye,
 And loaded citrons bearing shields and spears.

I believe it is no wrong observation, that persons of genius, and those who are most capable of art, are always most fond of nature; as such are chiefly sensible, that all art consists in the imitation and study of nature. On the contrary, people of the common level of understanding are principally delighted with the little niceties and fantastical operations of art, and constantly think that *finest* which is least natural. A citizen is no sooner proprietor of a couple of yews, but he entertains thoughts of erecting them into giants, like those of Guild-hall. I know an eminent cook, who beautified his country-seat with a coronation dinner in greens; where you see the champion flourishing on horseback at one end of the table, and the queen in perpetual youth at the other.

For the benefit of all my loving countrymen of this curious taste, I shall here publish a catalogue of greens to be disposed of by an eminent town gardener, who has lately applied to me upon this head. He represents, that for the advancement of a politer sort of ornament in the villas and gardens adjacent to this great city, and in order to distinguish those places from the mere barbarous countries of gross nature, the world stands much in need of a

virtuoso gardener who has a turn to sculpture, and is thereby capable of improving upon the ancients of his profession in the imagery of ever-greens. My correspondent is arrived to such perfection, that he cuts family pieces of men, women or children. Any ladies that please may have their own effigies in myrtle, or their husbands in horn-beam. He is a puritan wag, and never fails, when he shows his garden, to repeat that passage in the psalms, "Thy wife shall be as the fruitful vine, and thy children as olive branches round thy table." I shall proceed to his catalogue, as he sent it for my recommendation.

Adam and Eve in yew; Adam a little shattered by the fall of the tree of knowledge in the great storm: Eve and the serpent very flourishing.

The tower of Babel, not yet finished.

St George in box; his arm scarce long enough, but will be in a condition to stick the dragon by next April.

A green dragon of the same, with a tail of ground-ivy for the present.

N. B. These two not to be sold separately.

Edward the Black Prince in Cypress.

A laurestine bear in blossom, with a juniper hunter in berries.

A pair of giants, stunted, to be sold cheap.

A Queen Elizabeth in phylirea, a little inclining to the green sickness, but of full growth.

Another Queen Elizabeth in myrtle, which was very forward, but miscarried by being too near a layne.

An old maid of honour in wormwood.

A topping Ben Johnson in laurel.

Divers eminent modern poets in bays, somewhat blighted, to be disposed of, a pennyworth.

A quick-set hog shot up into a porcupine, by its being forgot a week in rainy weather.

A lavender pig with sage growing in his belly.

Noah's ark in holly, standing on the mount; the ribs a little damaged for want of water.

A pair of maidenheads in fir, in great forwardness.

N^o 174. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30.

"Salve Paconiae largitor nobilis undae,

"Salve Dardanii gloria magna tolli:

"Publica morborum requies, commune medentum

"Auxilium, praefens numen, inempta salus." class.

Hail, greatest good Dardanian fields bestow,

At whose command Paconian waters flow,

Unpurchas'd health I that dost thy aid impart

Both to the patient, and the doctor's art!

IN public assemblies there are generally some envious splenetic people, who having no merit to procure respect, are ever finding fault with those who distinguish themselves. This happens more frequently at those places, where this season of the year calls persons of both sexes together for their health. I have had reams of letters from Bath, Epsom, Tunbridge, and St Wenefrede's well; wherein I could observe that a concern for honour and virtue proceeded from the want of health, beauty, or fine petticoats. A lady who subscribes herself Eudofia, writes a bitter invective against Chloe the celebrated dancer; but I have learned, that she herself is lame of the rheumatism. Another, who hath been a prude ever since she had the small-pox,

is very bitter against the coquettes and their indecent airs; and a sharp wit hath sent me a keen epigram against the gamesters; but I took notice, that it was not written upon gilt paper.

Having had several strange pieces of intelligence from the Bath; as, that more constitutions were weakened there than repaired; that the physicians were not more busy in destroying old bodies, than the young fellows in producing new ones; with several other common-place strokes of raillery: I resolved to look upon the company there, as I returned lately out of the country. It was a great jest to see such a grave ancient person, as I am, in an embroidered cap and brocade night-gown. But, besides the necessity of complying with the custom, by these means I passed undiscovered, and had a pleasure I much covet, of being alone in a crowd. It was no little satisfaction to me, to view the mixed mass of all ages and dignities upon a level, partaking of the same benefits of nature, and mingling in the same diversions. I sometimes entertained myself by observing what a large quantity of ground was hid under spreading petticoats; and what little patches of earth were covered by creatures with wigs and hats, in comparison to those spaces that were distinguished by flounces, fringes, and furbelows. From the earth, my fancy was diverted to the water, where the distinctions of sex and condition are concealed; and where the mixture of men and women hath given occasion to some persons of light imaginations, to compare the Bath to the fountain of Salmacis, which had the virtue of joining the two sexes into one person; or to the stream wherein Diana washed herself, when she bestowed horns on Acteon: but by one of a serious turn, these healthful springs may rather be likened

to the Stygian waters, which made the body invulnerable; or to the river of Lethe, one draught of which washed away all pain and anguish in a moment.

As I have taken upon me a name which ought to abound in humanity, I shall make it my business, in this paper, to cool and assuage those malignant humours of scandal which run throughout the body of men and women there assembled; and after the manner of those famous waters, I will endeavour to wipe away all foul aspersions, to restore bloom and vigour to decayed reputations, and set injured characters upon their legs again. I shall herein regulate myself by the example of that good man, who used to talk with charity of the greatest villains; nor was ever heard to speak with rigour of any one, until he affirmed with severity that Nero was a wag.

Having thus prepared thee, gentle reader, I shall not scruple to entertain thee with a panegyric upon the Gamesters. I have indeed spoken incautiously heretofore of that class of men; but I should forfeit all title to modesty, should I any longer oppose the common sense of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom. Were we to treat all those with contempt, who are the favourites of blind chance, few levees would be crowded. It is not the height of sphere in which a man moves, but the manner in which he acts, that makes him truly valuable. When therefore I see a gentleman lose his money with serenity, I recognize in him all the great qualities of a philosopher. If he storms, and invokes the gods, I lament that he is not placed at the head of a regiment. The great gravity of the countenances round Harrison's table, puts me in mind of a council board; and the indefatigable applica-

tion of the several combatants, furnishes me with an unanswerable reply to those gloomy mortals, who censure this as an idle life. In short, I cannot see any reason why gentlemen should be hindered from raising a fortune by those means, which at the same time enlarge their minds. Nor shall I speak dishonourably of some little artifice and finesse used upon these occasions; since the world is so just to any man who is become a possessor of wealth, as not to respect him the less, for the methods he took to come by it.

Upon considerations like these the Ladies share in these diversions. I must own, that I receive great pleasure in seeing my pretty country-women engaged in an amusement which puts them upon producing so many virtues. Hereby they acquire such a boldness, as raises them near the lordly creature man. Here they are taught such contempt of wealth, as may dilate their minds, and prevent many curtain-lectures. Their natural tenderness is a weakness here easily unlearned; and I find my soul exalted, when I see a lady sacrifice the fortune of her children with as little concern as a Spartan or a Roman dame. In such a place as the Bath I might urge, that the casting of a die is indeed the properest exercise for a fair creature to assist the waters; not to mention the opportunity it gives to display the well-turned arm, and to scatter to advantage the rays of the diamond. But I am satisfied, that the Gamester-Ladies have surmounted the little vanities of shewing their beauty, which they so far neglect, as to throw their features into violent distortions, and wear away their lillies and roses in tedious watching, and restless lucubrations. I should rather observe that their chief passion is an emulation of manhood; which I am the more in-

clined to believe, because, in spite of all slanders, their confidence in their virtue keeps them up all night, with the most dangerous creatures of our sex. It is to me an undoubted argument of their ease of conscience, that they go directly from church to the gaming-table, and so highly reverence play, as to make it a great part of their exercise on Sundays.

The *Water Poets* are an innocent tribe, and deserve all the encouragement I can give them. It would be barbarous to treat those authors with bitterness, who never write out of the season, and whose works are useful with the waters. I made it my care therefore to sweeten some four critics who were sharp upon a few sonnets, which, to speak in the language of the Bath, were mere alkalies. I took particular notice of a lenitive electuary, which was wrapped up in some of these gentle compositions; and am persuaded that the pretty one who took it, was as much relieved by the cover as the medicine. There are a hundred general topics put into metre every year, viz. "The lover is inflamed
" in the water: or he finds his death where he
" sought his cure; or, the nymph feels her own pain,
" without regarding her lover's torment." These being for ever repeated, have at present a very good effect; and a physician assures me, that laudanum is almost out of doors at the Bath.

The physicians here are very numerous, but very good-natured. To these charitable gentlemen I owe, that I was cured, in a week's time, of more distempers than I ever had in my life. They had almost killed me with their humanity. A learned fellow-lodger prescribed me a *little something*, at my first coming, to keep up my spirits; and the next morning I was so much enlivened by another, as to have an order to bleed for my fever. I was proffered a cure for the scurvy by a third, and had

and recipe for the dropſy gratis before night. In vain did I modeſtly decline theſe favours; for I was awakened early in the morning by an apothe-
 cary, who brought me a doſe from one of my well wiſhers. I paid him, but withal told him ſeverely, that I never took phyſic. My landlord hereupon took me for an Italian merchant that ſuſpected poi-
 ſon; but the apotheary, with more ſagacity, gueſſed that I was certainly a phyſician myſelf. The oppreſſion of civilities which I underwent from the ſage Gentlemen of the faculty, frightened me from making ſuch inquiries into the nature of theſe ſprings, as would have furniſhed out a nobler entertainment upon the Bath, than the looſe hints I have now thrown together. Every man who hath received any benefit there, ought, in proportion to his abilities, to improve, adorn, or recommend it. A Prince ſhould found hoſpitals, the noble and rich may diſſuſe their ample charities. Mr Tom-
 pſon gave a clock to the Bath, and I Neſtor Iron-
 ſide have dedicated a Guardian.

N^o 175. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1.

The world has received much good from this
 nation, and the noble maxim of
 “*Quique ſui memores alios fecere merendo.*”
 Virg. *Æn.* 6. v. 664.
 Who rais’d by merit an immortal name.

THE noble genius of Virgil would have been exalted ſtill higher, had he had the advantage of Chriſtianity. According to our ſcheme of thought, if the word *Memores* in the front of this paper were changed into *Similes*, it would have

very much heightened the motive to virtue in the reader. To do good and great actions merely to gain reputation, and transmit a name to posterity, is a vicious appetite, and will certainly ensnare the person who is moved by it; on some occasions, into a false delicacy for fear of reproach; and at others, into artifices which taint his mind, though they may enlarge his fame. The endeavour to make men like you, rather than mindful of you, is not subject to such ill consequences; but moves with its reward in its own hand; or, to speak more in the language of the world, a man with this aim is as happy as a man in an office, that is paid out of money under his own direction. There have been very worthy examples of this self-denying virtue among us in this nation; but I do not know of a nobler example in this taste, than that of the late Mr Boyle, who founded a lecture for the "Proof of the Christian Religion, against atheists, and other notorious infidels." The reward of perpetual memory amongst men, which might possibly have some share in this sublime charity, was certainly considered but in a second degree; and Mr Boyle had it in his thoughts to make men imitate him as well as speak of him, when he was gone off our stage.

The world has received much good from this institution, and the noble emulation of great men on the inexhaustible subject of the essence, praise and attributes of the Deity, has had the natural effect, which always attends this kind of contemplation; to wit, that he who writes upon it with a sincere heart, very eminently excels whatever he has produced on any other occasion. It eminently appears from this observation, that a particular blessing has been bestowed on this lecture. This great Philoso-

phers provided for us, after his death, in employment not only suitable to our condition, but to his own at the same time. It is a sight fit for angels, to behold the benefactor and the persons obliged, not only in different places, but under different beings, employed in the same work.

This worthy man studied nature, and traced all her ways to those of her unsearchable author. When he had found him, he gave his bounty for the praise and contemplation of him. To one who has not run through regular courses of philosophical inquiries, (the other learned labourers in this vineyard will forgive me) I cannot but principally recommend the book, intitled, *Physico-Theology*. Printed for William Innes in St Paul's Church-yard.

It is written by Mr Derham, rector of Upminster in Essex. I do not know what Upminster is worth; but I am sure, had I the best living in England to give, I should not think the addition of it sufficient acknowledgment of his merit; especially since I am informed, that the simplicity of his life is agreeable to his useful knowledge and learning.

The praise of this author seems to me to be, the great perspicuity and method which render his work intelligible and pleasing to people who are strangers to such inquiries, as well as to the learned. It is a very desirable entertainment to find occasions of pleasure and satisfaction in those objects and occurrences which we have all our lives, perhaps, overlooked or beheld, without exciting any reflections that make us wiser or happier. The plain good man does, as with a wand, shew us the wonders and spectacles in all nature, and the particu-

lar capacities with which all living creatures are endowed for their several ways of life; how the organs of creatures are made according to the different paths in which they are to move and provide for themselves and families; whether they are to creep, to leap, to swim, to fly, to walk; whether they are to inhabit the bowels of the earth, the coverts of the wood, the muddy or clear streams; to howl in forests, or converse in cities. All life from that of a worm to that of a man is explained; and as I may so speak, the wondrous works of the creation, by the observations of this author, lie before us as objects that create love and admiration; which, without such explications, strike us only with confusion and amazement.

The man who, before he had this book, dressed and went out to loiter and gather up something to entertain a mind too vacant, no longer needs news to give himself amusement; the very air he breathes suggests abundant matter for his thoughts. He will consider that he has begun another day of life, to breathe with all other creatures in the same mass of air, vapours and clouds, which surround our globe; and of all the numberless animals that live by receiving momentary life, or rather momentary and new reprieves from death, at their nostrils, he only stands erect, conscious and contemplative of the benefaction.

A man who is not capable of philosophical reflections from his own education, will be as much pleased as with any other good news which he has not before heard. The agitations of the wind, and the falling of the rains, are what are absolutely necessary for his welfare and accommodation. This kind of reader will behold the light with a new joy, and a sort of reasonable rapture. He will be

led from the appendages which attend and surround our globe, to the contemplation of the globe itself, the distribution of the earth and waters, the variety and quantity of all things provided for the uses of our world. Then will his contemplation, which was too diffused and general, be let down to particulars, to different soils and moulds, to the beds of minerals and stones, into caverns and volcanos, and then again to the tops of mountains, and then again to the fields and valleys.

When the author has acquainted his reader with the place of his abode, he informs him of his capacity to make himself easy and happy in it by the gift of senses, by their ready organs: by shewing him the structure of those organs, the disposition of the ear for the receipt of sounds, of the nostril for smell, the tongue for taste, the nerves to avoid harms by our feeling, and the eye by our sight.

The whole work is concluded (as it is the sum of fifteen sermons, in proof of the existence of the Deity) with reflections which apply each distinct part of it to an end, for which the author may hope to be rewarded with an immortality much more to be desired, than that of remaining in eternal honour among all the sons of men.

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